



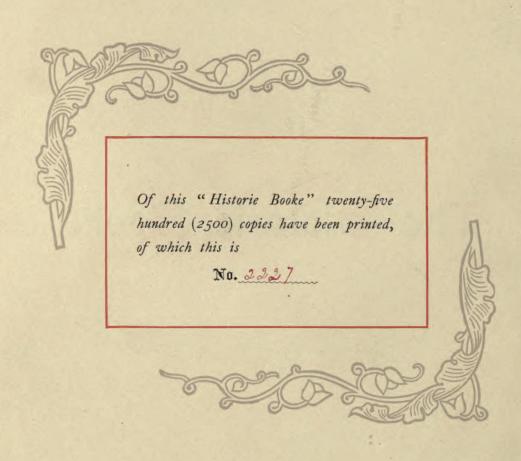


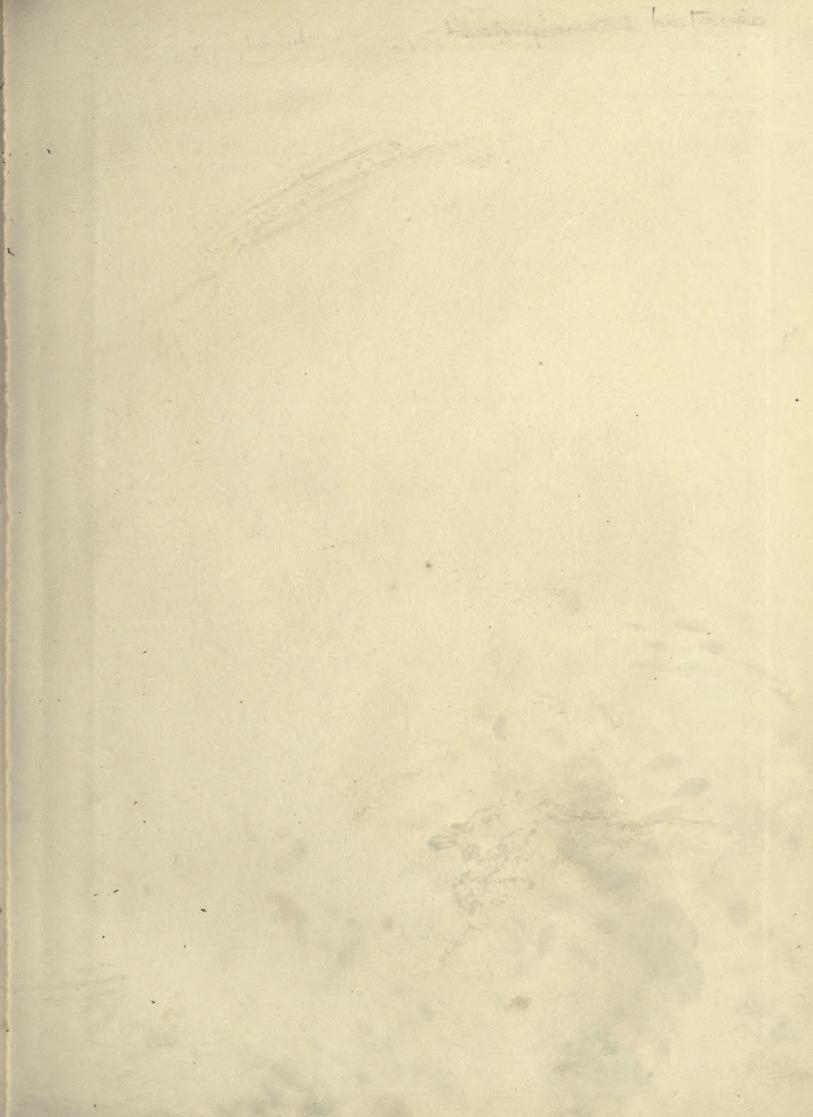




## The Distorie Booke









KING HENRY VIII

KING EDWARD VII PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

GOVERNOR WINTHROP

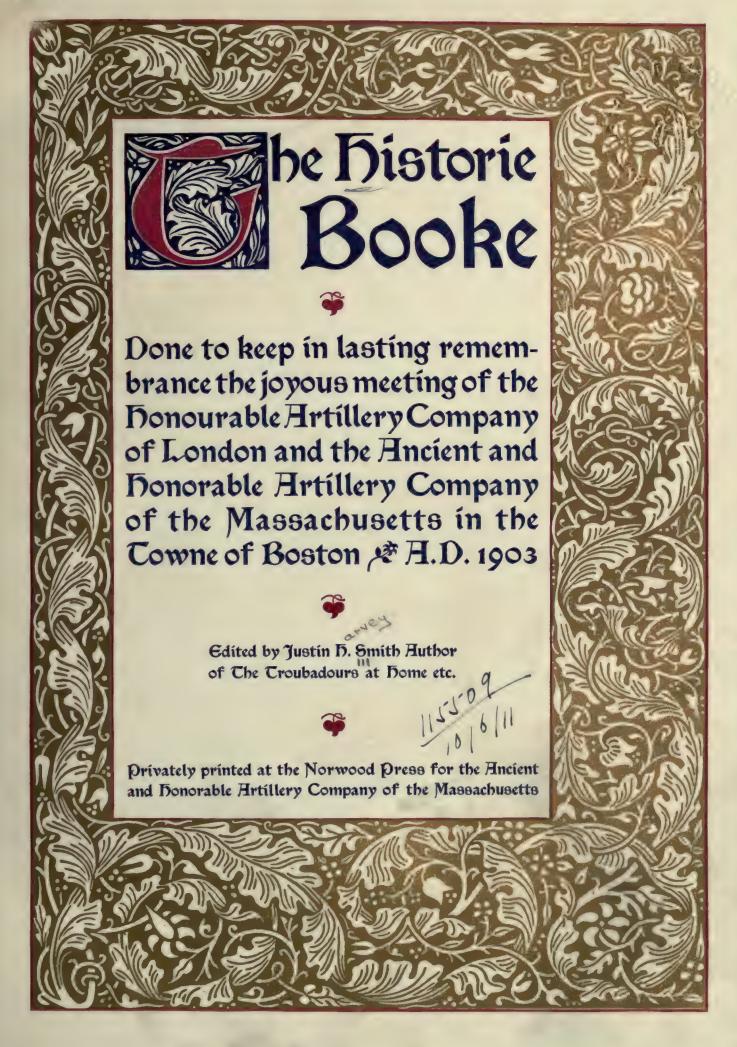
## The Distoric Books

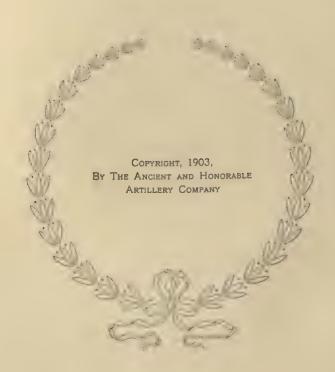
Done to keep in tasting remembrance the joyous meeting of the Despurable Artillery Company of Landen and the Ancient and Separate Artillery Company of the Massachusetts in the Bassachusetts in the Bassachusetts in the

Saited by Justin D. Smith Buther of The Croubadours or The Croubadours of theme etc.

Districts printed at the Narwood Dress for the Antique and Thompshile Artiflery Company of the Manuel and the







DESIGNED BY, AND PRINTED UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF, J. STEARNS CUSHING, CAPTAIN COMMANDING ANCIENT AND HONOR-ABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, 1902-3





ARMS OF THE HONOURABLE
ARTILLERY COMPANY

ARMS OF THE ANCIENT AND
HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY





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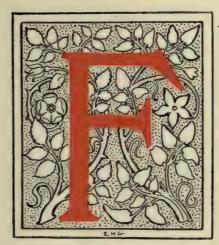
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#### To the Reader

#### Courteous Friend:



ROM the Beginning it hath ever beene the Dutie and the Glorie of Letters to record great Achievements, and first of all great Achievements in Armes. The Meeting of two military Companies each of which counts its Age by Hundreds of Yeares (one the most ancient Societie of its Kinde in the Empire of Great Britain if not in the whole World, and one the most ancient in the New World)

is a Deed of Armes all the more fitting to commemorate because it taketh Place in Peace and Good Wil, not in Strife. Wherefore this Booke hath beene writ.

Herein it hath beene our Desire and Purpose to have shewn forth some of the Things performed these many Yeares by the Company of London and by that of the Massachusetts; and lest any should thinke that peradventure they had beene made to appeare something overglorious, we have called upon one not of our Societie to lay them downe truely and without Favour. Whereto is added, like the pleasant well-tuned Musick joyned to the Voyce of a strong Singer, a Tale in Pictures teaching how Weapons have beene ever changing while Valour hath beene ever the same.

And because it was our Desire not to sell but to give this Remembrancer, and because the Costes thereof were very great, certaine Men

of notable publick Spirit and high Credit among the People have come forwarde and contributed freely of their Substance. This hath appeared fitting, since in the Time of Warre it is by Armes that Riches and all the Arts of Peace are defended. And we deeme our selves bound (as indeed it pleaseth us well so to doe) to set downe the Names and Abodes of these esteemed and honoured Friends in our Booke that all may reade and remember them, and in few Words to tell in what Manner they serve their Daye and Generation.

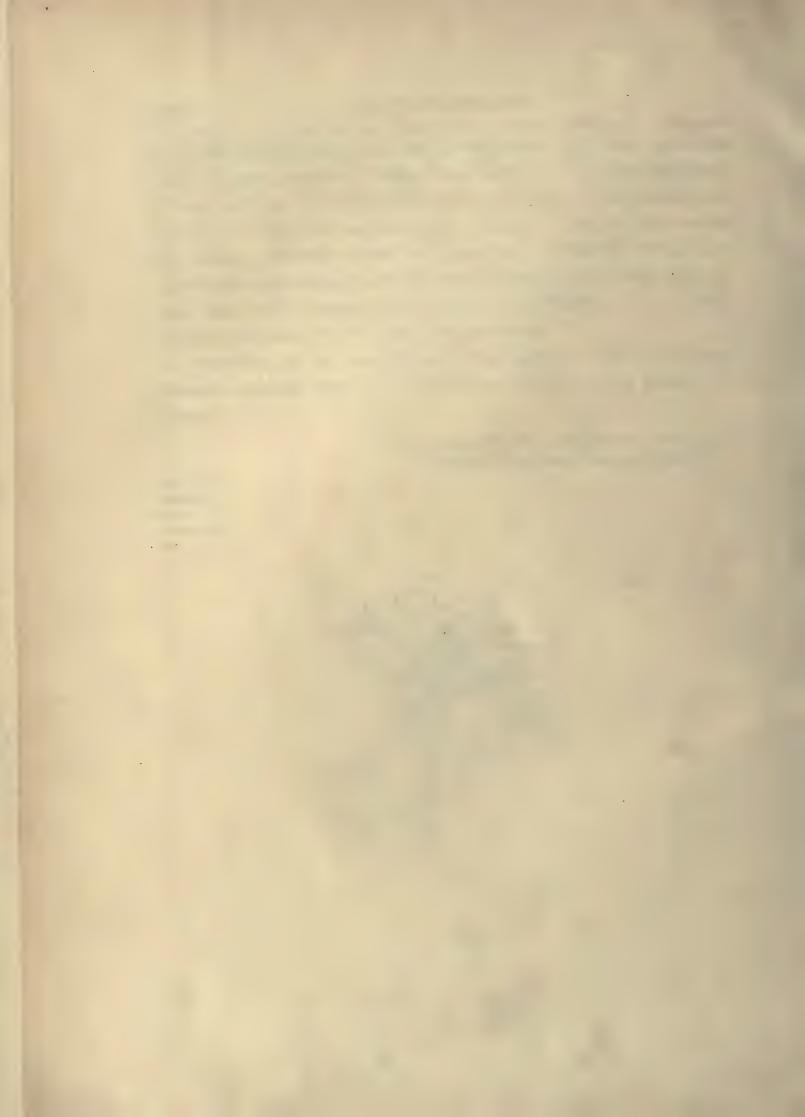
And thus do we bid all good Men and true both Haile and Farewell, wishing them Ioy in Peace or (if Neede bee) Victorie in Warre.

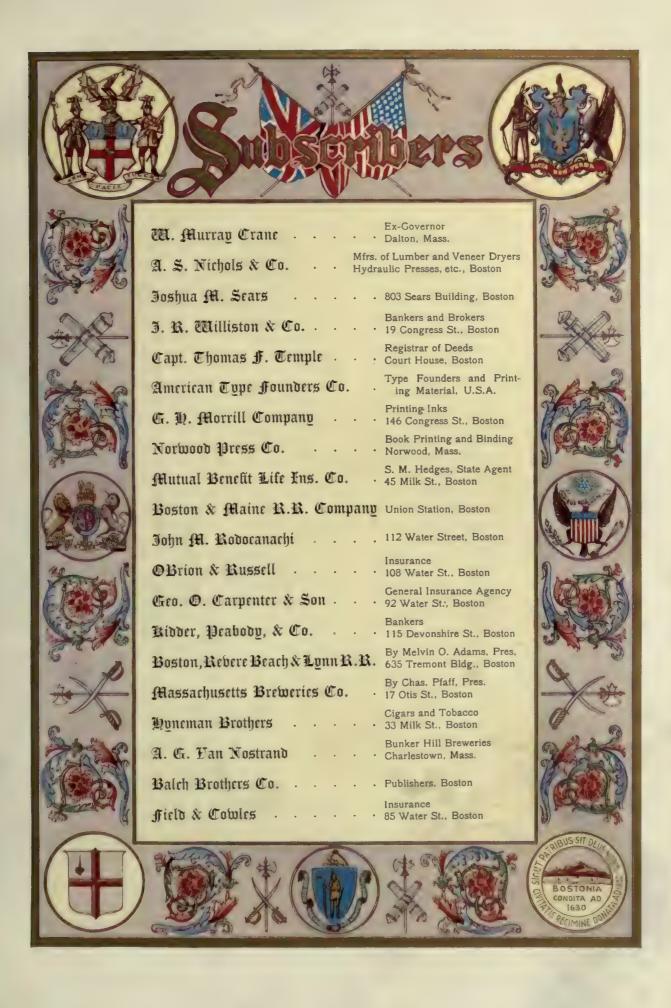
THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERIE COMPANIE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON September in the Yeare of our Lord 1903

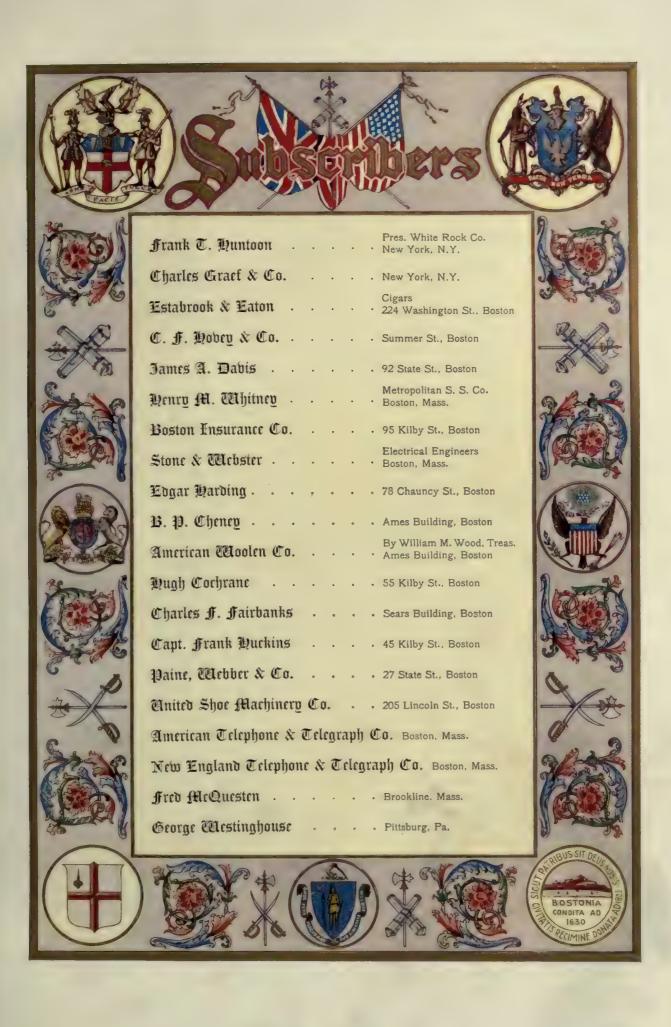




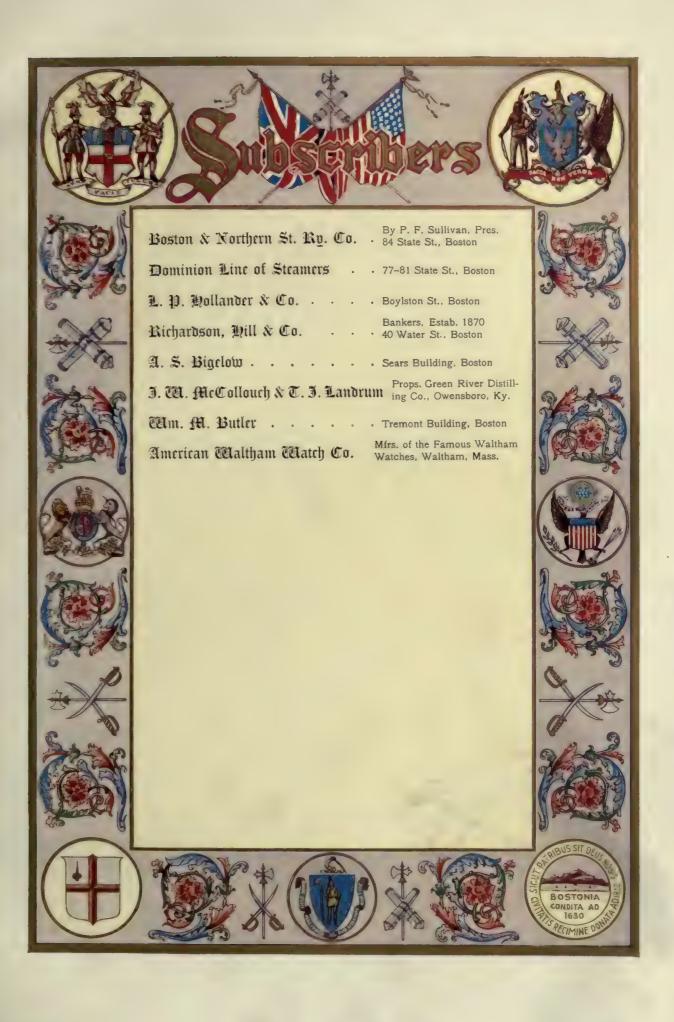


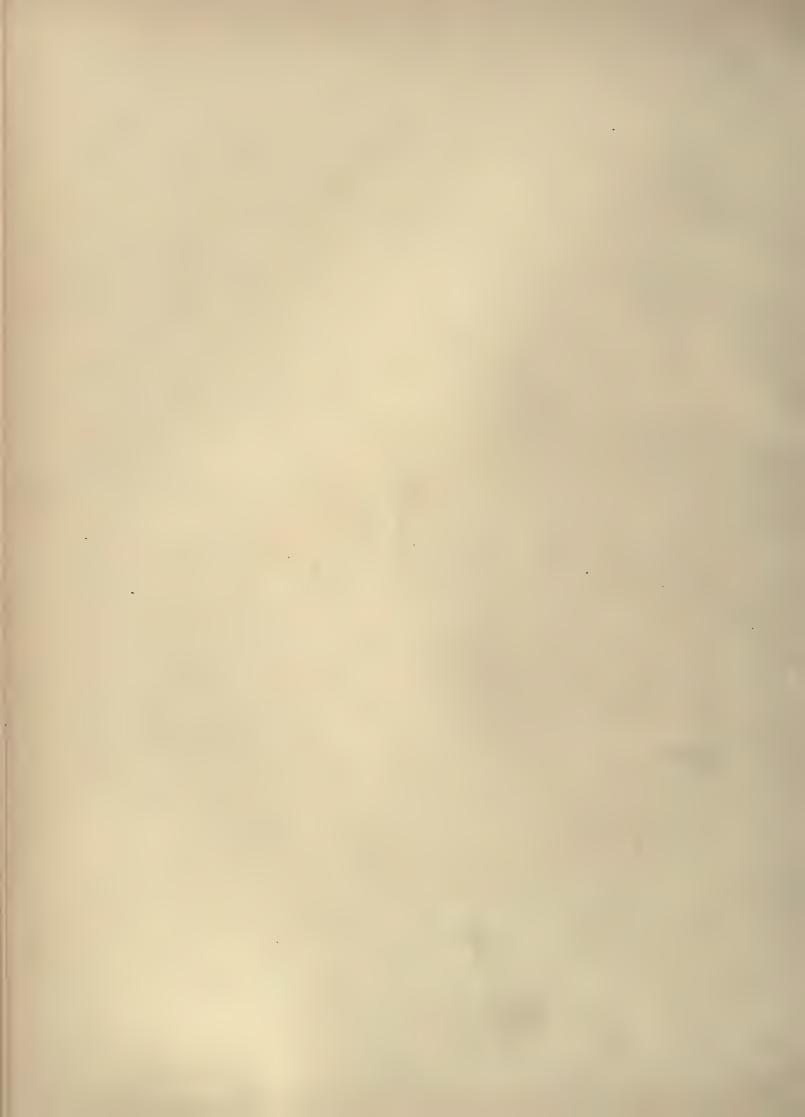












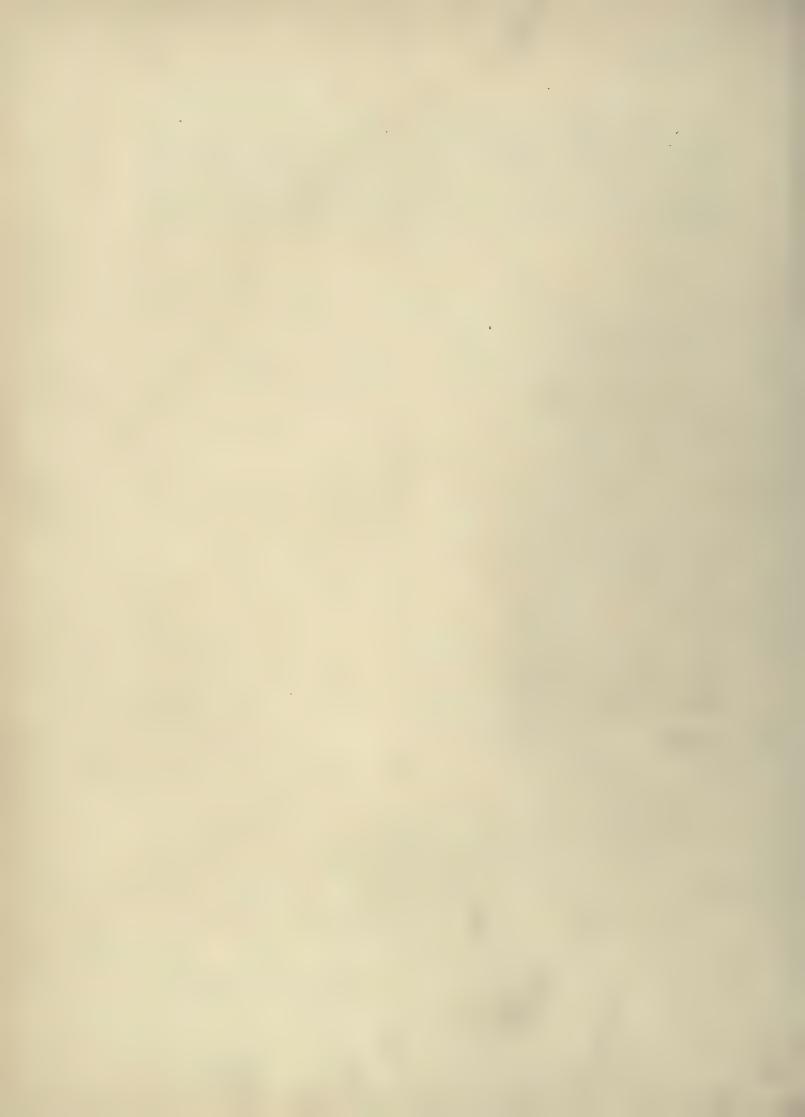


## Past Commanders of the Honourable Artillery Company of London

#### (Captain-Generals and Colonels)

H.R.H.	JAMES, I	DUKE OF	YORK,	afterw	ards Jan	MES I	Ι.	•		•	1660-1689
WILLIAN	ı III .										1690-1702
HENRY,	Duke of	Norfoi	к (duri	ng the	absence	of the	e Kin	g in	Irelan	id)	1690
H.R.H.	George,	PRINCE	of D	ENMARI	(Conso	ort of	Que	en A	nne)		1702-1708
H.R.H.	GEORGE,	PRINCE	OF WA	ALES, af	terwards	GEO	RGE ]	Π.			1715-1760
H.R.H.	GEORGE	August	us Fre	DERICK	, Prince	E OF	WALE	s, aft	erwar	ds	
GEO	ORGE IV			•		•			•	•	1766-1830
WILLIAM	IV.						•			٠	1830-1837
H.R.H.	Augustu	s Fred	ERICK,	Duke (	of Sussi	EX					1837-1843
H.R.H.	Albert,	PRINCE	Conso	RT							1843-1861
H.R.H.	ALBERT	Edwari	o, Prine	CE OF	WALES					i	1863-1901
Enwarn	VII.										1001-







PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP XI.





# Past Commanders of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts

1638. Captain ROBERT KEAVNE.

1639. Major-General EDWARD GIBBONS.

1640. Major-General ROBERT SEDGWICK.

1641. Major-General EDWARD GIBBONS.

1642. Captain ISRAEL STOUGHTON.

1643. Colonel George Cooke.

1644. Captain Thomas Hawkins.

1645. Major-General ROBERT SEDGWICK.

1646. Major-General EDWARD GIBBONS.

1647. Captain ROBERT KEAYNE.

1648. Major-General ROBERT SEDGWICK.

1649. Captain JOHN CARNES.

1650. Major-General Humphrey Atherton.

1651. Major THOMAS SAVAGE.

1652. Major-General Sir John Leverett.

1653. Major THOMAS CLARKE.

1654. Major-General EDWARD GIBBONS.

1655. Captain Francis Norton.

1656. Captain James Oliver.

1657. Captain EDWARD HUTCHINSON.

1658. Major-General Humphrey Atherton.

1659. Major Thomas Savage.

1660. Major-General DANIEL DENNISON.

1661. Captain WILLIAM HUDSON.

1662. Captain THOMAS LAKE.

1663. Major-General Sir John Leverett.

1664. Captain WILLIAM DAVIS.

1665. Major Thomas Clarke.

1666. Captain JAMES OLIVER.

1667. Captain Isaac Johnson.

1668. Major THOMAS SAVAGE.

1669. Captain PETER OLIVER.

1670. Major-General Sir John Leverett.

1671. Captain JOHN HULL.

1672. Captain WILLIAM DAVIS.

1673. Major Thomas Clarke.

1674. Captain THOMAS LAKE.

1675. Major Thomas Savage.

1676. Colonel Elisha Hutchinson.

1677. Captain RICHARD WOODDE.

1678. Captain John Hull.

1679. Lieutenant-General JOHN WALLEY.

1680. Major Thomas Savage.

1681. Colonel PENN TOWNSEND.

1682. Captain THEOPHILUS FRARY.

1683. Captain EPHRAIM SAVAGE.

1684. Colonel Elisha Hutchinson.

1685. Captain John Phillips.

1686. Captain BENJAMIN DAVIS.

1687-1689. Company suppressed by Sir Edmund Andros.

1690. Colonel Elisha Hutchinson.

1691. Colonel PENN TOWNSEND.

1692. Major-General WAIT WINTHROP.

1693. Captain John Wing.

1694. Colonel SAMUEL SHRIMPTON.

1695. Colonel Nicholas Paige.

1696. Captain Bozoun Allen.

1697. Colonel Elisha Hutchinson.

1698. Colonel PENN TOWNSEND.

1699. Lieutenant-General John Walley.

1700. Colonel SAMUEL CHECKLEY.

1701. Major SAMUEL SEWALL.

1702. Colonel Sir CHARLES HOBBY.

1703. Colonel JOHN BALLENTINE.

1704. Colonel THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

1705. Colonel THOMAS SAVAGE, J.	1705.	el THOMAS SA	VAGE, IT.
---------------------------------	-------	--------------	-----------

- 1706. Lieutenant-Colonel ADAM WINTHROP, Jr.
- 1707. Lieutenant-General JOHN WALLEY.
- 1708. Colonel THOMAS FITCH.
- 1709. Colonel PENN TOWNSEND.
- 1710. Colonel JOHN BALLENTINE.
- 1711. Lieutenant-Colonel Habijah Savage.
- 1712. Colonel WILLIAM TAILER.
- 1713. Colonel Sir CHARLES HOBBY.
- 1714. Colonel EDWARD WINSLOW.
- 1715. Captain EDWARD MARTYN.
- 1716. Captain SAMUEL KEELING.
- 1717. Colonel EDWARD HUTCHINSON.
- 1718. Colonel THOMAS HUTCHINSON.
- 1719. Captain WILLIAM DUMMER.
- 1720. Colonel THOMAS FITCH.
- 1721. Lieutenant-Colonel HABIJAH SAVAGE.
- 1722. Captain THOMAS SMITH.
- 1723. Colonel PENN TOWNSEND.
- 1724. Colonel EDWARD HUTCHINSON.
- 1725. Colonel THOMAS FITCH.
- 1726. Captain John Greenough.
- 1727. Lieutenant-Colonel Habijah Savage.
- 1728. Colonel SAMUEL THAXTER.
- 1729. Colonel EDWARD WINSLOW.
- 1730. Colonel EDWARD HUTCHINSON.
- 1731. Captain NATHANIEL CUNNINGHAM.
- 1732. Colonel WILLIAM DOWNE.
- 1733. Major-General WILLIAM BRATTLE.
- 1734. Major SAMUEL SEWALL, 2d.
- 1735. Colonel JACOB WENDELL.
- 1736. Colonel JOHN CHANDLER, Jr.
- 1737. Colonel RICHARD SALTONSTALL.
- 1738. Colonel DANIEL HENCHMAN.
- 1739. Captain CALEB LYMAN.
- 1740. Colonel JOHN WENDELL.
- 1741. Captain Joshua Cheever.
- 1742. Captain SAMUEL WATTS.
- 1743. Colonel Joseph Dwight.
- 1744. Colonel WILLIAM DOWNE.
- 1745. Colonel JACOB WENDELL.
- 1746. Colonel Daniel Henchman.
- 1747. Colonel JOHN PHILLIPS.
- 1748. Lieutenant-Colonel John Carnes.
- 1749. Captain EBENEZER STORER.
- 1750. Captain Hugh McDaniel.
- 1751. Captain Jonathan Williams, Jr.
- 1752. Colonel Joseph Jackson.

- 1753. Captain THOMAS EDWARDS.
- 1754. Captain RALPH HART.
- 1755. Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN SYMMES.
- 1756. Captain John Welch.
- 1757. Captain THOMAS SAVAGE.
- 1758. Major Newman Greenough.
- 1759. Colonel JOHN PHILLIPS.
- 1760. Colonel WILLIAM TAYLOR.
- 1761. Lieutenant-Colonel John Symmes.
- 1762. Captain ONESIPHORUS TILESTON.
- 1763. Colonel THOMAS MARSHALL.
- 1764. Major-General John Winslow.
- 1765. Captain WILLIAM HOLMES.
- 1766. Colonel THOMAS DAWES, Jr.
- 1767. Colonel THOMAS MARSHALL.
- 1768. Major James Cunningham.
- 1769. Captain Josiah Waters.
- 1770. Major-General WILLIAM HEATH.
- 1771. Captain SAMUEL BARRETT.
- 1772. Captain MARTIN GAY.
- 1773. Colonel THOMAS DAWES, Jr.
- 1774. Major WILLIAM BELL.
- 1775-1785. REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
- 1786. Major WILLIAM BELL.
- 1787. Major-General John Brooks.
- 1788. Major-General BENJAMIN LINCOLN.
- 1789. Major-General WILLIAM HULL.
- 1790. Captain ROBERT JENKINS, 3d.
- 1791. Colonel Josiah Waters, Jr.
- 1792. Brigadier-General John Winslow.
- 1793. Major Andrew Cunningham.
- 1794. Major-General John Brooks.
- 1795. Brigadier-General Amasa Davis.
- 1796. Captain Thomas Clark.
- 1797. Captain SAMUEL TODD.
- 1798. Brigadier-General John Winslow.
- 1799. Colonel ROBERT GARDNER.
- 1800. Captain Jonas S. Bass.
- 1801. Major BENJAMIN RUSSELL.
- 1802. Major JAMES PHILLIPS.
- 1803. Captain LEMUEL GARDNER.
- 1804. Colonel DANIEL MESSINGER.
- 1805. Major George Blanchard.
- 1806. Captain WILLIAM ALEXANDER.
- 1807. Captain Edmund Bowman,
- 1808. Captain MELZAR HOLMES.
- 1809. Lieutenant-Colonel PETER OSGOOD.
- 1810. Colonel DANIEL MESSINGER.

#### ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY xxvii

- 1811. Brigadier-General ARNOLD WELLES.
- 1812. Major BENJAMIN RUSSELL.
- 1813. Colonel JONATHAN WHITNEY.
- 1814. Captain WILLIAM Howe.
- 1815. Captain John Roulstone.
- 1816. Brig.-General HENRY A. S. DEARBORN.
- 1817. Major-General EBENEZER MATTOON.
- 1818. Colonel BENJAMIN LORING.
- 1819. Major THOMAS DEAN.
- 1820. Captain George Wells.
- 1821. Brigadier-General WILLIAM H. SUMNER.
- 1822. Brigadier-General THEODORE LYMAN.
- 1823. Major ALEXANDER HAMILTON GIBBS.
- 1824. Colonel DANIEL L. GIBBENS.
- 1825. Brigadier-General John T. WINTHROP.
- 1826. Major Martin Brimmer.
- 1827. Colonel THOMAS HUNTING.
- 1828. Colonel SAMUEL LEARNED.
- 1829. Lieutenant-Colonel Josiah Quincy, Jr.
- 1830. Captain PARKER H. PIERCE.
- 1831. Captain WILLIAM B. ADAMS.
- 1832. Brigadier-General John S. Tyler.
- 1833. Colonel EDWARD G. PRESCOTT.
- 1834. Brig.-General GRENVILLE T. WINTHROP.
- 1835. Brigadier-General Thomas Davis.
- 1836. Major-General SAMUEL CHANDLER.
- 1837. Colonel Amasa G. Smith.
- 1838. Major Louis Dennis.
- 1839. Captain Charles A. Macomber.
- 1840. Major-General Appleton Howe.
- 1841. Lieutenant-Colonel EBENEZER W. STONE.
- 1842. Major ABRAHAM EDWARDS.
- 1843. Lieut.-Colonel Newell A. Thompson.
- 1844. Brigadier-General John S. Tyler.
- 1845. General HENRY K. OLIVER.
- 1846. Colonel George Tyler Bigelow.
- 1847. Major-General John S. Tyler.
- 1848. Major Francis Brinley.
- 1849. General Joseph Andrews.
- 1850. Colonel ISAAC HULL WRIGHT.
- 1851. Brigadier-General CALEB CUSHING.
- 1852. Major FRANCIS BRINLEY.
- 1853. Major John C. PARK.
- 1854. Lieutenant-Colonel George P. Sanger.
- 1855. Major Moses G. Cobb.
- 1856. Colonel MARSHALL P. WILDER.

- 1857. Colonel THOMAS E. CHICKERING.
- 1858. Major Francis Brinley.
- 1859. Brigadier-General Joseph Andrews.
- 1860. Major-General John S. Tyler.
- 1861. Lieutenant-Colonel Jonas H. French.
- 1862. Captain Edwin C. Bailey.
- 1863. Brigadier-General ROBERT COWDIN.
- 1864. Captain James A. Fox.
- 1865. Major Joseph L. Henshaw.
- 1866. Brigadier-General JOHN H. REED.
- 1867. Major-General NATHANIEL P. BANKS.
- 1868. Major George O. CARPENTER.
- 1869. Brigadier-General SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE.
- 1870. Brigadier-General George H. Peirson.
- 1871. Captain EDWIN C. BAILEY.
- 1872. Colonel EDWARD WYMAN.
- 1873. Major BEN: PERLEY POORE.
- 1874. Major DEXTER H. FOLLETT.
- 1875. Major-General NATHANIEL P. BANKS.
- 1876. Captain ALBERT A. FOLSOM.
- 1877. Captain John L. Stevenson.
- 1878. Colonel Augustus P. Martin.
- 1879. Colonel CHARLES W. WILDER.
- 1880. Captain CHARLES W. STEVENS.
- 1881. Captain WILLIAM H. CUNDY.
- 1882. Captain John Mack.
- 1883. Major George S. Merrill.
- 1884. Captain Augustus Whittemore.
- 1885. Colonel EZRA J. TRULL.
- 1886. Captain THOMAS F. TEMPLE.
- 1887. Colonel HENRY WALKER.
- 1888. Captain HENRY E. SMITH.
- 1889. Captain EDWARD E. ALLEN.
- 1890. Captain WILLIAM HATCH JONES.
- 1891. Captain J. HENRY TAYLOR.
- 1892. Captain SAMUEL HICHBORN.
- 1893. Captain JACOB FOTTLER.
- 1894. Colonel SIDNEY M. HEDGES.
- 1895. Captain THOMAS J. OLYS.
- 1896. Colonel HENRY WALKER.
- 1897. Colonel J. PAYSON BRADLEY.
- 1898. Major L. N. DUCHESNEY.
- 1899. Captain EDWARD P. CRAMM.
- 1900. Lieutenant-Colonel ALEX. MARSH FERRIS.
- 1901. Captain Frank Huckins.
- 1902. Captain Josiah Stearns Cushing.

## Reduced facsimile of Captain Martin Gay's Commission from Governor Dutchinson, June, 1773

THOMAS HUTCHINSON, Esquire; Captain-General and Governor in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts-Bay and ViceAdmiral of the same.

Virtue of the Power and Authority in and by His Majesty's Royal Commission to Me granted to be Captain-General, &c. over His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts-Bay aforesaid, I Do by these Presents (reposing especial Trust and Considence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct) constitute and appoint you the said Massachusetts gray and to be substant of the order of the content, of homorable strillery semposing. In the Sown effortion for the current just

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a least of in leading, ordering and exercising the said dempany in Arms. both inserior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline, and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their last of and you are yourself to observe and sollow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from or shall from time to time receive from or shall from time to time receive from or shall from the total from the saccording to Military Rules and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in you

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at BOSTON, the Frifth on Day of June on the Sweeth of Year of the Reign of His Majesty King GEORGE the THIRD Annoque Domini, 1773

By His Excertence's Command





THE EARL OF DENBIGH AND DESMOND (late R.H.A.)
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COMMANDING HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.



COLOURS OF THE HONOURABLE
ARTILLERY COMPANY









# The Honourable Artillery Company of London

(as at Present Constituted)

Captain-General and Colonel

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

President

THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT COLVILLE OF CULROSS, K.T., G.C.V.O., &c.

Vice-President

Treasurer

MAJOR ROBERT HENRY NUNN WILLIAM HARRISON HILLMAN, ESQUIRE

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding

THE EARL OF DENBIGH AND DESMOND (late R.H.A.)

Lieutenant-Colonel (2nd in Command)

L. R. C. BOYLE (late R.N.)

Мајотв

Instructor of Musketry

W. EVANS

CAPT. F. E. VARLEY

J. C. WRAY (late R.H. & R.F.A.)

Signalling Officer

G. T. CARPENTER H. C. DUNCUM

2ND LIEUTENANT E. A. LANKESTER

Daymaster

CAPT. (HON. MAJOR) G. A. MARSHALL

Hdjutant

CAPT. & BREVET MAJOR C. E. D. BUDWORTH, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY

W. ELAM								Lieutenant and Quarter-Master
Rt. Rev. F.	E. Ru	OGEWAY,	D.D			•		Chaplain
W. CULVER-	JAMES,	M.D.,	F.R.C	S. I	Ed.			Surgeon-Major
R. J. REEC	e, B.A.,	M.B.,	B.C.	(Can	tab.)			Surgeon-Major
T. E. F. M	acGeag	н, М.D	), ,					Surgeon-Major
E. H. Myd	DELTON-	GAVEY						Surgeon-Captain
R. C. TENN	ANT .							Veterinary-Lieutenant
F. S. STANI	EY .							Veterinary-Lieutenant

Abraham, Frank. Abraham, John Henry. Abrahams, Charles. Ackroyd, Samuel Hooley. Adams, Alfred John. Adams, Herbert Jordan. Adams, Herbert Charles Vassall. Adams, Henry Powys. Adkin, John Gibb. Adkin, John Hammond. Adlard, Henry Frederick. Adler, James. Aguis, Edward Tanqueray. Alcock, George. Aldous, Stanley George. Allen, Walter Augustus. Alliston, Claud. Allsebrook, Arthur. Allsopp, The Honourable Ranulph (Lieut.-Col.). Altman, Edward Joseph. Amor, Albert. Ansell, Charles, Jr. Anstiss, Frederick George. Applebee, Harry Pendred. Appleton, William Porter. Arbib, Umberto. Archer, Douglas Charles Warne. Ardley, Edward Osborn. Arrow, Frederick. Ashmore, Arthur Cecil. Attenborough, Cyril Percy. Attenborough, Robert Harold. Attneave, Harry. Austin, Frank Gouldsmith. Austin, George. Bailey, Percy James. Bailey, Wilfred Arthur Cuthbert. Baker, Alfred John. Baker, Ernest Henry Brudenell. Baker, Frederick. Baker, Richard. Baker, Walter.

Ballard, Charles Penfold.

Barff, John Victor. Barnes, Francis John. Barnes, Richard Stewart. Barnett, Arthur Inglis. Barrett, Victor. Bartlett, Frank. Bassett, Richard. Bateman, Robert Walter. Bayley, Denis Howard. Bayley, Hadrian (Captain). Baylis, Edgar Alexander (Captain). Baynes, Cyril. Baynes, Edgar. Baynes, Leonard. Bazin, Vivian. Beach, Walter Thomas. Beamish, Herbert Leonard. Beck, Frederick William. Beeson, William. Bell, Alfred William. Bell, Frank Burnman (Hon. Lieut.-Col.). Bell, Frederick Charles. Bell, Herbert Wootton. Bell, Thomas, Jr. Benge, William James. Benjamin, Alfred. Berger, Julian Myer. Berry, Oscar, F.C.A., C.C. (Hon. Auditor). Bertram, Henry John (Captain). Bishop, Herbert Anthony. Bishop, Horace Lionel. Bishop, William Frederick. Blackburn, Bertie James. Blades, Alfred Fletcher. Blades, Edmund George. Blaikie, John Rutherford. Blamire, Edward Liddell. Blanks, Edward (Captain). Blashill, Thomas (Captain). Blizard, George. Blyth, Thomas Tolmé.

Bond, Douglas Vale. Bonner, Herbert Stanley. Bonser, Howard John. Boodle, Walter Trelawney. Boreham, Silas John. Bourdas, Edgar. Bourdas, John. Boutell, Frank John Chevallier. Bowers, Gordon. Bowring, Frederick William. Boyle, Lionel Richard Cavendish (late R.N.) (Lieut.-Col., 2nd in command). Bradly, William. Bradshaw, Charles Henry. Bradshaw, Robert Wood. Brady, Gerald Charles Jervis. Braund, Frederick William. Brewster, Clement James. Brigg, William Henry. Briggs, Arthur Ernest. Bright, Frank Yarranton. Brighten, William Greene (Captain). Bromage, George Arthur. Brooke, Charles Cottrell. Brooke, Percy Arthur. Brooke, William Reginald. Brooks, Charles Dillon. Brooking, George Frederick. Brown, Ernest Alfred. Brown, Harold Ernest. Brown, Harold Roland. Brown, Henry William. Brown, Thomas Marshall, Jr. Browne, Philip Gladwin. Bryan, Arthur. Bryant, Clifford Frederick. Brymer, Cecil John. Buckley, Thomas Francis. Buckney, Daniel Edward. Budworth, Charles Edward Dutton (Major R. F. A., Adjutant). Burgess, Henry Herbert Philip.

Burton, Arthur. Buxton, Hugh Forster. Byron, Sidney Hall. Cannon, Frederick George. Carpenter, George T. (Major). Carr, Harry Oswald. Carter, James. Cartland, Thomas James. Caslon-Smith, Harold Arthur. Catt, Arthur Ethelbert. Chalk, Seymour James. Challis, Ormond Edmund. Chambers, Archibald Wm. James. Chambers, Edward. Chambers, John Walling. Chaplin, William Herbert. Chapman, Stanley Salter. Cheney, Alfred Denton. Chew, Henry V. Chick, James Hooley. Childers, Robert Erskine. Chillingworth, George. Chubb, George Herbert. Clapham, Sidney Charles. Clare, Alexander Seymour. Clare, William Ernest. Clark, Harry. Clark, Herbert Fuller. Clark, John Henderson. Clark, Thomas Lytton. Clark, William. Clarke, Albert John. Clarke, Casper Stanley. Clarke, Harry John. Clarke, William Richard. Clements, George Baverstock. Clements, James Hubbard. Clifford, Henry Brockhurst. Clifton, Charles Frederick. Clough, Ernest Marshall Owen. Coare, Robert Bolton. Coe, Augustus Frederick. Cohen, Frank. Cohen, Frederick. Cole, Richard Charles. Cole, William George. Coleman, Edward (Vet.-Surgeon). Collingwood, T. Collins, Arthur Duncan. Colville of Culross, Viscount, The Rt. Hon. Charles John, K.T., G.C.V.O. (President). Colyer, Ernest Henry. Connell, Robert Allan (Captain). Cookes, Dudley. Cooper, Algernon Morris. Cooper, Carew Martin Ashley.

Cooper, Percie Cyril. Cooper, Thomas William. Coote, Thomas Cameron. Cope, Alfred John. Coram, James Henry. Corbett-Dyer, Walter Corbett. Corfield, Reginald. Cossey, Frank Haslar. Cotton, Aubrey Nightingale. Cotton, Percy Vernon. Cotton, Rupert Stanley. Court, Robert Ambrey. Crawley, Wm. Evelyn Maddock. Cribb, Arthur Lewis. Croger, Horace Vivian. Crook, Lewis Thomas (Major). Crook, Walter James. Cubitt, Henry Gilbert. Culbertson, John. Culver, Herbert George. Curtis, Henry Piers Thursby. Curtis, Richard James Melville. Cutbill, Claude Augustus. Cutbill, Reginald Stewart. Cutbill, Louis Edward. Dale, Henry Ibsen. Dale, John. Dale, John Cecil. Dalton, John. Davis, Henry Emanuel. Davison, Thomas Henry. Dawson, Damer. Debenham, Arthur Henry. Denbigh and Desmond, The Earl of (Lt.-Col. Commanding). Dennison, Charles Hector. Dennison, Dudley George. Denyer, Clarence Hamul de Vesci, John Robert William, Viscount. Dickson, John Benjamin Stanley. Dixon, Wilfred. Dobrée, John Awdry. Dockrell, Morgan, Jr. Dollar, Henry Watt. Dottridge, Cecil Alfred. Dowding, Alfred Charles. Downey, Stephen Richard. Draycott, Charles. Duckworth, George Herbert. Duncan, Charles Lyell. Duncan, David. Duncan, James Fergus. Duncan, John Charles. Duncum, Herbert Charles (Major). Dyas, Samuel Robert. Dver. Edward Arnold. Dyke, Charles William Pitman.

Easton, Lionel Harold. Eastwood, Handley Jackson. Eckstein, William. Edwards, Edward, Jr. Edwards, Harold Molyneux. Elam, Herbert William Townend (Lieut. R.F.A.). Elam, Horace Shrofield. Elam, William. Elliott, Ernest Weatherill. Elliott, John Kenneth. Ellis, John Hutton. Ellis, William Llewellyn. Emerson, Alfred Heslop Stamper, A.C.A. Emery, George Frederick, L.L.M. Eugster, Oscar. Evans, Guy Edward. Evans, Harry. Evans, Herbert Edward. Evans, Robert Charles, Evans, William (Major). Falkner, Frank Ninus. Farlow, Guy Vernon King. Farmer, Frederick. Farmer, Herbert Leopold. Farrington, Frank (Major). Farris, Henry Thomas. Faulkner, Charles William. Faulkner, Stanley Seymour. Fenn, Arthur George. Ferguson, Ernest Haden. Field, Charles Roland. Fielding, Charles. Finch, William Alexander. Fisher, Edwin Arthur. Fitch, John Francis. Fletcher, Lionel Lawford. Fleuret, Alfred Harman. Flick, Charles Leonard. Forbes, Norman Dallas. Ford, Henry Joseph (Captain). Ford, James Francis. Forman, William Sainsbury. Fortescue, Sydney. Forster, Arnold. Forty, William. Fox, Charles James. Fox, John Reginald. Fraser, Alfred George. Frazer, Thomas Henry. Fuller, Henry Edmund Litchfield. Fyson, Alfred (Major). Gadesden, James P. Gadsdon, George John. Game, Arthur Stewart.

Game, Sydney Charles. Garnsey, Ernest. Garstin, Harold. Garstin, Lionel Norman. Gem, William Harold. Gibson, John George (Major). Gibson, John George, Jr. Gilbert, Mark. Gillbanks, James Frederick. Gilling, Robert. Girling, Edward Henry. Girling, Frank Ernest. Goddard, Charles. Goddard, Frank. Goff, Park. Goldstrom, Frederick Simon. Goodall, Thomas Bradbury. Goodes, John Vernon. Gooding, Frederick Charles. Goodyear, John Broderick. Goord, Arthur Frederick. Gordon-Smith, Arthur Thomas. Goult, William. Gow, John Lockhart. Gow, Norman. Gravatt, John. Graves, Robert Herbert. Gray, Charles Bertram. Green, Edward Unsworth, Jr. Green, Thomas Lampard. Green, Walter Maryon. Greenwell, Charley Okey (Captain D. L. I.). Greenwood, Harry Sayles. Greenwood, John Francis. Gridley, Charles Oscar. Gridley, William Oscar. Griggs, Thomas Frederick. Grossmith, Stanley. Groves, Leonard Alloway. Guiterman, Percy Louis. Gutmann, Walter. Halford, Edgar Samuel. Hall, Frederick. Hall, Harry Reginald Holland. Hall, William Alexander. Halsey, Godfrey Edwin. Hamilton, John Paynter. Hamlyn, Ernest Augustus. Hammack, Stanford Gower. Hammond, Charles (Captain). Hamp, Stanley Hinge. Hamp, Thomas James, Jr. Hands, John Joshua. Hanson, Harold Tom. Harby, James Malcom. Harding, Ernest A.

Harding, William Percy. Harding, Hy. Mackenzie Bailey. Harland, Gowan. Harness, Albert George Augustus. Harper, Richard Norton Guy. Harrington, Thomas Flexmore. Harris, Horatio. Hartnoll, James. Harvie, Arthur Leonard. Harvey, William George. Hassell, William Henry. Hawkins, James Harford (Capt. and Hon. Major 2nd Tower Hamlets R.V.). Haycraft, Clendon Conyers. Hayden, William Clarence. Haydon, Stanley David. Hayman, Lewis Frank. Hayward, William Henry (Captain and Hon. Major). Head, Ernest Gifford. Hegarty, Herbert William. Heinke, Harry Morris. Helder, Francis John Charles. Henry, Percy Franklin. Hepburn, Frederick Charles. Herbert, Arthur Frederick. Herbert, Charles George Young. Herbert, William J. Herbert, William Smith. Hering, George. Hibbert, Arnett. Hicks, Maxwell. Hill, Cyril William. Hill, Daniel, Ir. Hill, Harold Babington. Hill, Herbert Charles. Hill, Richard Henry Ernest. Hillman, William Harrison (Treasurer). Hills, James Stuart. Hoare, George. Hoare, Reginald Arthur. Hobrow, F. William Chant. Hobrow, H. Montague. Hodge, Arthur Sidney. Hodge, Cecil Wilfred. Hodges, Charles Clement (Captain). Hodgkinson, Alfred, Jr. Hodgkinson, George Edmund. Holliday, Charles Wallace. Hollington, Alfred James. Holloway, Henry Tompson. Holman, Cecil. Holroyd, James Harry Sinclair. Holt, William Bacon Lyster.

Hooper, Charles Gordon, Hopkinson, Percy John. Hornby, Charles Ledgar. Horne, Benjamin Worthy. Horsey, Charles Harold. Houghton, Albert Charles. Houghton, John Gouldsmith. Howard, Ernest Stanley. Hoyle, Edgar. Huggins, Arthur Erat. Hughes, Douglas Stewart. Hughman, Richard Percy. Hulbert, William Charles. Humphrey, Walter Edward. Humphreys, Jack Edward. Humphries, Henry. Hunt, John A. (Captain). Hunt, William Day. Hyams, Alfred Maurice. Ilsley, George Wadham. Ilsley, Harold Stanley. Ince, John Oscar. Inskipp, Arthur. Irmer, Harry. Jackson, Francis Crichton. Jackson, William Ernest. James, Thomas Henry. James, Walter Culver, M.D., C.M. (Surgeon-Major). Jarrett, Henry. Jarvis, George Frederick Jervaulx. Jarvis, Matthew Jervoise. Jay, Thomas Simpson. Jay, William Samuel. Jeffs, Percy. Jessel, Ernest Edward. Johnson, Arthur Waterman. Johnson, Bertrand. Johnson, Christopher John. Johnson, James King. Jones, Harry Carden. Jones, Herbert Richard. Jones, Humphrey Edward. Jones, Samuel Knill. Joseph, Arthur Samuel. Joseph, Bertram Ernest. Joy, Ernest Edward Cooper. Justen, Frederick William. Kelly, Arthur Ralph. Kendall, James Colver. Kendall, William Henry. Kent, John James. Kent, John Stanley (Major). Kentfield, Frederick Arthur. Kern, Frederick Ernest Louis. Killby, Arthur Andrew. King, Arthur.

Arthur Eustace Basil King. Wingfield. King, Edward Hertslet William Wingfield. King, Walter Ernest. Kipling, William Charles. Kirby-Turner, Lloyd Caulfield, B.A. Kirkness, Leslie. Kitto, William. Knight, John McKenzie. Knocker, Charles M. Kray, Henry Joseph. Ladenburg, Alfred Leopold. Landsberg, Herbert Valentine. Lankester, Eric Allport. Latham, Henry Wilkinson. Lawrence, Edward Robert. Lawton, Alfred. Leage, Thomas Walter. Leggatt, Louis Martin. Leggatt, Percy Willats (Captain and Hon. Major). Lemmens, Gustave John. Theodore Charles Lemmens, Alexander. Levy, Frederick S. Lewis, David Morgan. Lewis, George Thomas (Captain). Lewis, Leopold Lytton. Lines, John, Jr. Little, Francis Hamilton. Little, Norman James Richard. Little, Sydney Hamilton (Lieut. Connaught Rangers). Llewellyn, Leonard Mostyn. Lloyd, Frederick. Lloyd, Robert Wylie. Lobb, Godwin St. John. Lockton, John Dufton. Longmore, William A. Lorimer, George. Low, Robert Bruce, Jr. Lowe, Arthur Cecil (D.S.O.). Lucas, Percy Francis. Luce, Thomas Sopwith. Lumby, Harry Douglas. Maas, Albert Mitchell. MacConkey, Geo. Fredk. Dixon. Macdonald, James Brunton. Macdonnell, George Henry. Macdonnell, Jas. Arthur William. MacGeagh, Thomas Edwin Foster, M.D. (Surgeon-Major). MacGregor, Dugald Wm. Lionel. Mack, Thomas Edward. Macmunn, James.

Madders, Hubert Franklin. Mager, George Edmund. Magnus, David George Henry. Magor, Edward Manuel. Manchester, Caleb. Marcus, Archibald Edgar. Marlborough, The Right Rev. Alfred Earle, D.D., Bishop of. Marriott, Allan Theodore. Marshall, George Arthur (Major and Paymaster). Marshall, Robert Calder. Martin, Cecil Evelyn. Martin, Herbert James. Mason, Charles Cattley. Mason, Edward Stanley. Mason, Stephen. Mason, William Sidney. Matthews, Frederick Pesman. Matthews, Harold Chas. Percival. Matthews, Leonard. Maurice, Frederick Joseph. Maxwell, Hubert Charles. Maxwell, Percy Augustus. May, Edwin. May, Frank. McDermott, Henry T. McDougall, James Gladtone. McFee, Edward. McKechnie, Ernest Alexander. McKenzie, Francis Fuller. McKenzie, James Sinclair. McKenzie, Lessel Stephen. McQueen, Ernest Frank. Medcalf, Joseph Thomas. Medhurst, William Richard. Medina, Thomas Francis. Middleton, Joseph Boswell. Miles, Arthur Leslie. Millar, Archibald Scott. Millar, William George. Mills, William James. Milne, Malcolm Bruce. Mitchell, Christian Hubert. Mitchell, John Douglas. Mitchell, John Lawrence Rolfe. Moeller, Adolph Heinmann. Moore, Ernest Llewellyn. Moos, Abraham. Morcom, Arthur Basil. Mordin, Arthur James. Morford, Douglas Rippon. Morgan, Percy Lawrence. Morley, James. Morphy, Francis Patrick. Morrison, James Noel. Morrison, William Thomas.

Moseley, Martin Ephraim. Moss, David George. Mostyn, Frederick Abraham. Mostyn, Sydney. Mugford, Roy Petherbridge. Mumby, John Edward. Munday, Henry (Major). Munn, Thomas. Murdoch, Lewis Malcolm. Murless, Henry Owen. Murnane, Gerald Frank Thomp-Myddelton-Gavey, Edward Herbert, M.R.C.S. Eng. (Surgeon-Captain). Nash, William Allen. Nelson, Sir Edward Montague, K.C.M.G. Nelson, Thomas Edward. Nesham, Charles Frederick (Hon. Capt. in Army). Nettelfield, Horace. Neumegen, Harold Gordon. Newman, Francis John. Newman, Frederick John. Newman, Frederick Owen. Newsom, Thomas Bowden. Newson-Smith, Frank. Newton, Frederick George. Newton, Sidney Arthur. Nichols, Reginald Hugh. Nicholson, Henry Withnall. Nicholson, Stephen William. Nobes, Henry William. Nodder, William Justinian. Norris, Arthur James. Norton, Lewis Morgan. Nunn, Oliver Cromwell. Nunn, Robert Henry (Major, Vice-President). O'Connell, Gilbert John. Oetzmann, Frederick Augustus. Oliver, Capon William. Orwin, Reginald Croft. Osborn', G. W., Jr. Osmond, Charles Fortescue. Osmond, Humphrey Dacres. Ousey, George Ryder. Owen, Thomas Dudley Crew. Page, Arthur Robert. Page, John Stanley. Paine, Harold William. Pakeman, Percy John. Palles, William Francis. Palmer, Russell. Paqualin, Clarence George. Parker, Frederick.

Parker, Oswald Dalby. Parker, Thomas Dalby Septimus. Parnwell, Ernest William. Parnwell, Percy Alfred. Parnwell, Wilfred Samuel. Parratt, Geoffrey Temple. Parslow, Charles Francis. Pash, John (Major). Patten, Charles James. Payne, George Charles. Pearson, William Walsh (Captain). Pennington, Thomas Turner. Pepper, Edward Charles. Perkins, Herbert Mottrom. Perkins, Hugh Waller. Perkins, Thomas (Major). Perrin, Harold Ernest. Petch, John. Petre, Henry Aloysius. Pettit, Charles Edward. Philip, Gerald Stanley. Phillips, Andrew Percy. Phillips, Charles Thomas. Pierrepont, Edward Spencer. Piggott, John, Jr. Pitkethley, Victor. Pizey, George Henry. Plater, Philip Edward. Platt, Evan Crawfurd. Platt, James Sydney Shaw. Please, Frank Hatswell. Pocock, Edward Adams. Pocock, Henry. Podmore, John Herbert. Pollard, George Embleton Fox. Poole, Henry. Poole, Herbert Henry. Pope, Horace. Port, Charles George James. Portch, John West. Postans, Henry Hamilton Shum. Potter, Alfred Albert. Potter, Shirley Herbert. Power, James Reginald. Pratt. Alfred Ernest. Prescott, Walter Charles. Prince, Frederick Matthew. Probyn, Alfred. Purvis, Albert Hopkins. Quick, Stanley. Raftery, William. Raikes, Geo. Alfred (Lieut.-Col.). Ramsey, Harry Blashfield. Ramsey, Harry Victor. Ramsey, Leonard Blashfield. Randall, Francis John. Rayner, Robert.

Read, Alfred William. Read. George. Read, Walton Rix (M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.D.S.). Reece, Richard James, M.A., M.D., B.C. (Cantab.) (Surgeon-Major). Reed, Charles George. Reside, Alexander T. A. Richardson, Wilfred Seagram. Ridgeway, Frederick Edward, The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Kensington, D.D. (Chaplain). Riggs, Andrew John, Jr. Ritchie, Gerald Ogle. Ritherdon, George (Captain). Roberts, Charles Ernest. Roberts, Edwyn Turner. Roberts, Edward Stewart Grandtully. Roberts, George Watkinson. Robertson, Alexander. Robinson, Arthur Dalgarno Lowndes. Robinson, Edward Allbright. Robinson, Frank Cecil. Robinson, Henry James Powell. Robinson, Richard Atkinson, Ir. Robinson, Tom (Captain). Robus, Frederick Charles. Rodgers, Douglas Alexander Reid. Rolfe, William Henry. Ronaldson, Hugh Robertson Meyer. Rothschild, Sydney Henry. Rowe, Cecil Herbert. Rowe, John Stanley. Rowe, Robert Creemer Burton. Rudderforth, Thomas William. Ruff, Herbert W. Rumney, Russell. Rundle, Wilfred Charles. Rusby, Leonard Hastings. Russell, Joseph Harold. Ryde, Arthur Breen. Sabel, Percy Perez Ernest. Salem, Richard. Salter, Percy. Sanderson, Guy Sherman. Sanderson, John C. (Major). Sasse, Ferdinand Ernest. Satchwell, Frank Henry. Saunders, James Bruce. Sawrey, Richard Gordon. Sawyer, Henry Hollington. Sawyer, Herbert Edward.

Schloss, David Leopold Bethel. Schloss, Horatio Montefiore, Scholes, Harold William. Schultz, William. Schwabacher, Albert. Scott, Arthur Abbott. Scott, Henry Lawrence. Scott, John Beckett. Scriven, Edward Gordon. Seaton, Frederick Robert. Seccombe, Edward Arthur John. Seligman, Richard. Seton, Reginald Vernon Frv. Shadwell, H. W. Shallard, Lawrence Stafford. Sharpe, Harold John. Shenstone, Frederick William. Sherwood, Arthur Wynne. Sherwood, Herbert Trevor. Shield, Arthur Robert. Short, Frank Everest. Shorter, Frederick William. Shorter, Richard Guy. Shorter, Thomas J. Shuter, Arthur Elliott, M.A. Shuter, Charles Henry. Silverside, Charles Hicks. Sim, Alexander Chatterton. Simmonds, Harry Crawford. Simmonds, William Frank. Simmons, William C. (Captain). Simon, Harold James. Simpson, Colin James. Simpson, Harold Reid. Simpson, Henry Gardner. Simpson, William Sydney. Sison, Edward Richard. Skilbeck, Clement Oswald. Smart, Henry Wells. Smart, William. Smith, Frederick George. Smith, Frederick Henry. Smith, George Albert Edward. Smith, Henry. Smith, Lionel Corlett. Smith, Reginald Morgan. Smith, Robert Frost. Smith, Stanley. Smithers, Herbert. Snell, William Henry (Lieutenant-Colonel). Solly, Reginald Charles. Speechly, Courtenay Charles. Speller, Reginald. Spencer, Francis Henry John. Spielman, Ferdinand Isidore.

Spielman, Meyer Adam.

Stanley, Frederick Sutton. Steinberg, Percy Nicholas. Stevens, Nicholas. Stewart, Cecil Graham. Stirling, William Alexander. Stock, Charles Herbert. Stockings, Reginald Bailey. Stohwasser, Francis J. (Lt.-Col.). Stone, Wm. Bayford, B.A. (Cantab.). Storer, David Dempster. Straker, Thomas Augustus. Strauss, Maurice. Strickland, Alfred G. Strickland, George Alfred. Strong, Henry Patteson. Stuart, Archibald Thomas Alexr. Sturt, Anthony. Sulman, Stanley Wagener. Sunderland, Harold Lister. Swain, Edward. Symes, William Charles. Tait. Edward Harold. Taylor, Cyril Foster. Taylor, Edward Augustus. Taylor, George Alick. Taylor, John Charles. Taylor, John Francis. Tebb, Lewthwaite Dewar. Temple, Samuel Thornton. Tennant, Robert Craig. Tetley-Jones, William. Thomas, Daniel Paget. Thomas, Ernest John. Thomas, Fredk. Chas. Whitworth. Thomas, Percy Elvy Tenterden. Thompson, Charles William. Thompson, Frank Ernest. Thompson, Henry. Thompson, Thomas Prance. Thorn, Oliver. Thornhill, Ronald Guy Lawrence. Thorns, Spencer Edwin. Thynne, Gerald. Tilbury, John Gregory Hickman. Todd, John. Tolhurst, Brownfield. Tosetti, Douglas. Townesend, Geo. Wilfred Lawrie. Townroe, Lionel Edmund, M.A. Toynbee, Thomas Harold. Tozer, Henry. Trask, William Henry. Treffry, Edward (Captain). Trenerry, Edgar Harold.

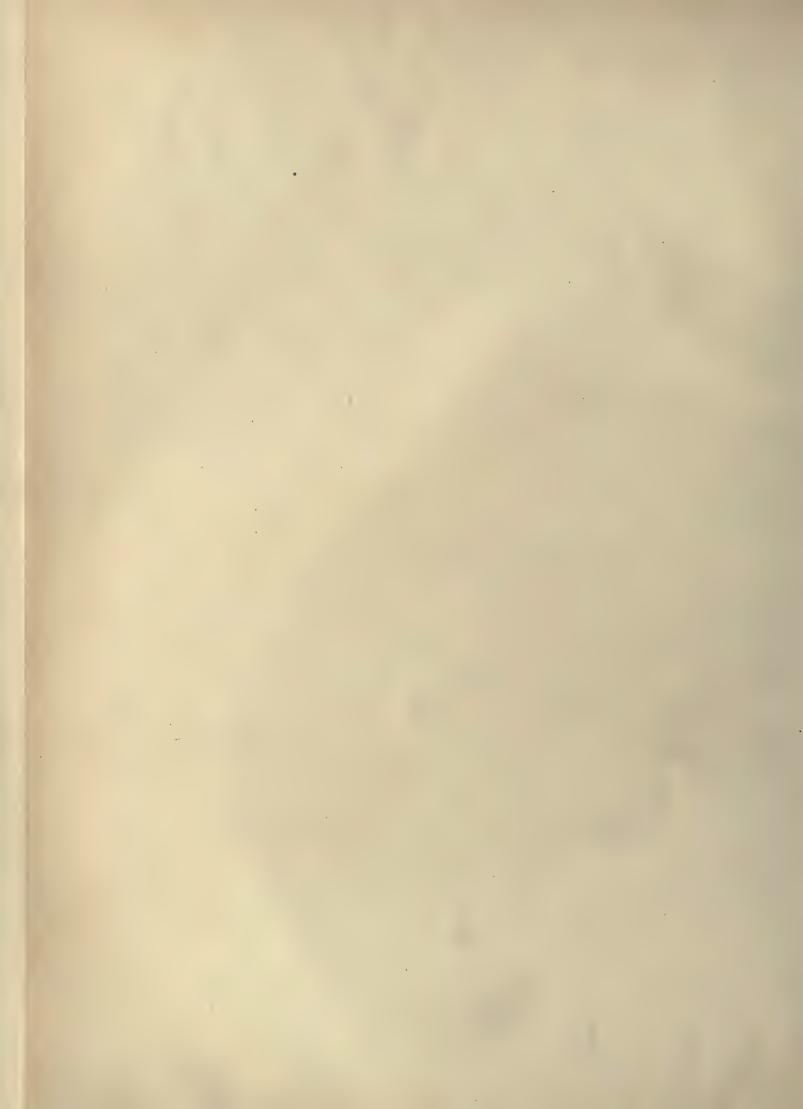
Turner, Robert Frederick Lewis.

Vaisey, John Clare. Varley, Fleetwood Ernest (Captain). Vaughan, Charles Stuart. Venables, Edward. Venables, Harold William. Verry, William Henry. Verry, William John. Vigor, Arthur Frederick. Vincent, Hugh Beckley. Vorley, Sidney Thomas. Wade, George Herbert Arthur. Wagstaff, Chas. Frodsham Grundy. Wagstaff, James. Waigh, William Ernest. Wakefield, James Stanley. Wakefield, Richard Castelhow. Waley, Alec S. Walford, Sidney. Walker, Ernest. Walker, Ernest Harry. Walker, Stuart. Walker, William Octavius. Walker, Zaccheus. Wall, Thomas Atkins. Walsh, Patrick. Walton, Augustus. Ward, Albert Lambert. Wareham, Frederick William. Wark, John. Warman, Charles Ernest. Warner, Wynyard Alexander. Warren, Edward Lilley. Warren, George Herring. Waterlow, Walter Jameson. Waters, Alexander Arthur. Watkins, William, Jr. Watkiss, Jesse Richard Hardy. Watson, Harold Burges. Watson, Peter J. P. Watson, William Harold. Watts, John Daniel Hayward. Webb, Cecil Oscar. Webb, Charles Walter. Webb, W. Bridges (Major). Webb, Matthew R., J.P., D.L. Webb, Richard Frederick. Webb, Stanley Augustus. Wells, Albert Tyler. Wells, Arthur William. Wells, Charles Arthur. Wells, Leonard Stanley Melville. Wesson, Walter. West, Edward Job. West, Joseph Henry.

Weston, Arthur C. Wheatley, Dennis. Wheeler, Edward Southby. Wheeler, Wilfred James. White, Clifford Sidney. White, Frederick Charles. White, Harold John. White, Richard. Whitehead, Reginald. Whitehead, Robin Hubert. Whiteway, Phillip. Whitworth, George Budibent. Whyte, Charles Athenry Jukes. Wickes, Lewis James. Wilkes, John Hamilton. Wilks, Clement. Wilks, Gilbert. Wilkinson, George. Wilkinson, G. H., Jr. Wilkinson, Sir Joseph Loftus (Lieut.-Col. of the Engineer and Railway Vol. Staff Corps, and Member of the "Army Railway Council"). Williams, Arthur Frederick Basil. Williams, Harold Justus. Williams, Harry Newman Tibbits. Williams, Percy Edwin. Williams, Walter (Major and Hon. Lieut.-Col.). Williams, Walter William. Williamson, Geoffrey Wynne. Wilson, James. Wilthew-Smith, Walter Roy. Wilton, John Staines. Wingate, Percy West. Wink, Alexander Adam. Winthrop, Guy Edward. Wolff, Frank William J. Wolff, Mark Arthur. Wolseley, Francis Richard, M.D. Wood, Alfred Edward. Wood, Joseph Charles. Woodall, John Ashley. Woolmer-Williams, Chas. (Major). Wootton, Percy Cyril. Worskett, Samuel Amos. Wray, John Cecil (Major late R.H. & R.F.A.). Wrensted, Alfred. Wright, Charles. Wright, John Major (Captain). Wright, Lawrence. Wyllie, Colin Campbell, Jr. Yeo, Thomas Farquhar.









COLONEL SIDNEY M. HEDGES
COMMANDING ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS.





# The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts

(as at Present Constituted)

#### Captain

COLONEL SIDNEY M. HEDGES

first Lieutenant

COLONEL WILLIAM H. OAKES

Second Lieutenant

LIEUTENANT JOHN D. NICHOLS

## **H**djutant

COLONEL CHARLES K. DARLING

Chief of Staff
Lt.-Col. Alexander M. Ferris

Surgeon

E. Dwight Hill, M.D.

Judge Advocate

George A. Perkins

Assistant Surgeons

FRANK M. JOHNSON, M.D.
WALTER D. SHURTLEFF, M.D.
FREDERICK L. ABBOTT, M.D.
FRANK A. DAVIDSON, M.D.

Paymaster and Treasurer
Lieutenant Emery Grover

Quartermaster
WILLIAM L. WILLEY

Commissary
Captain George E. Hall
Assistant Paymaster and Clerk
Lieutenant George H. Allen

Sergeant-Major

Quartermaster-Sergeant

Lieutenant EDWARD SULLIVAN

Major George F. Quinby

Commissary-Sergeant
HENRY F. WADE

Paymaster-Sergt. and Asst. Clerk
ARTHUR T. LOVELL

Hospital Steward
Sergeant Fred H. Putnam

National Color Sergeant
BOARDMAN J. PARKER

State Color Sergeant
Sergt.-Maj. Augustus Andrews

Flankers to the Commander

Captain E. W. Abbott

Major Perlie A. Dyar

Band Guide
Sergeant GEORGE L. LOOK

Orderly to the Commander

Dr. Perley B. Thompson

# xliv ROSTER OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE

First Sergeant of Infantry
WILLIAM MARSH FERRIS

Second Sergeant of Infantry

Major Francis Meredith, Jr.

Third Sergeant of Infantry

Daniel B. H. Power

Fourth Sergeant of Infantry

IRA P. SMITH

Fifth Sergeant of Infantry
JOSEPH J. FEELY

Sixth Sergeant of Infantry

R. WHITEMAN BATES

First Sergeant of Artillery
Sergeant Charles H. Porter

Second Sergeant of Artillery

JOHN A. W. SILVER

Third Sergeant of Artillery
BENJAMIN COLE, Jr.

Fourth Sergeant of Artillery
Captain John J. Flaherty

Fifth Sergeant of Artillery
FRANKLIN A. WYMAN

Sixth Sergeant of Artillery
Captain Henry L. Kincaide

Boyd, Thomas A.

Abbott, Captain Edward W. Abbott, Dr. Frederick L. Abbott, Sergeant William V. Adams, Lieutenant Charles C. Adams, George. Adams, Lieutenant George E. Adams, Joseph W. Adams, Samuel G. Adams, Wilbur F. Albree, Sergeant John. Alland, Samuel. Allen, Honorable Charles H. Allen, Captain Edward E. Allen, Lieutenant George H. Ames, Colonel Butler. Andersson, Alfred. Andrew, Henry Hersey. Andrews, Sergt.-Maj. Augustus. Appleton, Captain Nathan. Armstrong, Captain George D. Arnold, Charles W. Arnold, Thomas. Arnold, William B. Ashley, Sergeant Charles S. Ashley, Thomas C. Atkins, Lieutenant John E. Atteaux, Frederick E. Atwood, Colonel Henry D. Auerbach, Junius T.

Babcock, John B.
Babson, Charles.
Bacharach, Solomon.
Badger, Daniel B.
Bailey, Lieut.-Col. Edwin W. M.
Baird, John C.
Baker, Charles F.
Banchor, John F.
Barnabee, Sergeant Henry C.

Barrett, Lieutenant Charles B. Barrett, Colonel Richard F. Barron, Colonel Oscar G. Bartels, Sergeant Ernest O. Barton, Silas A. Bartram, George C. Basch, Sergeant Nathan B. Bascom, Major George J. Batchelder, Charles H. Batchelder, William J. Bates, George H. W. Bates, Sergeant R. Whiteman. Bates, Willis Carroll. Battey, William A. Beal, Arthur H. Beck, Edward C. Belknap, Lyman A. Bensemoil, Sergeant Jacob. Benton, Colonel Everett C. Bergengren, Dr. F. W. A. Best, Edward H. Best, Lieutenant William S. Betteley, Sergeant Albert C. Bickford, Robert S. Bicknell, William E. Billings, Elmer W. Bird, Captain Lewis J. Bivan, T. H. Blackinton, Lieutenant Louis A. Blackmer, Herbert A. Blake, James E. Blanchard, Charles C. Blanchard, Denman. Bliss, Arthur. Bliss, George. Blum, Anthony. Bolton, Captain Frederick E. Boss, Robert P.

Bowles, Frank H.

Boynton, Charles H. Brackett, Sergeant Silas W. Bradlee, Sergeant J. Tisdale. Bradley, Edwin A. Bradley, Colonel J. Payson. Breed, Charles Orrin. Briggs, Richard. Briggs, William S. Brock, O. H. Brown, Captain Charles H. C. Brown, Captain J. Henry. Brown, Sergeant Joseph H. Brown, Dr. Wilfred G. Brown, William G. Brownell, Lieutenant Frank C. Bruce, Honorable Alexander B. Bruce, Philip B. Buckingham, George B. Bulger, Dr. Augustus J. Bunting, Colonel William M. Burdett, Honorable Joseph O. Burlen, Robert. Burnham, Henry A. Burns, Lieutenant Walter. Butcher, Charles. Butler, Howard Fulton. Butterworth, Robert. Byam, Sergeant Raymond S.

Campbell, Dr. Manning S.
Cann, Colonel J. Boardman.
Carson, Dr. Paul.
Carter, William.
Cassell, George.
Castle, William W.
Chamberlin, Thomas E.
Chandler, Sergeant Moses E.
Chapple, Joe Mitchell.

Chase, Caleb. Cheney, Benjamin P. Cherry, Lieutenant James B. Chickering, Elmer. Child, Morris W. Childs, Major Frederick W. Church, Everett B. Clapp, Arthur W. Clark, Mark C. Clarke, Major William M. Clayton, Lieutenant Fred I. Clough, Micajah P. Codman, Sergeant Edward W. Coffin, John A. Cole, Sergeant Benjamin, Jr. Comstock, Walter J. Conant, Curtis P. Coon, Sergeant William L. Cooper, James Willard. Cooper, John G. Corey, Harold D. Corey, Timothy F. Cotter, Lieutenant John E. Cottle, Henry C. Cowles, Edmund B. Coy, Samuel I. Crafts, Sergeant J. Chancellor. Crāmm, Captain Edward P. Cummings, Charles E. Cunio, Anthony. Cunningham, Colonel J. H. Cushing, Captain Joshua M. Cushing, Captain J. Stearns. Cutter, Leonard F.

Daggett, Sergeant H. M., Jr. Dallinger, Captain Frank W. Dalton, Lieutenant John C. Damon, Sergeant Kendall H. Damrell, Sergeant Charles S. Damrell, Captain John S. Danforth, Jesse C. Darling, Colonel Charles K. Darrow, Franklin M. Davidson, Frank A. Davis, Major Charles G. Davis, George A. Davis, Lieutenant James A. Denham, Sergeant Thomas M. DeRibas, A. L. DeRosay, Albert E. Dexter, James M. Dickinson, Elbert H. Doane, Ephraim H. Doane, John S. Drisko, Alonzo S.

Duchesney, Major L. N.
Dudley, Dana T.
Dukelow, Captain Charles T.
Durgin, Alonzo G.
Durgin, Charles E.
Dwyer, John D.
Dyar, Major Perlie A.
Dyer, Lieutenant Charles W.
Dyer, Walter R.

Earle, Walter.
Eastman, Alman L.
Edgar, Sergeant James.
Edgar, Lieut.-Col. William B.
Ellis, Sergeant Emmons R.
Ellis, James.
Ellis, William H.
Emerson, William H.
Emery, Herbert C.
Emery, Sergeant John A.
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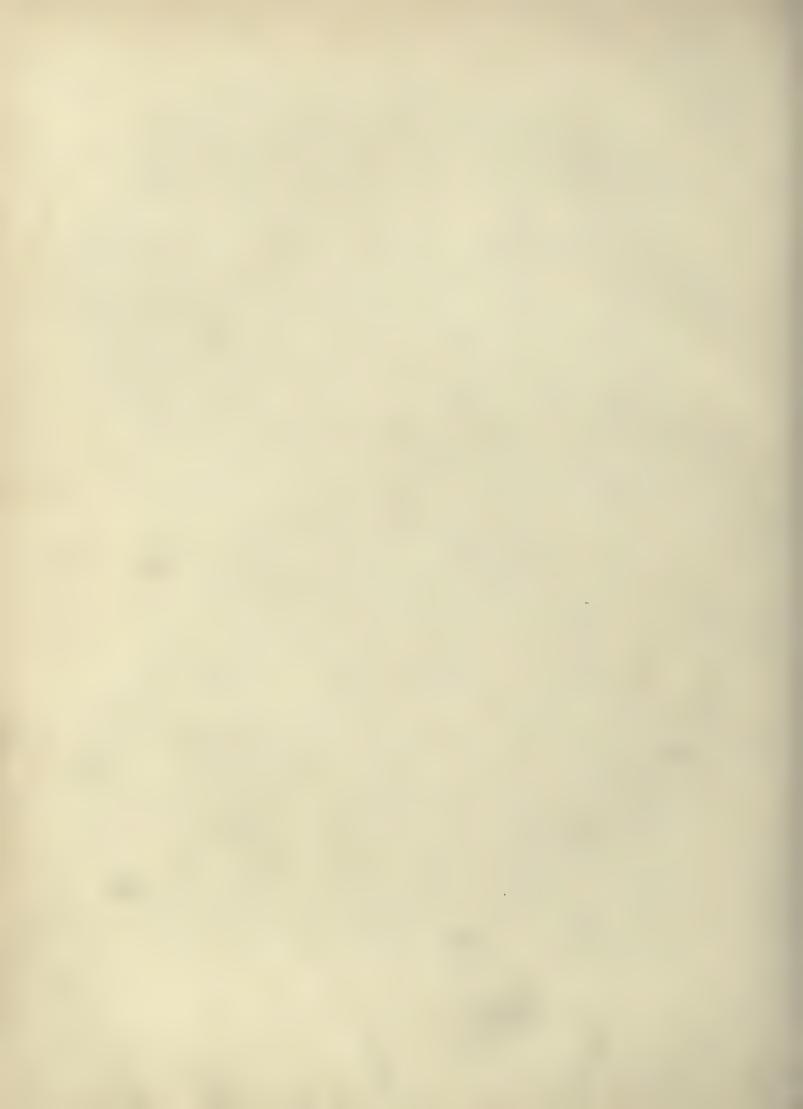
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Hussar Officer, -time of Louis XVI.; from the Same. 107. Casting Cannon-balls, - about 1800; from Pyne:

Microcosm. Iron-foundry, - about 1800; from Pyne: Microcosm.

112. An American General and Rifleman; from Barnard:

History of England (1790). Sword worn by Capt. William B. Adams,—War of 1812; preserved by the A. & H. A. Co., of which he was Commander in 1831.

Spur worn in 1812; preserved by the A. & H. A. Co. 113. Infantry and Artillery Uniforms of the Honourable Artillery Company, — 1797-1822; from Raikes: Hist. of the Hon. Art. Co.

Officer of the 40th Regiment, — 1792; from Smythies: Hist. of the 40th Regiment.

Forsyth's Percussion-lock, — 1807; from Demmin: Weapons of War.

114. George III., dressed as General, with Officers of the Light and the Heavy Dragoons; from Luard: Dress of the British Soldier.

Fusilier, — 1805; from the Same.

115. The "Victory," Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, —
1805; from Reed and Simpson: Modern Ships.

British Sailor, - 1807; from Atkinson: Costumes of Great Britain.

Glimpses of Trafalgar; from a painting by Davidson.

116. The "Demologos," first Steam War-vessel ever built (designed by Fulton); from Bennett: Steam Navy of the United States.

PAGE British ships bombarding Algiers, --1816; from Green: Short History of the English People.

117. British Dragoons, Heavy and Light, — 1812; from Luard: Dress of the British Soldier.

Sword presented to Maj.-Gen. John Brooks in 1817 by the A. & H. A. Co., of which he was twice Commander; preserved by the A. & H. A. Co.

120. Gregg's Ball-proof Vessel, - patented in 1814 (it was the design to cover it with copper or iron);

from U. S. Ordnance Notes, No. 213.

Hat worn by Maj.-Gen. Appleton Howe when Commander of the A. & H. A. Co., — 1840; preserved in the Armory.

123. Hall's Breech-loading Rifle, adopted by the United States in 1825,—the first weapon of the kind adopted by any government; from Norton: American Breech-loading Small Arms.

Fort Sumter, - designed in 1827; from the Ency-

clopædia Americana.

126. American and Mexican Officers and Soldiers; from

Brooks: Hist. of the Mexican War. Sword worn by Brig.-Gen. Caleb Cushing in the Mexican War; preserved by the A. & H. A. Co., of which he was Commander in 1851.

127. Old Flag of the A. & H. A. Co.; from Roberts: Hist. of the A. & H. A. Co.

Sword, etc., of Gen. H. K. Oliver, Commander of the A. & H. A. Co., - 1845; preserved in the Armory

A Minié Ball, - about 1850; from Tennent: Story of the Guns.

The Enfield Rifle-bullet, - adopted by England in 1853; from the Same. (In this a wooden plug was substituted for the metal cup of Minié.)

128. Uniforms of the Honourable Artillery Company, -1848; from Raikes: Hist. of the Hon. Art. Co. British Heavy Dragoon Helmet, - 1824; from Luard: Dress of the British Soldier.

Hat of British Staff-officers, - 1830; from the

129. The "Mississippi," - 1842; from Bennett: Steam Navy.

British 110-gun Ship, - 1840; from Miles: Royal Naval Service.

134. British Soldiers, - 1852; from Luard: Dress of the British Soldier.

Uniforms of the Honourable Artillery Company, 1850-1857; from Raikes: Hist. of the Hon. Art. Co.

135. French Seacoast Gun and Carriage, — 1856; from Delafield: The Art of War in Europe.

Section of a French Fortified Wall (Paris) as constructed in 1856; from the Same.

Bullets used at Sebastopol, - 1855; from the Same. Cartridge of the Needle-gun; from Norton: Amer. Breech-loading Small Arms.

140. Fort Donelson, — 1862; from Harper's Weekly (March 15, 1862).
 Soldier of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, —

1861; from Lossing: Civil War in America. 14-inch Mortar,—1862; from the Same.

141. Rodman 15-inch Gun, - 1860; from Barnard: Seacoast Defence.

Dahlgren Howitzer, - 1862; from Harper's Magazine (Vol. XXV.).

American Musket and Bayonet, — 1863; from the Same (Vol. XXVIII.).

Sword worn in the Civil War by Brig.-Gen. Robert Cowdin; preserved by the A. & H. A. Co., of which he was Commander in 1863.

142. Side-wheel Steamer "Powhatan,"-1850; from Reed and Simpson: Modern Ships. Screw Steamer "Hartford," — 1858; from the Same. Gunboat, — 1861; from Harper's Magazine (Vol. XXIV.).

143. The "New Ironsides,"—1862; from Reed and Simpson: Modern Ships.

A Naval Gun, - 1862; from Harper's Weekly (Feb-

ruary 22, 1862).
The "Monitor" and the "Merrimac"; from the Same (March 22, 1862).

144. Bastion No. 4 at Sebastopol; from E. de Todleben: Défense de Sébastopol. British Helmets and Caps, - 1852.

148. Breech-loading Steel Cannon made by Krupp (Exhibited at Paris, 1867); from Demmin: Weapons of War.

Armstrong Gun; from the Same. Gatling Gun, — 1872; from Norton: Amer. Breechloading Small Arms.

149. The "Indiana," a First-class Battleship; from

Bennett: Steam Navy of the U.S. The "Katahdin," a Harbor Ram; from the Same. Torpedo-boat; from photograph of the "Ericsson." Whitehead Torpedo, - 1896; from Armstrong: Torpedoes.

154. 16-inch Rifled Cannon made by the United States for Coast Defence,—range said to be about 20 miles; from Harper's Weekly (Vol. XLVI.).

Disappearing Cannon,—1893; from Lloyd and

Haddock: Artillery.

155. A Turret Fort protecting the harbor of Spezzia; from the Encyclop. Brit. (Vol. XXV.). (The fort mounts two 119-ton Krupp guns.)

Typical Section of an Infantry redoubt, — 1888; from Brackenbury: Field Works.

156. British Field-gun (12-pounder), - 1893; from Wolseley: Armies of To-day.
U. S. Rapid-fire Gun, 1902; from Harper's Weekly

(Vol. XLVI.).

New U. S. Army Magazine Pistol, — 1902; from the Same (Vol. XLVI.).

159. City Imperial Volunteers in South Africa, - 1900; from the Illus. News (Vol. 117) Boer Rifle-pits, - 1900; from the Same.

160. Uniforms of the Honourable Artillery Company, -1879; from Raikes: Hist. of the Hon. Art. Co.

161. Armoury House of the Honourable Artillery Company; from the Same.

Wrought-iron gates in the Entrance-hall of the Armoury House; from the Same.

166. Faneuil Hall, Boston, the home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; from a photo-

Officers' Room in the Armory of the A. & H. A. Co., Faneuil Hall; from the Catalogue of the Museum. Old Arms preserved at Armory of A. & H. A. Co.

167. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales inspecting the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company at Marlborough House, 1896; from the Graphic (July 18, 1896).

168. The visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to England, 1896: Scene at Aldershot; from a painting in the Armory of the A. & H. A. Co.

169. Badges of the Fifteen Club, the Twenty-one Club, the American Committee of the Hon. Art. Co., 1896, and the London Committee of the Anc. & Hon. Art. Co., 1903.

172. The Steamship "Mayflower."





ROYAL ARTILLERY OFFICERS
OF FOUR CENTURIES





A Tale of Two Worlds and Five Centuries

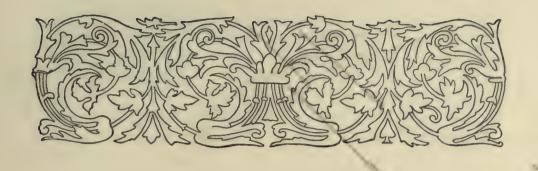


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# A Tale of Two Worlds and Five Centuries

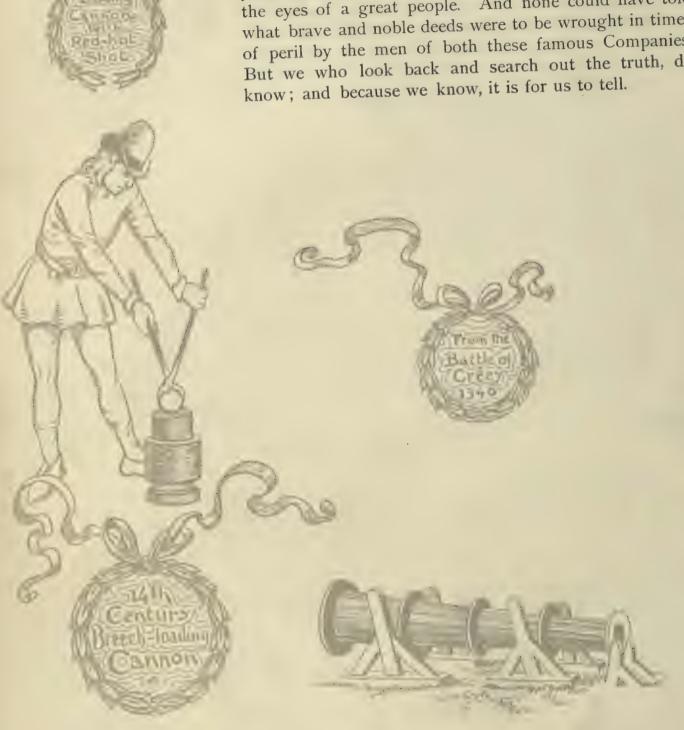
BY JUSTIN HARVEY SMITH

King of England and of Ffraunce Defendour of the Fayth Lord of Ireland and in Erthe Supreme Hede of the Churche of England **Co all** Judges Justices Mayres Sheryffes Bayliffys Connstables and other our Officers Mynysters and Subgietts as

well within the Liberties as without thies our Letters heryng or seyng Gretyng"—with this trumpet-note began the high announcement that something which had not been was now to be. It was the opening sentence of a royal Charter, sealed with the "Greate Seale" of England; and in this wise it came to pass, in the year of our Lord 1537 and the month of August, that the Fraternity of St. George or Artillery Guild—since known as the Honourable Artillery Company of London—was founded in due process of law by the royal will.



All knew that a noble beginning had been made; but none could then have told that this martial brotherhood, ever passing away but ever renewing itself, like the dark foliage of a Northumberland pine, would be found still young and vigorous after hundreds of years. None could have told how many kings, princes, and lords were to be enrolled in its numbers. None could have told that from this root another tree was to spring up beyond the sea, and flourish there century after century in the eyes of a great people. And none could have told what brave and noble deeds were to be wrought in times of peril by the men of both these famous Companies. But we who look back and search out the truth, do know; and because we know, it is for us to tell.





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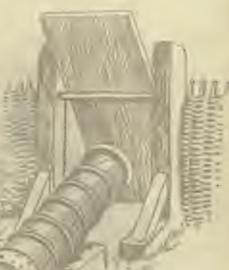
RTILLERY"—were there such things as cannon when bluff King Hal granted these Letters Patent? That was a very long time ago, indeed. England still ruled over French soil. Martin Luther was alive. The first

English Bible had barely left the press. The plays of Shakespeare and the essays of Bacon were more than a generation in the future. Men who sailed with Columbus could be heard telling over their adventures. Pizarro was just sitting down to wash the blood of Peru from his armor. The Mississippi still rolled its vast floods to the sea unknown, and no white man's hearth glowed at evening in what we now call the United States of America.

Yet there were cannon. The Moors of Spain, at that day more enlightened than any other people of Europe, are said to have used ordnance at the siege of Saragossa in 1118, and thirty-nine years later they certainly defended themselves against the Spaniards with machines that threw forth stones, darts, and fire. During this time, cannon made their way to England. Edward the Third enlisted them against the French; and in the course of his reign (1327–1377) we find guns and balls duly entered by the city of London among its munitions of war under the names of "instruments" and "pellets."

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But the word "artillery" once covered a great deal besides cannon. Machyn wrote in his diary, a little before Shakespeare's birth, about "all manner of artillerie, as drumes, flutes, trumpetes, gones, Mores pykes, halbards." This was an extreme of liberality, however. Roger Ascham, the teacher of Queen Elizabeth, declared in his didactic fashion (1545), "Artillerie now a dayes is taken for ii thinges; Gunnes and Bowes." Some chose the first of these meanings; and Samuel Daniel—hailed by Spenser as "a new shepheard late up sprong"—rhymed soon of

"Artillerie, th' infernall instrument

New brought from hell to scourge mortalitie
With hideous roaring and astonishment."

Others took the second half of Ascham's definition; and we still read in our English Bible how Jonathan, after shooting with bow and arrows, "gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city." Striking, like Ascham, for the golden mean, the charter of the Artillery Guild was liberal but not extravagant in its use of so good a term, and carefully stated more than once that it had an eye to "Longbowes, Crossebowes, and Handgonnes."

The order of these words, as well as the words themselves, had a meaning. First came the long-bow. That had stood preëminent for centuries as the weapon of merry England. With it the Normans had conquered the island at the great battle of Hastings; and by and by, carried back to France, it hid the sun with arrows and the ground with dead in the wars of the Black Prince. Indeed, so far was its reach and so true its aim, when properly handled, that muskets had to fight long and hard for the supremacy. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, men were encouraged to use bows that meas-

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ured six feet and a half. The possible range of such tingling sticks of yew is said to have approached a quarter of a mile, and the ashen shaft—a yard or more long—that whistled from the string, offered no apologies to the early musket-ball.

No mean skill drew the cord. A child that could walk seemed almost big enough to shoot; and as he grew, he grew to be an archer. If a master or father permitted his servants or children, "being seventeen years of age," to lack a bow and arrow for the space of a month, he was to forfeit, by an early law of Henry the Eighth, six shillings and eight pence for every such offence. At one time a man had to pay a fine if he chose a target less than 660 feet distant; and at another it was ordered that no one less than twenty-four years old should aim at a fixed mark, unless he stood in a new place for every shot.

The crack archers did marvels, we are told by good authorities, and their rewards equalled their deserts. Our King Henry is said to have given one Barlow the title of Duke for outshooting all his rivals at Windsor; and, if anything more be needed to fix the rank of this weapon, or the credit of those who excelled in handling it, we may recall that the most ancient mark for Crown property—a mark still in use—was the "Broad Arrow."

To the cross-bow no such honors came. It was an awkward affair at best, and its range but short; and when the bow had been reduced, for the sake of convenience, to a strip of steel, a slow mechanism of pulleys or levers became necessary to draw the cord. The arrow was no cloth-yard shaft, winged with long gray goose feathers on its far and lofty flight, but a short, thick bolt, or quarrel, ending often in a blunt and clumsy head.

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End of the 15th

Century

It was not, however, to be despised,—that unromantic bolt. The cross-bow came into general use in armies during the eleventh century, and it wrought such havoc with the armor of good knights—and with the knights themselves—that before long a council of the church (1139) drove it from use. But it soon returned and played a murderous part again, especially at sieges and on ships; and possibly, had not fire-arms arrived and prospered as they did, improvements might have rendered it both a powerful and an accurate weapon.

Its twang seems to have been heard often in the glades of the royal forests, as well as in the din of battle; and we find an English king complaining bitterly of its ravages among his deer. One can see reasons for this. It made less noise than the long-bow. To draw it required less power, and to aim it—especially when sights were added—called for less dexterity. No proprietor of a royal deer-park would approve of such a weapon; and Henry the Eighth, a little time before founding the Artillery Guild, ordered that nobody should venture to use it unless his estate amounted to £100 a year: persons of such respectability could be expected to get their venison honestly.

Clumsier still were the hand-guns. Portable ordnance they might have been called, indeed. Though children of the cannon, they had been made ever since 1364 in one style or another, and two generations before the Artillery Guild received its charter, Edward the Fourth landed at Ravenspur (1471) attended by three hundred Flemings armed with this portentous weapon. It seemed a frightful creation, and indeed a man in front of it stood a fairly good chance of being hurt; but the stock was long and weighty, a strong rest had to be carried with it, and the touch-hole remained on the top of the barrel, cannon-wise.



Quite early the match-lock was contrived, and a cock holding the end of a slow-match could be brought down to the priming by a sort of trigger,—a wonderful improvement. Later the wheel-lock appeared, and the priming could now be exploded by the friction of a notched disk against a bit of pyrites or flint; but this contrivance proved costly and uncertain, and the old match-lock still reigned in Henry's time.

The King, an athlete himself in his younger days, and the most English of all the English monarchs, had scant love for newfangled arms. The stalwart long-bow suited him well; and, instead of encouraging the hand-gun, he ordered that any man who carried one with a stock less than two feet and a half in length should be fined and imprisoned. But there was need of defence. Any weapon that could slay an enemy had claims to respect; and for this reason the gentlemen of the Artillery Guild were to practise not only the long-bow, but the cross-bow and the hand-gun.

Great privileges attended this duty. They were to have a common seal, hold property, make their own rules, shoot—saving only the King's preserves and a certain space about his royal person—wheresoever they listed, have authority to license or decline to license any other such fraternity or guild, and go free of penalty should they injure any person in shooting at an open and customary mark,—only they must cry out "Faste!" before letting fly; and furthermore, they were allowed to use and wear any manner of embroidery or any cognizance of silver in their gowns, jackets, coats, and doublets, and any manner of silks—such as velvet, satin, and damask, the colors of purple and scarlet only excepted—in their gowns and jackets, and all and singular furs in their gowns or elsewhere,—save only the fur of the marten.



So, from the first, provision was made for both efficiency and splendor. Provision was also made for dignity. As the charter suggests, this Company stood entirely apart from every other military body. In that position it has remained ever since. It is the one organization of the kind over which the almost omnipotent British Parliament possesses no control, — the only force in the kingdom which the Sovereign may call upon without the consent of the supreme legislature. By the will and pleasure of the Crown it came into existence; by the will and pleasure of the Crown it continues to be; and it seems privileged to regard itself still as in a special sense a personal body-guard to the Sovereign.

Armor made for Henry VIII







#### H



EED enough there was of defence, in truth; for those were perilous times. Henry the Eighth must rank as a mighty sovereign. All the forms of English liberty stood on their feet while he reigned, but so did the forms of Roman liberty after the Cæsars began

to tyrannize. Greater and stronger than any names or titles, the personal power of the monarch swept everything before it, and England listened only to obey.

Abroad it worked otherwise. Henry was not the man to conciliate his brother sovereigns, and in particular—very much in particular—though Defender of the Faith, he mortally affronted the greatest of them all, His Holiness the Pope. Indeed, the Pope could hardly be blamed, for this astonishing Tudor became Head of the English church himself.

Then religious passion, pouring all its fury into English life, as Vesuvius pours its molten torrent into the Bay of Naples, turned what might have been a calm and peaceful island into a caldron, while every Catholic foe abroad took fresh heart. Henry's throne was declared vacant by the supreme Vicar of God, and an English cardinal summoned the master of the Holy Roman Empire to enforce the Pope's decree. No strength, no talents, could feel safe. The proudest heads in the realm





were to lie down to dreamless slumbers on the block, and the most eloquent of its tongues to burn with a fire not their own.

War and arms dwelt in men's thoughts as the stockmarket and the newspaper dwell there in our day. New castles reared their defiant walls, and old ones patched decaying towers with fresh masonry. After centuries of improvement, armor seemed at last almost perfect and quite essential. Even the pikeman had some protection besides a wooden shield covered with leather, and the knight cased himself in harness that defied the shrewdest lance. Nobody dreamed that mail had already received sentence of banishment; and Henry, to equip his people without depending on foreign makers, had forges built in England.

Weapons, however, held their own. The terrible battle-axe and the huge two-handed sword — arms which the King himself had loved to wield at the barrier when a young man — could hew their way through any coat of steel. The bowman, armed with his chosen stick of yew and a sheaf of two dozen picked shafts, an iron-bound mallet of lead at his shoulder, a sword by his side, and a round buckler, fifteen or eighteen inches wide, hanging on its hilt, felt able to bring the hardest cuirass to terms. Maces and many less-known weapons of the older time could still play a part. The halberd, which had come from Switzerland by the way of Germany, received a reënforcement now in the partisan, a spear with a shorter and somewhat narrower blade than the spontoon, crescent-like at the base. The pistol arrived from Pistoia in Tuscany. In 1521 John Owen began to make brass ordnance, though it had been produced on the continent before; and in 1543 bombshells, which had been known for almost a century) were manufactured in England.

"Threatened men live long," we say; and Henry, surrounded as he was by fears and alarms, passed through a hazardous life unscathed, though he rode minister after minister, like so many powerful steeds, to the death. Likewise Edward the Sixth, his son and successor, in spite of revolt and peril and fighting, survived; and his country, though sadly troubled, held her course. Then Bloody Mary, a Catholic zealot, ascended the throne; and, worse yet, shared her throne ere long with a Spanish husband, that merciless Philip, who covered the Netherlands with *autos-de-fe*.

Five years of Mary and Philip brought a once happy land into the valley of defeat, humiliation, and civil agony. Revolt began to take on the darker hue of rebellion; Catholic and Protestant, gazing at each other with red eyes through the martyr-flames of Smithfield, saw in a neighbor only a fiend, and hated him accordingly; Scotland hung like a thunder-cloud, full of gleams and mutterings, on the flank of distracted England; and poor, plundered Britain, without an army, without a fleet, seemed to be lying helpless, at the mercy of her foes.

Elizabeth, Good Queen Bess, then mounted the shaking throne. Not over-good, some called her, by the code of polite manners or even by the rules of proper conduct; but for the time and the land she was a better queen than rules could have made her. To more than a woman's frailties she joined more than a man's power. Vain, frivolous, coquettish, and uncertain beyond all of her own sex, she proved herself, beyond all of the other, cold, calculating, and inflexible. The very smallness of her ideas favored the greatness of her achievements, for at that crisis an ambitious policy did not become the country; while the foibles of the woman, blinding her enemies, aided the power of the queen. She saved England; yet,

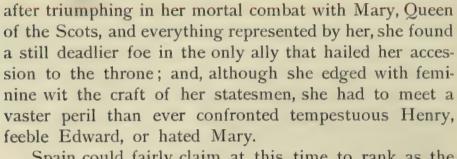


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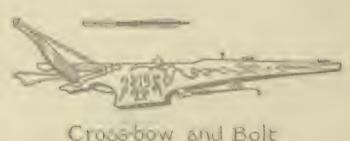
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Spain could fairly claim at this time to rank as the mightiest power in Europe. Not only did the Peninsula own the Spanish monarch as its lord, but the richest and most fruitful regions of Italy — Naples in the south, and Milan on the fat plains of the Po — bowed before his throne. Flanders, where the deftest fingers and most famous looms of the day were tirelessly at work, owed obedience to the same sceptre; and Antwerp, the central mart of the world, hung as a priceless jewel in the same crown.

Yet all this was only a beginning. Led by Columbus of Genoa, Spanish prows had first whitened the seas of a new world, and the Pope's decree had chained to the throne of Madrid the vast regions of the golden West. Spices, precious woods, bars of silver, and ingots of shining yellow weighed the homing galleons deeply into the waves. Cadiz was choked with the gorgeous products of the Occident; and the plunder of Peru, the spoils of Mexico, poured into the lap of the Castilian monarchy till it overflowed.

And if the Spaniard had, as he confessed, a thirst that only gold could slake, we must remember that hands of steel, to seize and raise the goblet, were his no less. Blood and tears and groans and death and bitter wailing meant simply nothing to the pitiless eyes and ears—hearts one cannot say—of Cortez and Pizarro; but swords and arrows, lances and battle-axes, were equally meaningless to their bosoms. Intrepidity, fearlessness, dauntless



1420

courage, are words that need to be written with diamond point when used of them and their comrades; and while these must rank as special men, thousands upon thousands of brave and hardy soldiers were nurtured at the proud bosom of the Sierras.

Never, since the tramp of Rome's departing legions died away, had their equals been seen in Europe. Centuries of desperate fighting against the chivalric Moors had tempered their metal, and religious fanaticism whetted the edge of their spirit. To daring and intensity, they wedded patience and steadiness. To the spring and the keenness of the Toledo blade, they joined the solidity and weight of the hammer that wrought it.

They possessed also an arm of then unequalled value. The process of lightening the hand-cannon had gone too far; and its offspring, the arquebus, though manageable, could do but little execution. The Spaniard saw this, and invented the musket. It was long and heavy; it had to be shot from a rest; and six arrows could be sped while it fired once; but the aim could be true, the bullet heavy; and before the leaden thunder of a line of musketeers no troops cared long to stand. Already the terrible Alva had shown what courage, what skill, and what ferocity Spanish infantry could display; and the stubborn Dutch, though led by the matchless Prince of Orange, had found themselves driven to invoke the aid of the ocean against these more cruel and remorseless foes.

This mighty power was now to be thrown with all its force against England. In the sole hand of Philip the Second it lay, as obedient as the thunderbolt in the fingers of Jove, and Philip had grievances against Elizabeth. Not a few of her subjects had stolen across the Channel, or had sent gold and silver, to help their cousins, the Dutch. Drake and many another English

English Briganilina Strelier



Italian

Arquebus

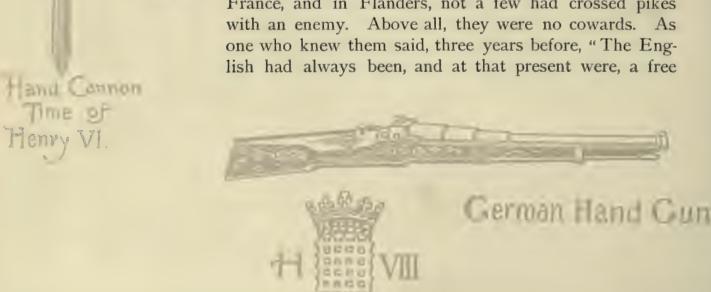
Time of

Henry VIII

buccaneer had ranged the highways of the deep, gorged themselves with the riches of Spanish treasure-ships, and made their names terrible even in the most secret cabinet of the Escurial. As the heir of Mary Stuart, Philip maintained that the crown of England belonged legally to him; and as a faithful Catholic, he felt it his duty to save that realm from heresy.

For years Elizabeth had been able to block his designs by seeming ever ready, if threatened by Spain, to become the ally of Spain's enemy, France; but France now lay paralyzed by troubles at home, and the hour of Philip's long-deferred triumph seemed to have sounded. For three years a fleet had been gathering in the Tagus; at last (1588) it was ready. At Dunkirk an army under the Prince of Parma stood waiting on the shore, while in the harbor a great flotilla of flat-bottomed boats rose and fell with the tide. It was a simple problem, thought Philip. The fleet would sail to Dunkirk and convoy the boats, filled with musketeers, across. "Troy was," would then sum up the fate of Britain.

Apparently he reasoned well; the English army consisted of one hundred Beef-eaters at the court. But there was also an English people. Courage and patriotism lived. The danger of Queen and country set every heart-string thrilling to the sound of the trumpet. Even Catholics rose to defend their soil. Long-bows and cross-bows were busy at the marks, and those who possessed hand-guns learned to do business with them. Volunteers came forward by thousands, and many not without experience in the art of war. In Ireland, in France, and in Flanders, not a few had crossed pikes with an enemy. Above all, they were no cowards. As one who knew them said, three years before, "The English had always been, and at that present were, a free



Mary's family

MILLIA ALTHONO

people, such as in few or no other realms were to be found the like, by which freedom was maintained a valiant courage in that people."

Yet, for the most part, they needed training, and now the Artillery Guild sprang to the front. Just when that Spanish fleet began to drop its anchors in the Tagus, "gallant, active, and forward citizens" of London, men of knowledge and force, joined themselves to the Company, and began to teach others how to march and countermarch and how to use arms. It was an earnest body. Each played the officer in turn, so that all might learn the duties of every rank; and every Thursday in the year they met of their own accord for drill. Now the hour had come, and they were ready. Far too precious a corps to remain a unit, the Company sent its brethren hither and you to discipline and inspire the recruits. "Captains of the Artillery Garden," as they were often called at that day, they had a name and a fame like that of West Pointers; here and there, north, south, east, and west, in command of many a Trained Band, they prepared the militia for the coming death-grapple, and in the great camp of Tilbury not a few of them were counted among the leaders.

Northward moved the Spanish fleet, and the English vessels went forth to do battle. Drake was not missing then. Back from "singeing of the Spanish King's beard," as he called his foray into the very harbor of Cadiz, he now had command of the privateers. Others, almost as famous, brought their valor and experience, too. Hawkins, the pioneer on the golden route to the Spanish main, paced his narrow deck impatiently. Frobisher, the navigator of the Northwest passage, trimmed his white sails with practised skill. Brave Howard of Effingham flew the admiral's pennant, and

Physicisteric

nine thousand true English hearts beat as one at rope and cannon.

Yet what signified these forces beside Philip's? They were but 80 sail against 129. Only five of the English vessels equalled in tonnage the smallest of the 65 Spanish galleons, — dark monsters, towering at stem and stern like castles, with main timbers four and five feet thick; and 50 were little bigger, if any, than schooneryachts of the present day. 2430 cannon and 28,000 men made up the offensive of the enemy; King Philip's ablest naval officers had command; and all this proud armament, "the most powerful fleet which had existed from the beginning of time," now swept on up the Channel in a splendid crescent seven miles long to combine with a mighty army, and overwhelm ill-fated England.

As it passed Plymouth, Lord Howard stole out of the bay, caught the wind, and began to "pluck the feathers of the Spaniard, one by one," as he phrased it. The qualities of English thought soon told. Small as they looked, his ships were quick and handy, and in perfect trim. Four had recently been launched; and, on Hawkins's advice, the old lines had been sharpened and refined, the length increased, and the high sterns and forecastles brought down. They could sail four rods to the Spaniard's two, and fire four shots while he was firing one. Drawing on or drawing off, striking and recoiling, darting, evading, overtaking, and escaping, Lord Howard kept up a running fight for a week, while galleon after galleon laid its timbers on the shore or on the bottom, was captured or was burned. Yet still a great number of them sailed on; they dropped anchor near Dunkirk; and the supplies of the English were now almost exhausted.

When night fell, the Spanish vessels lay close together in fancied security in the Calais roads; but, as their bells





were preparing to sound the hour of twelve, eight dark bulks that had silently floated toward them on the tide, burst into flames. They were Howard's fire-ships. Well he knew that nothing would frighten the enemy more, and well they proved the fact. Cutting their cables, they abandoned in panic the anchors they were soon to need so much, and fled; for on the morrow, they thought, it would be easy to recover them.

But Sir Francis Drake thought otherwise. Early the next morning he was after the Spaniards, and almost his last powder had been burned, when the sky grew dark again. All day the English vessels hovered and circled, pouring their shot—often at speaking distance—into the unwieldy and panic-stricken galleons and galliasses, while the Spanish balls, wildly aimed, flew mostly into air or water. Driving on at the mercy of the wind, huddled into a brute mass by the fire of Drake and Howard, as a flock of sheep are herded by the dogs, King Philip's proud fleet, with torn sails, fallen or splintered masts, gaping sides, and decks flowing with blood, bore help-lessly toward the north. Fear and despair reigned supreme. Four thousand men had been killed or drowned, and the wounded were doubtless as many more.

The following day, though neither Drake nor Howard had supplies of powder and ball, they determined to "give chase as though they wanted nothing." "O Señor Oquendo," cried the Spanish admiral to his bravest captain, "we are lost! what shall we do?" The butchery of those slaughter-pens had cowed even Spanish valor, and silenced even Castilian pride. A council of war met; and the officers decided to flee toward the north, return to Spain by rounding Scotland, and risk the perils of a rocky and unknown coast rather than face the guns of Drake and Howard.





The Royal Prince 1610

It proved an unhappy choice. For lack of provisions and ammunition, the starving English fleet had to turn back; but the storms of the tempestuous North Sea fell upon the shattered enemy with a fury greater than man's. All concert of action disappeared. The slaughter-pens became pest-houses. Ignorant of the route, with ripping sails and shivered planks, the fleet staggered on, growing smaller and smaller as it went. Existence was all it battled for now, and once more it waged a losing fight. Up and down the shores of Scotland and the coast of Ireland lay strewed ere long the wealth and valor and pride of the Peninsula. On a strand near Sligo, Sir Geoffrey Fenton counted 1100 corpses. In a bay not far north of that, lay some twelve or thirteen hundred. About a third of the fleet finally reached Corunna, bearing about a third of the men. — most of them stricken to death with wounds and disease; and so ended the Spanish Armada.

The Trained Bands led by the Captains of the Artillery Garden stood on guard meanwhile. "They also serve who only stand and wait." What the result would have been had the army crossed from Dunkirk we cannot know, but we may guess. And we may do more than guess. The Prince of Parma himself wrote Philip: "In a short time after landing in England the body of my army will become so weak, that not only I may be unable to advance in the face of the enemy . . . but there may fall out some notable inconvenience, with the loss of everything, and I may be unable to remedy it." No tyro in the art of war penned these lines. He knew his own power, and he understood something of the work accomplished by the Captains of the Artillery Garden; and a disaster to his army even more overwhelming than the destruction of the Armada was what this veteran commander foreboded.





#### HI

ARK days were in store for the Artillery Guild and for all England, in spite of this glorious victory; but their shadows did not yet appear. Elizabeth left a secure throne in 1603, and James the First, the bibulous and pedantic son of her lovely

foe, Mary, Queen of Scots, reigned in her stead. Little to his taste was the military art. A drawn sword affrighted his poor wits, and the word Artillery had nothing pleasant for his ears except its length. Yet the means of defence warmed even his dull feelings a little. Indeed, they inspired him with perhaps the brightest remark of an ignoble existence, for he said that he could not but greatly praise armor, since it not only protected the wearer, but also prevented him from injuring any other person.

Unfortunately for poor James, armor had received its death-blow. Men who fought did not wish to be restrained from hurting their enemies; and the endeavor to make breastplates heavy enough to stop a musket ball—"anvils" they were called by one man—succeeded only in rendering them too heavy to be worn. First, the steed was sacrificed. Horse mail disappeared in Germany while Elizabeth reigned, and the new fashion soon spread. But the rider also had to uncover. The armor of his





EXIMIT

William.

Several ships

James I

legs could be shed most easily; and before James the First fell into his merited grave, it was rapidly dropping away. Even the suits of the heavy cavalry usually ended then at the knee.

Weapons changed in like manner. Duellists had adopted the rapier and dagger as their tools, in place of the good old sword and buckler, while the ladies of Elizabeth's court excited their rivalries. Fire-arms improved steadily, and the idea that all the muskets in a regiment or company should have the same bore produced what was named the caliver. The fight between long-bow and gunpowder came to an end. Quickness and convenience had certainly counted much for the yew, and an arrow looked more terrible than a bullet,—especially to the horses; the glow of the slow-matches, before screens for them were contrived, and the tinkle of the bandoleers shoulder-belts of metal cases holding each a charge of powder — had more than once checkmated a surprise; but there were few good archers out of many bowmen, and the fire-arm gained steadily in every good quality. Its effect in frightening the enemy—especially his cavalry — had long ceased to be regarded as its chief merit. So the long-bow and the cross-bow settled their quarrel by both retiring from real competition with the newcomers, and in 1505 an Order in Council put muskets and calivers into the hands of the Trained Bands.

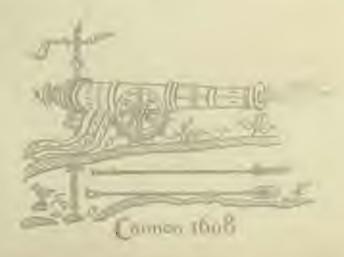
The last years of Good Queen Bess had not been altogether peaceful. The Spaniard started up more than once with threats of revenge, Ireland revolted, and the Earl of Essex — Elizabeth's favorite and Shakespeare's friend — rebelled; and over and over again these Bands, with their officers of the Artillery Garden, had to be summoned. Many of the nobility, the Mayor of London, and most of the Aldermen belonged to the Company,



and its dignity equalled its value. The advent of quieter times, to be sure, drew men away somewhat from the practice of military arts; but the Company was too vital a thing to die, and the Captains of the Artillery Garden soon relit their zeal.

If old weapons had departed, new ones had arrived; and the fame of the Guild spread wider as the noise of its drills grew louder. So many of "the better sort of citizens of the best means and quality "sought admission, that soon (1614) the Fraternity had permission to include 500 Brethren, - "such as were known to be of good means and well affected in religion and to His Majesty, and were approved of by the Court of Aldermen." Every week the Company assembled to drill "after the modern and best fashion." The Artillery Garden, where they trained and where the legionaries of Rome had exercised long before, became a famous resort; gentlemen from all the shires of England learned there how to drill their own trained bands at home; and the Prince of Wales himself loved to come and observe their exercises. Social life as well as military art received attention; and the annual feasts of the Company, held usually in the fair month of June, soon became such joyous and important events that the Corporation of London did itself the pleasure of sharing in the expense of them.

Before long the Prince of Wales became Charles the First (1625), but his friendly interest did not cease. Soon he was addressing the Company in words like these: "Trustie and wellbeloved, we greet you well. We are informed that the worthie and commendable institution of yo<sup>r</sup> voluntary Company of the Artillerie Garden hath been soe well pursued by yo<sup>r</sup> industrious and forward endeavours, that you are not only become ready and



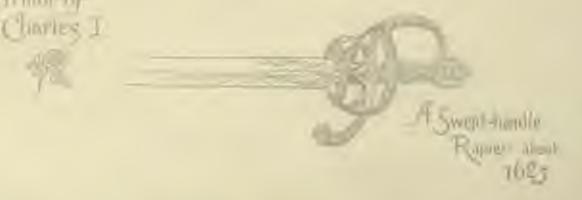


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skilfull in the knowledge and use of Armes and military discipline, but that from thence, as from a fruitful Nursery, all the trayned bands of our Cittie of London, and divers of the Companyes of the counties adjoyning, have beene supplyed w<sup>th</sup> fitt and able Leaders and Officers, whereby our Service hath received much Advantage, and the Kingdome in generall a very great benefitt"; and the Company was bidden, in case of need, to "have recourse to us, and you shall find such due encouragement as soe commendable a Societie deserves." High honor was this; and another high honor came the same year (1632), for His Majesty resolved upon taking the pains thereafter to choose personally the Captain of the Company. That meant some trouble, no doubt; but the trouble was indeed worth his while, for the Society had now become recognized as a School for gunners,—probably the only one in the kingdom.

Nine years later the Guild received the grant of a special field for its own exclusive use, the New Artillery Garden; where, through all the changes in state and in world, while kings have come and gone, captains been chosen and retired, members joined and said good-bye, the Company has marched and manœuvred to the present hour. There were few citizens of eminence at the time who did not seek to enter the Society Practising Arms in the Artillery Garden. Indeed, so strong a fashion set in this direction that no man seemed fit for the best society, if not proficient in the noble practice of arms; even a scholar and poet like the author of Paradise Lost shouldered his musket in the Garden; and the now Prince of Wales, not content—as his father had been—to admire the drill, enrolled himself as one of the Company.

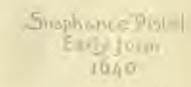
But the dark days came, none the less. With all his godly and kingly traits, Charles Stuart the First could

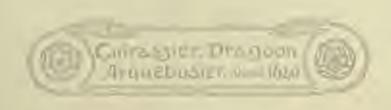


not understand his age, and failed to realize the seriousness of the liberal party. The people of the Tudors had gone and with them autocracy, yet he did not know it; and he still gave the name of divine right to what others now called royal tyranny. Scarcely had the Prince of Wales and two other scions of royalty entered the Artillery Company (1641), when England found itself divided into hostile camps, and the fierce passions of civil strife were tugging at the leash. Soon they broke loose, and the opposing standards advanced to the encounter.

Never has an English parade ground seen a more elegant and picturesque uniform than the "Vandyke dress" of King Charles's cavaliers. The doublet of silk, satin, or velvet had large, loose sleeves daintily slashed up the front, and a band of point lace falling over the collar. A handsome short cloak hung carelessly on one shoulder, as the broad Flemish beaver hat with its plume of feathers sat easily on one side of the perfumed locks. Long breeches nearly met the wide tops of boots ruffled with lace or lawn, and a Castilian rapier swung gracefully in an embroidered baldric. When battle approached, their attire grew sterner, yet hardly less elegant. Though armor was beginning to be laid aside, the cavalier still preferred to wear a bright steel corselet over a leather doublet. Mail extended down to his knees, and a flashing helmet protected his head; while a trusty sword and a case of pistols more than two feet long made the Cuirassier dangerous as well as splendid.

Archers bent the long-bow still, though few in number. The musketeer, with bandoleers hanging before and behind, and bullet-bag and priming-box fastened to his belt at the right hip, was learning to shoot better and faster. Gustavus Adolphus had done much toward revolutionizing artillery by giving cannon a new mobility,



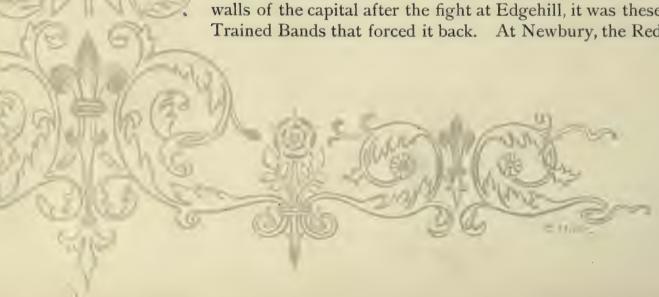


and England shared in the benefits of this improvement. Indeed, some tin cannon, bound with half-tanned leather. did lively service as field-pieces till they very soon burst. But the backbone of an army was after all the pikemen. For that branch it had long been held that one should choose the strongest of the soldiers; and rank on rank of brave men, levelling spears 15 or 18 feet long, made a quickset hedge that few horsemen dared attempt.

At Edgehill, Cavalier and Roundhead tested their swords and found them sharp; but which were the keener they did not make out. Newbury left the question still undecided. But Marston Moor saw Prince Rupert's dashing horsemen on their tall steeds go down like ripe wheat under the stern tread of Cromwell's Ironsides, while their plumed helmets and fluttering banners trailed in the dust; and at Naseby, after calling vainly on his troopers for "one charge more," the pale King turned bridle toward the west in headlong and hopeless flight. The monarchy had fallen; and Oliver Cromwell became soon His Highness, the Lord Protector.

In this unhappy contest, as at the time of the Armada, the Artillery Company served as a nursery of officers. Some of the members bore arms, we may suppose, on the royalist side, for doubtless the princes were not the only aristocrats on its roll, and Highmore states that before the close of the wars the control of the Company fell into the hands of the Cavaliers. But certainly not a few marched with the Parliamentarians, for "all the officers of the London Trained Bands and Auxiliaries belonged to, or were taken from, the ranks of the Company," and London adopted the popular side.

When Rupert drew the King's army well toward the walls of the capital after the fight at Edgehill, it was these Trained Bands that forced it back. At Newbury, the Red



Regiment and the Blue Regiment, each with its seven standards flaming in the breeze, "stood like so many stakes before the shot of the cannon," as Sergeant Foster wrote in his diary; and Lord Clarendon himself declared that men who had seen nothing of service "beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Garden" "behaved themselves to wonder," and "though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about."

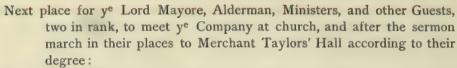
Then they marched back in honor to London, with every standard in its place and with green boughs in their hats "in signal of victory"; and, as a document of the time informs us, "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Council, with divers other able and worthy citizens, rode on horseback out of the City to meet them on their return, thereby testifying their great affection unto them, for their great courage and valour in the cause of God and his people."

So the dark days happily ended, and the Lord Protector ruled mightily, with a strong hand and with an outstretched arm. All rejoiced again in the blessings of peace, and none more than those who understood the art of war. On the 18th of August, 1658, came an annual feast, and a goodly procession moved from the Artillery Garden to St. Paul's Church, heard the Reverend Mr. Griffith pronounce a discourse after the pious custom, and finally marched to the Merchant Taylors' Hall for dinner, in the following order, to wit:

The Marshall of the Company, in his buf coat, scarfe, sword, feather, gauntlet and truncheon.

Four Marshalls, in buff coats, scarfes, feather, swords and truncheons. Eight Stewards, with gilt staves, swords and scarfes, two in rank.





The Right Honble Alderman Chinerton, Being Lord Mayor, went afoot, in his scarlet gown, with the mace and sword both borne before him.

The Sheriffs and Aldermen, in their scarlet gowns, likewise.

Four Marshalls, in like habit as before.

The Right Hon. the LORD TICHBORNE, being President. Four Marshalls, as before.

The Worshipful Sir John Ireton, Deputy-President. Four Marshalls, as before.

Colonel Mathew Sheppeard, Treasurer, who likewise supplied the place of the Captain of the Company, having ye Leadinge Staffe born by him by another that marched without a cloak.

The Assistants, in their cloaks, with swords, feathers, and white staves.

The Captains of the Trayned Bands and Field Officers, two in ranks.

The Company, in their cloaks, swords, and feathers, two in rank likewise. The LIEUTENANT in the reare, in his cloak, sword and feather, having his partisan born by another that marched by him without a cloak.

The ELDEST SERGEANT attended the President, the other the Captain.

Ah, that was a gallant pageant, with red of the red-dest and blue of the bluest, with glint of steel and flash of eye! and every man who saw it, forgot he had a birth-day that same year. But it was not the only one in 1658. November 9th, at 8 of the clock in the morning, the same gentlemen, scrupulously attired in "honour of the City and Company," attended punctually at the Artillery Garden, completely armed and habited, but with feathers of black instead of red, and with forebodings no less sombre, — the leading-staff draped with cypress, the colors bound with dark ribbons, and ten drums and as many fifes covered with black baize; for His Highness, the Lord Protector, had passed away, and a great city, full of anxiety, was to celebrate his obsequies.

Well might the people talk low and look askance: the man of power had gone, and none could fill his place. What would befall now? Were the civil wars to break

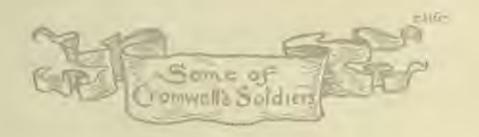
Drawell Cremell





out again, and the next spring-flowers in the greensward to be dyed with crimson? Not a man could say; but beyond a doubt all felt amidst the gloom that courage, strength, and skill dwelt among them, and that whatever should happen the city would not lack defenders, for the Society practising Arms in the Artillery Garden had now come to be spoken of as "The Military Glory of the Nation."





#### Reduced facsimile of the Original Charter of the Ancient and Donorable Artillery Company 1638

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#### Charter of the Military Company of the Massachusetts

Prsent
The Governor
The Deputy Governor
Mr Endecott
Mr Saltonstall
Mr Winthrop, Iuni
Mr Israell Stoughton
Mr Symon Bradstreet
Increase Nowell

Deputies Joseph Hull Anthony Eames John Vpham Stephen French John Glover Thomas Joanes John Perce Willi: Heathe Edward Porter Griffin Crofte Atherton Haugh Robrt Keavne Edward Gibbens Robrt Sedgwick Ralph Sprague Thomas Lynde Joseph Cooke Samu: Sheophard Richrd Jackson Richrd Browne Willi: Jennison Thomas Mayhewe Thomas Flint Edward Rawson Edward Woodman Riched Lumpkin Willi: Bartholemew Willi: Hauthorne John Woodberry Jeffry Massey Edward Howe Tymothy Tomlins Edward Allen

Millitary Compā of ye Massachusets Capt Keay 409

### A Generall Courte, houlden at Boston, the 13th of the First Month, A D 1638.

Orders for the Millitary Company, made by the Governor & Counsell, & confirmed by the Genrall Court.

Whereas divers gentlemen & others, out of their care of the publike weale & safety by the advancement of the millitary arte, & ex<sup>r</sup>cise of armes, have desired licence of the Courte to ioyne themselues in one company, & to have liberty to exercise themselues at such times as their occations will best permit, & that such other liberties & privledges might bee granted them as the Court shall thinke meete for their better incuragement & furtherance in so vsefull impliment, weh request of theirs being referred by the Court to vs of standing councell, wee have thought fitt, vpon serious consideration, & conference wth diverse of the principall of them, to set downe order hearin, as followeth.

Imprimis, wee do order, that Robert Keayne, Nathaniell Duncan, Robert Sedgwick, Willi: Spencer, gentlemen, & such other as are already ioyned wth them, & such as they shall from time to time take into their company shalbee called the Millitary Company of the Massachusetts.

- 2. They, or the greater number of them, shall have liberty to choose their captaine, leiftenant & all other officers, (their captaine & leiftenant to bee alwayes such as the Court or counsell shall alow of,) & no officer to bee put vpon them but of their owne choyce.
- 3. The first Monday in every month is appointed for their meeting & exercise; & to the end they may not bee hindered from comeing together, wee do hereby order, that no other traineings in the pticuler townes, nor other ordinary towne meetings, shalbee appointed on that day; & if that day pve vnseasonable for exercise of their arms, then the sixth of the same weeke is appointed for supply; this not to extend to Salem, or the townes beyond, nor to Hingham, Weimoth, Dedham, nor Concord.
- 4. They have liberty & power to make orders among themselues for the better maunaging of their millitary affaires, (weh orders are to bee of force when they shalbee alowed by the Court or counsell,) & they may appoint an officer to levy any fines or forfettures weh they shall impose vpon any of their owne company, for the breach of any such order, so as the same exceede not twenty shillings for any one offence.
- 5. The said millitary copany are to have one thousand acres of land in some such place as may not be piudiciall to any plantation, to bee granted by the Court to some of the said company, for the vse of the pesent company, & such as shall succeede in the same, to bee improved by them wthin a time convenient for pviding of necessaries for their millitary exercises, & defraying of other charges when may arise by occation thereof.
- 6. The said company shall have liberty, at the times before appointed, to assemble themselues for their millitary exercises in any towne w<sup>th</sup>in this jurisdiction, at their owne pleasures.

Provided, alwayes, that this order or grant, or anything therein contained, shall not extend to free the said company, or any of them, their psons or estates, from the civill government & jurisdiction heare established.

JO: WINTHROP, Govr, THO: DUDLEY, Depu.

[From Records of the Governor & Company of the Massachusetts Bay, edited by Shurtleff.]



#### IV



If this time that New World, of which glimpses have been seen, had become far more than a vast wilderness, inhabited only by half-civilized people and people not civilized at all, and visited only by curious explorers or greedy buc-

caneers. Europe had now waked an echo in those distant solitudes. Many a white man's hearth glowed there at evening; and even the parade of the London Artillery Society had its counterpart in the far West, — different, yes, very different, but perhaps not less interesting.

It was the first Monday of June in the year of Our Lord, 1638, and a certain town in the Massachusetts felt very proud of being almost eight years old. Settlers had been coming fast, ever since Governor Winthrop found Charlestown lacking in good water, and moved across the river to the sweet spring of Trimountaine. Sturdy and serious men they were, and women fit and willing to be their helpmeets; and the settlement grew apace.

Five years agone, the learned and pious John Cotton had given up his preaching under the far-seen tower of St. Botolph's in old Lincolnshire, and the good ship Griffin, a monster of 300 tons burthen, had landed him after a voyage of eight weeks at a town presently to be named Boston like the one he had quit. Soon, as we





Physical

1640.

Miles Stander Sward

find the Town Records announcing, "it was then gen'ally agreed upon y' o' brother Philemon Pormort shalbe entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nourtering of children w'h us." For some time that useful though commonplace affair, a market, had been opening for business every Thursday morning. A fort, a windmill, and a beacon, decorating the three hills of the peninsula, gave evidence of property and the will to defend it. Now something else appeared, marking one more stage on the highway to grandeur; and, misty though our glass may be—in spots even dimmer than that, perhaps—we can still make out pretty clearly what this new arrival was like.

Early in the morning a banner had been displayed in the vicinity of the market, and Arthur Perry, the town drummer, attended by a sergeant, had "beat to the colors" along the water-side as far as Winnisimmet (Chelsea) ferry, then back through a narrow lane (Hanover Street), and finally along a cart-path (Tremont Street), bordering a hill-side pasture (the Common), where the cows of the town wound their devious ways through the blueberry bushes in search of grass; and, one by one or two by two, a small company of armed and armored men assembled.

Gorgeousness of attire had received scant encouragement in this poor and very serious-minded community. Four years earlier, as "some new and immodest fashions" gave signs of coming in, it was ordered by the magistrates "that no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woolen, silk or linen, with any lace on it—silver, gold, silk, or thread—under the penalty of forfeiture of such clothes, &c.; also, that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed clothes,"—only, as a concession to the flesh,

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they might have one decent slash in each sleeve and another in the back; "also, all cut works, embroidered or needlework caps, bands and rails" were "forbidden hereafter to be made and worn, under the aforesaid penalty; also all gold or silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs [and] beaver hats" were prohibited to be bought and worn.

Rather dull, then, appeared the costumes of these western soldiers, compared with King Charles's Vandyke dress; but still they revealed some hints of pomp. The "buff-coats" — long-skirted jackets of well-tanned leather, hard enough to stop a redskin's arrow — were covered on front and back with moulded plates of steel. Long boots protected the sturdy legs, and a visorless helmet — the morion — shielded each grim-featured head; while a long scarlet plume, excused perhaps by the same logic as a banner, gave that gleam of splendor without which no military zeal can thrive.

But these were men whose prime thought in going to war was not a safe return. Besides armor they had arms. On most of the shoulders lay ponderous matchlock muskets, each with its piece of cord soaked in saltpetre,—the slow-match. The forked rests to take aim upon, and the shoulder-belt loaded with its rattling cases of powder, looked much as in England; while the rest of the man's person was bedecked, as it would have been there, with match-case, horn of priming powder, ball-pouch and short sword. The sergeants bore halberds, the lieutenant brandished a half-pike, and the captain gripped a "leading-staff"; decidedly, they reminded one of the Artillery Garden.

The roll was now called; and next, when a prayer had been offered, the Company formed and marched down to the market,—the Captain striding "some six foot" in advance of the musketeers, and Perry's one drum acting



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bravely the part of band. Here was what we now call State Street, the busiest quarter of the growing town; and hard by the market stood the house of the leader, Robert Keayne. But the soldiers had not come to buy mackerel and rum, nor to see the Captain's house. The first church, over against the site of whipping-post and stocks, awaited their brown visages; and presently, filing slowly within its "walls of mud," they solemnly sat down under the low thatched roof.

Up rose then a dark figure in a high box called the pulpit, where a fearsome construction hung above his head as if to mind him of the day of doom. No slashed garments marred the godliness of his posture; but he gathered awe from a black gown, made all the blacker by snowy cambric bands, and all the thinner by a large bagwig. After an invocation, the minister — Rev. John Wilson, as tradition says — read a passage of scripture and announced a hymn; and then the hymn — a psalm put into verse — was droned off by a deacon, one line at a time, and sung, moaned, wailed, groaned, bellowed, and growled by the congregation.

Next, all stood, while a long prayer gave instruction and guidance to the Almighty; and then Mr. Wilson, turning the pulpit hour-glass, began to preach. Began, we say,—but in time he ended also; for, after exhorting his parishioners to have faith like Abraham, the preacher could not afford to disappoint their hope of a release. Next, one may venture to believe, Old Hundredth burst from their throats with suspicious readiness; and when the benediction had at length been pronounced, the Company wended, with subdued but evident zeal, to the Three Mariners, a water-side inn kept by Samuel Cole, one of their number, and feasted on codfish, bear-steak, and venison.

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A feast it may be called, indeed; yet was all done soberly and in order, — at least, so they believed. No sack dared appear on the board, for that seemed an aristocratic and perhaps popish beverage, or at all events expensive; but beer had an honest and godly fame, and, as the price of it had been fixed by law at a penny a quart, no doubt the bear-steaks enjoyed a plenty of good company as they journeyed down those hungry throats. Men drank, however, for the laudable purpose of quenching thirst, not as a challenge to combat or a spur to drunken sociability, for had not Governor Winthrop himself put the stamp of his lofty condemnation on the "abominable practice" of drinking healths?

Six months before, when it was ordered that nobody should sell cakes or buns under pain of ten shillings' fine, a gracious exception had been made of burials and marriages and other "such like special occasions"; and one may be sure that some cookery of that description appeared for dessert. Pipes were in evidence by this time, no doubt, since after a three years' effort to exterminate the weed—save as a profitable article of export—the strict laws against using tobacco had recently been given up; and at this point the luxury of the banquet reached contentedly its Ultima Thule.

At last the ashes were knocked out of the pipes, and a long sigh or two, in lieu of cordial, flavored this extraordinary respite from hard work. Then the Company girded up its loins and shouldered its heavy muskets. Formed as before, it marched back through streets innocent as yet of cobblestones and sidewalks, and past rather scattered houses of plain wood, to the common pasture, and there balloted right seriously for officers.

Ere long Governor Winthrop, in stately ruff and high hat, appeared with the escort sent to fetch him, and received a hearty round of applause. Neither was it mere homage to the chief magistrate. The Company had been formed a year before, and humbly, as in duty bound, prayed for a charter. Some of the authorities had objected and protested, however. A Pretorian Guard or a nest of Templars, such a body of soldiers might soon become. Their levelled muskets would make and unmake governors and magistrates, perhaps; and this new colony, founded on liberty, might become the footstool of a military dictatorship. But Winthrop, if this had been his own belief, relented. The Council did likewise; and on "the 13th of the First Month," as March then called itself, the precious charter was accorded. The Company felt duly grateful; and now, with special enthusiasm, went through their drill in the Governor's presence.

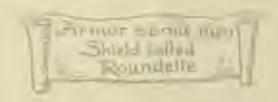
Winthrop eyed the men closely; indeed, it was worth his while to observe them, and we can amply afford to do. the same. Most notable of all appeared the Captain, Robert Keayne. A tailor was he; and, if the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, it must certainly be a worthy calling to clothe creatures wholly and forever destitute of wool. But the Captain figured as no mere servant of the goose. Indeed, so shrewd and successful had he proved himself in business, that an investigation before the General Court overtook him. First, it was felt that inasmuch "as he was a professor of religion," he should not strive to make money. Secondly, inasmuch "as he was a man of eminent ability," he should not strive to make money. Thirdly, inasmuch "as he was already wealthy and had but one child," he should not strive to make money. Fourthly, inasmuch "as he came over for conscience' sake," he should not strive to make money. Fifthly, inasmuch "as he had already been warned by church-elders against money-making, and had

promised with tears to strive not to do so," he should the more earnestly lock his till against the shillings. Wherefore, since he still grew rich, he should be fined 200 pounds; and 80 pounds he actually had to pay.

Next, the church took the matter up, and summoned the culprit. Some were for excommunication, but finally an admonition seemed enough. And then, after such discouraging usage, this villanously prosperous fellow insisted on giving money to Harvard College, money to the Public School of Boston, money toward a market and a "granere," money toward a town-house, money toward waterworks, money toward a free school, money to the church, money to the ministers, money to refresh the elders, money to aid his military company, books toward a library, gifts to his servants and workmen, and — well, the list is growing tedious.

Robert Sedgwick must have been conspicuous, too, for he was a notable fighter, and thought nothing of "taking in a Fort," as he phrased it, in spite of twenty cannon and a force of men equal to his own. In piety of language and vigor of action he proved himself, in fact, highly orthodox; and, after helping seize the island of Jamaica and getting hold of the supreme authority there, he received a major-general's commission from delighted Cromwell.

Israel Stoughton, also, could have been identified, without a doubt. "Unlike modern legislators," declared Edward Everett,—"Unlike modern legislators, who, without distinction of party, are accused of looking out for the loaves and fishes for themselves, worthy Colonel Stoughton provided them for others: he built the first tide-mill for grinding corn, and established the first weir for taking fish in the colony." But he was not content with serving the public in this way; and, returning to





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England, he fought against King Charles as a lieutenant-colonel in the army of Parliament.

And certainly a soldier like John Underhill could not escape notice. Rather a black sheep was he, to be sure, —a veteran of the Dutch wars, a regulation trooper. quite given to his glass of grog, fond of his pipe, and powerless to resist a lass; but Winthrop brought him over "to train the people in military discipline," and for that service his eccentricities were blinked in church and community. Yet not for aye. Blundering from mere wickedness into Anne Hutchinson's mutinous heresies, he, so fond of brave apparel, was soon to find himself, after the sermon on a lecture day, standing up on a form before the congregation "in his worst clothes, without a band, a foul linen cap pulled close to his eyes"; and he, the dauntless fighter, the terrible scourge of the Pequots, was to "blubber" there so brokenly in the dread of excommunication and hell-fire, that he could scarce frame a confession of his sins.

In short, it was a notable company. Of a few more than a score who marched that morning, four held the exalted office of Magistrate at one time or another; three were Speakers of the House of Deputies; seventeen served as members of the General Court; sixteen were Selectmen; two marched as sergeants, three as ensigns, and four as lieutenants; eight led companies; one commanded as major, one as colonel; and two rose to be major-generals.

But we have kept the Governor waiting a long time. When the little band had completed its evolutions, the commander, according to the rule that has been invariable ever since, went through the form of bidding adieu. The insignia of the officers were then surrendered in turn to the Governor, and the Governor bestowed them upon



their successors under the charter. The halberds of the sergeants passed in like manner through the Captain's hands to the men just elected; the Governor was escorted to his residence at the foot of what is now School Street, and the new officers treated their comrades to a jolly punch, brewed of sound old rum. Finally, in token of the general satisfaction, between three and four o'clock a great earthquake shook the three hills, the islands, and the ships.

But what was this Company,—forming so early in the history of Boston, and yet already possessed of traditions, it would seem?

Captain Raikes, in his invaluable History of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, uses these words: "Probably the most remarkable and interesting occurrence in the history of the Company was the formation, in the year 1638, of a branch of the Company, or what might be called a second battalion, in America. . . The old parent Company may well be proud of a representative, junior in years only to itself and equal in point of numbers. The case, indeed, has no parallel; and we may well be gratified at having the Company's name perpetuated by a corps which is celebrated throughout that great country."

It was the first annual meeting of the Military Company of the Massachusetts, known these many years as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, that we have been witnessing. Founded by men from the Artillery Garden of London, it sprang into being with forms, rules, and traditions. It is therefore even older than its age; yet this venerable organization, rooted amid surroundings that look foreign and strange even to Bostonians, has lived on and still flourishes, with no associates of that day except the family, the church, and the school.





## V



In Royal Charles

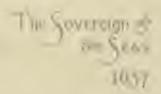
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for the Mother-land, crape and forebodings yielded soon to pleasanter things. For about eight months Richard, the weak son of Oliver Cromwell, reigned; but after that, willingly resigning an office too great for his talents, he figured

before the world only as the "Tumble-down Dick" of tavern sign-boards. General Monk became the real dictator, since he commanded the strongest force; and in a little time witty Charles Stuart the Second sat on the throne of his regal but unfortunate father: the king had come to his own again, and civil strife was over.

Could the Stuarts bring good fortune? Men said they could; men swore they could. As for us, we shall see; but England believed and rejoiced,—and London most of all, for had she not more than others to gain or lose? The Artillery Company, which had aided so much to vindicate the people's rights, now joined as heartily in welcoming the return of concord. Indeed, it had an interest all its own in the grand event, for, nineteen years before, His Majesty had become a member of this distinguished Society.

As Charles approached, the city went forth to meet him; and, when the new king had shared a rich collation with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen in a sumptuous pavilion erected for the occasion, he was escorted into



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the city by a long procession. At the head of it, flashing their bright swords, marched a brave corps of gentlemen in cloth of silver, led by a major-general. After them came a troop of 200 in velvet coats, attended by footmen in liveries of purple. Following these, advanced a squad in buff-coats with cloth-of-silver sleeves and very rich and beautiful scarfs of green. Another division of about 200 marched next in blue costumes laid with silver, with six trumpeters and several footmen in sea-green and silver. Five regiments of Horse from the army, with corselets and head-pieces of gleaming steel, set off the gorgeousness of these peaceful costumes; while hundreds of citizens, richly attired and pompously marshalled, filled out the splendid pageant.

Within the city, joy and jollity reached their height. Gay barges choked the river, and laughing merry-makers the highways. Choice wines flowed in the streets. Brocades and cloth of gold hung like banners from the merchants' windows; while here and there old tattered flags, rent by the shot of Cromwell's cannon, emerged from hidden chests and floated once more on the breeze. Glittering corselets and shining lance-heads filled the squares. Smiling, bright-eyed girls flung garlands from their balconies upon the passers-by. The guns of the Tower thundered; the cheers of London replied; and hundreds of bands prolonged the joyous acclaim.

Peace and prosperity, or at least peace and pleasure, became now the law. Commonwealth puritanism — sometimes honest, sometimes dishonest, but always ungainly — vanished from the public eye. The theory that Englishmen, "the Lord's people," must be governed only by "godly" rulers perished with it. To be a soldier, it was no longer necessary to be a "saint." A Bible on the table of the House of Commons, interpreted by a grim



Covenanting divine, ceased to dominate the Common Law. Holly and ivy became innocent and beautiful once more. It no longer meant popery to eat a mince-pie, nor superstition to dance around the May-pole. Merry England grew merry again; and—to tell the truth—felt quite willing to make up for the reign of gloom by invoking all the gods and goddesses of delight.

Yet the arts military had proper recognition. Warships glided still from the ways, and their forms resembled less and less those of the Armada. Weapons. also, grew slowly toward what our fathers used. Not long, probably, before James the First received a throne to disgrace, Dutch poultry-thieves - afraid the light of the match-lock would betray them, and too poor to buy the wheel-lock — had put a furrowed steel post in place of the wheel. This made the snaphance; and when, a generation later perhaps, a bright Frenchman mounted this post on the lid that covered his priming and gave the lid a hinge, the flint-lock, so familiar to us in pictures and museums, came into being. By the time King Charles the Second entered London in triumph, this new contrivance was widely known in France, and of course England had not ignored it.

Many other styles of fire-arms—the blunderbuss and the double-barrelled pistol, for example—flourished as they could. A rude bayonet—at first simply a dagger—set into the bore of the gun, did much to increase the power of infantry; while fortification, represented at one extreme by the old South Battery at Boston and at the other by the elaborate systems of Vauban, shaped itself everywhere toward modern ideas. As for the Artillery Company, it had never stood more in honor than it found itself now. The most distinguished of citizens and of nobles agreed in supporting it. The King's only brother—James, Duke

of York—became Captain-General. Its feasts were grand occasions, at which the highest aristocracy loved to attend; and its drills expanded to the proportions of battles and campaigns.

In fact, it emphasized this jocund summer day of pleasure and license with some terrific fights. One of the bloodiest of the combats occurred on "Tuesday the Seacond of May, 1665," says the record. Not content on that occasion with good old English wrath - warm enough, Heaven knows, when properly fed — the Company divided into parties called by ancient and unchristian names, and drew upon the long inheritance of classic prowess and fury. One party were Romans, who "having subjugated all the petty kingdomes and Provinces in Italy (though strongly assisted by their Potent Neighbours, the Græcian) resolve to carry the Warre into Græce it selfe"; while the opposite side, "the Græcians, sensible they had injured the Romans, and knowing they should be attaqut, they forme an Army and give the command of it to their Generall."

As if to increase the grandeur and the terror of this dreadful situation, the leaders on both sides appear in classical names more awful than the crest of Achilles. Sir John Robinson leads the Romans as Albus Regalius Turre, while "Mews, his Leiftenant," becomes Altus Longinus Naso, and Winckle, "a Comander," rages as Biblius Bombardus Vassa. Sir George Smith, the Græcian chief, illustrates the euphonious language of his adopted land by calling himself Philopantas; and the names Philographus, Thrusymachus, Hyppolitus, and Bibliopolus disguise five stanch good Londoners, exalted for a day to the level of Homeric valor.

To transform London itself proves hardly so easy, and the instructions for the battle reveal these polysyl-



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labic warriors marching and counter-marching, fighting, fleeing, and pursuing in a world that seems curiously familiar. In short, Albus Regalius Turre "marcheth the Company forth of the [Artillery] Garden, through Cripplegate into Cheapeside [and] up Cornehill to the Lord Mayor's, where, after the volleys given, Hee marcheth through St. Hellen's into Bishopsgate Streete, and soe along by the Wall through Mooregate to the ditch, where hee draws up the body."

"Philopantas, assured of the Romans' march towards him," disposes ably of Hyppolitus and his "Eight files of musquetts," of Misoplanus with an equal force, and of Bibliopolus with half as many, and then stands on guard himself. The battle soon opens. Flavius Venerius Saxo, Biblius Bombardus Vassa, and Punctus Vigilius Rota pour deadly volleys, advance on front and flank, mount the "passe," march through the "rayles," charge over the stile, beat the enemy at all points, and "putt them to the runne."

Valiant Philographus is ordered to protect the flying Græcians, and succeeds in checking bold Flavius Venerius Saxo by the corner ale-house; but finally his men, despite the advantages of their position, "quitt the passe and runne." "By this time all the Roman musquetts are come up, who fire on them running, [and] being mixt with them enter the Gate of the Garden pell mell with the enemy." It is a terrible conflict here, and the orders have to be explicit: "In this Action the officers on each party are to have a greate care that noe mischeife be done." But that is not their only anxiety, for "now is the refreshing tyme, where the comanders are to have a greate care that noe excesse be suffered." The spirit of the Restoration is abroad, one sees; and even stern war consents to smile and be refreshed.

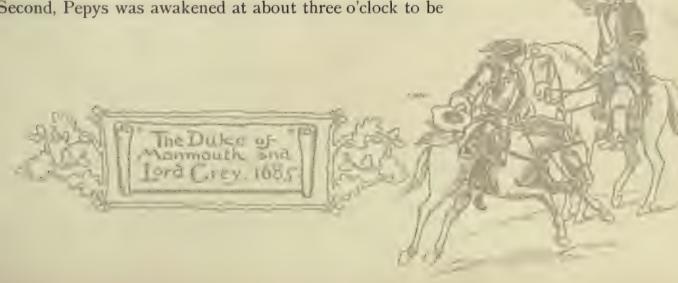


But in less than two months the smile had fled. June 20, 1665, the practice of drills in the Artillery Garden was indefinitely suspended. All over London were doors marked with a red cross a foot in length and the doleful words, "Lord have mercy upon us!" Nothing about the town seemed any longer to be cared for. Everywhere confusion reigned. The Exchange stood open and empty. One's favorite coffee-house closed without notice, and the next place was found bursting with customers who forgot to drink, but remembered to cry over and over, "God save us all! God save us!" The boatman who rowed one to London Bridge yesterday did not appear as usual,—he lay now under ground. To take a turn about town was to meet somebody reeling in every passage. Gallants, thrusting their heads through the curtains of a hackney coach on suspicion of a shy beauty hidden there, found themselves face to face with a corpse. Men going home at night stumbled over dead bodies at their own doorsteps. Almost every hour came news that some friend had been stricken down, and in another hour that life had departed. Suddenly one heard that a man next door had fallen sick, and presently something was carried out of his porch. All night the deadcarts went rumbling to and fro, picking up the prostrate forms and shooting them into pits.

This is what we read; but could such things be? Ah yes, for that was the Great Plague; 1,000, 1,200, 1,500, 2,000, 3,000, 5,000, 10,000 a week fell victims,—in all, 100,000; and ten on the short list of the Artillery Company's officers had the word "Dead" set down against their names at the General Court of February, 1666.

Scarcely had the gaps been filled, when drills came to a stop once more. Lord's Day morning, September the Second, Pepys was awakened at about three o'clock to be

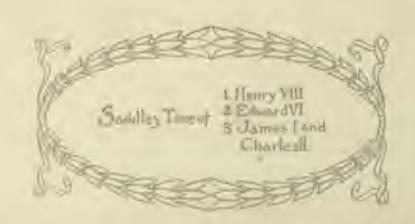




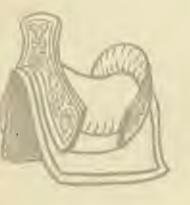
told of a fire in the city. At the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane it had started, and the east wind had quickly caught it up. All the morning and all day the flames rose and spread. By and by news arrived that above 300 houses had been burned in the night, and the fire had now run down Fish Street by London Bridge.

Thither went Pepys. Everybody was trying to remove his goods, throwing them into boats, or, if no boat lay at hand, into the river, - anywhere, so he could save them from the flames; while the wind grew high and mighty, driving the fire on as Apollo drove his steeds. Thick together stood the houses thereabouts, and many were full of things very fit for burning, such as pitch and tar, oil, wines, and brandy. But indeed everything seemed to blaze, — even the stone of the churches; and the steeples burst into flames and fell. The King himself, full of trouble, went in a barge to see what could be done, and His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, with him; while the Lord Mayor, more than troubled, with no insignia but a soiled handkerchief around his neck, covered with dust and sweat and ready to fall on the pavement, cried like a fainting woman, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent; I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it. What can I do? What can I do?"

Nothing, it seemed indeed. Greater grew the wind, and greater the conflagration. Even in the midst of the Thames, a shower of "fire-drops" almost scorched one's face. The flames got impatient. Faster even than they could run, they burned houses at a distance with clouds of red cinders. As the dreadful day wore slowly on to its close, the flames only rose the higher. Yet they were no ordinary tongues of fire, but "a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame," as Pepys thought, waving and









roaring, striking across the streets, climbing the towers, filling the squares, casting a solid arch across the broad Thames, and another solid arch a mile long up the hill of the city, while the houses, crackling and then crashing, sent up huge volleys of sparks into the black sky.

So raged the fire for three days and three nights. Two-thirds of London lay in ruins. Eighty-eight churches, besides St. Paul's Cathedral, had fallen; and 200,000 persons thanked God that the season was kind and the heavens fair, for they had not where to shelter their hungry bodies. Yet the Artillery Company escaped. The fire drew near their Garden; it threatened their Armory; it reached their wall. But there it was stayed; and the grounds became a home to many desolate folk, who pitched their tents there or put up sheds for the present need.

Two such terrible blows as the Plague and the Fire seemed enough to discourage even London and "The Military Glory of the Nation"; but prosperity soon returned, and after a time bright steel head-pieces and red plumes appeared in the Artillery Garden as of yore. Again the feast was spread, and the clergyman received his dinner and his three broad pieces of gold in return for pious exhortations. Pepys, the Diarist, his bovine face garlanded with smiles, bustled about as Steward on one of these occasions, with a viscount and a Secretary of State for colleagues; and on another the Duke of York was said to have given £200 to enhance the splendor and pleasure of the banquet. So great became the influence of the Company, that when the election of a Lord Mayor approached, every one could be heard asking, "Who is the Artillery Company for?"

A throng of nobles became members. Sir Christopher Wren, first among the English architects of his time, the re-builder of St. Paul's, the re-builder of London







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in fact, passed the Armory gate. The Earl of Denbigh, a name endeared to many Americans by the courtesy of its present possessor, added the lustre of his title to "The Warlike Honour of the Nation." The brave and handsome Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles the Second, destined to grasp vainly at the crown but to live long as "King Monmouth" in the memory of the people, brought his graceful manners to the drill-ground, and there indulged his love of manly sports. The Duke of Buckingham, reputed the richest man in England and certainly the most conspicuous figure at a brilliant court, who did not undertake to be king but succeeded in being called the King's master,—he too joined the Company, contributing less beauty but more wit than Monmouth, less grace, perhaps, but certainly more substantial talents.

With a very different air from both of these came the Duke of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a courteous but uncompromising type of sterling virtue in a loose age and a corrupt court, simple in his personal life though regal on occasions of display, distinguished for strength, comeliness, and dignity, and respected by a monarch who seldom paid a compliment of that order.

The Earl of Sandwich signed the long roll the same year as Ormonde. It was he who had been sent to bring King Charles to England. Commander-in-chief of the fleet under Cromwell, he held the same position again under Charles, until in 1672, as he was leading his squadron against the enemy, a hostile fire-ship grappled his vessel, the Royal James, the flames reached his magazine, and amid a burst of fire and thunder his noble career ended. That same year came the Earl of Albemarle,—General Monk, the restorer of the monarchy. A rare man was he, too, short but strongly built, abstemious in his habits, yet—when forced into a drinking bout—well



able to put his challengers under the board and walk off as usual to a session of the Privy Council. A life of the highest influence and dignity rewarded his talents; and when its close came, he died, says an eye-witness, like a Roman general, standing almost erect in his chair, his chamber open like a tent, and all his officers gathered about him.

Famous Rupert, more famous Clarendon, courtly Oxford, beloved Manchester,—but it is vain to attempt even an enumeration. Twenty-one noble accessions—"and many more"—distinguished a single year at this time. The parades of the Company became more brilliant than ever before. A fine train of field-pieces reënforced its equipment. Six new banners were presented by as many of its number, the Colonels of the Trained Bands. Helmets of solid silver and beautifully embroidered belts appeared on grand occasions; and in one instance (1684) the King himself headed its march.







## VI

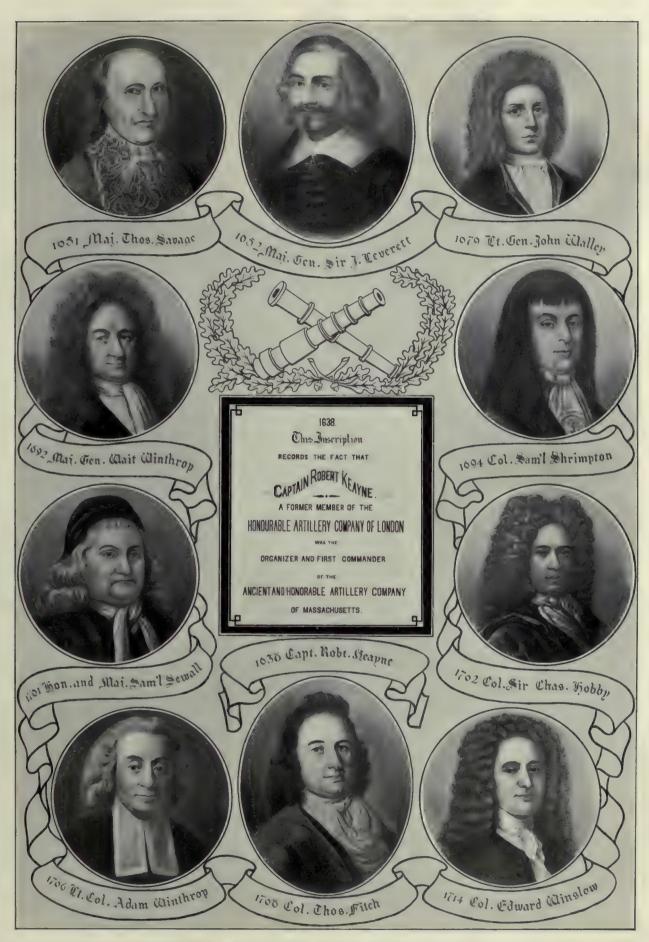
NE hot July Sunday, while merry King Charles sat laughing and jesting with his favorites, the solemn afternoon drowsiness of Boston awoke with a start. A dusty, grimy horseman galloped up the main street, followed

hotly by some young fellows and a few of their elders, and leaped to the ground at Governor Leverett's door, opposite the head of State Street. Tired he certainly must have been, for he had left Marshfield in the morning and ridden hard through that first day of our hottest month; but without pausing to take breath he banged the heavy knocker, and with a big letter in his hand entered the house. It was a missive to Leverett from his "Loving Neighb<sup>r</sup> and humble Srv<sup>t</sup> Josiah Winslow," Governor of the Old Colony; and it announced that Philip, Sachem of the Pokanoket Indians, had brandished the hatchet at Swansea, and the settlers dreaded an attack.

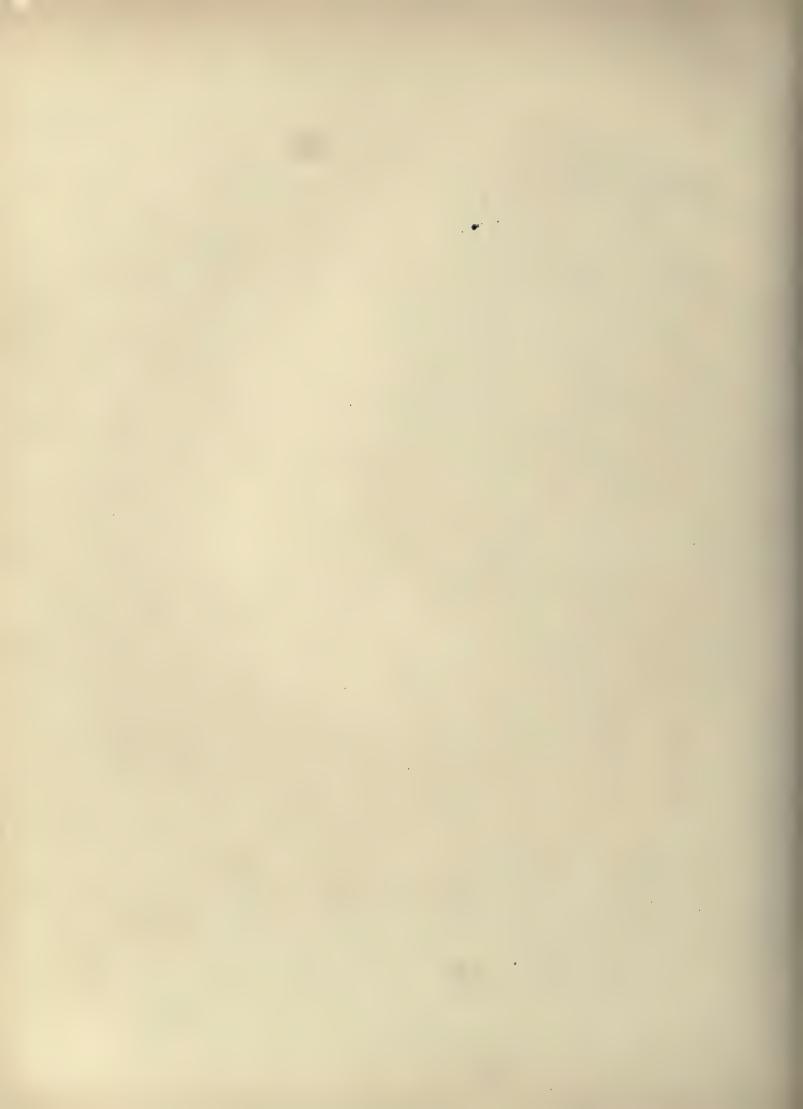
The people of the Massachusetts had no Spaniards to fight; but they faced an enemy quite as brave, far more cunning, and separated from them by no broad moat like the English Channel. From the first, danger was seen lurking in the Indians, and the problem of handling them caused a deal of thought. In one way, to be sure, the difficulty proved small. When requested "not to do any unnecessary worke on ye Sabath day, especially whin ye



In Indian and His Briw



PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS, GROUP I.



gates of Christian townes," a number of the sachems in council replied very cheerfully that having little to do at any time, they could well be wholly idle on that day. But such an instance of compliance hardly covered the ground.

Some of the chiefs, as if warned by an inner voice, inclined the ear and bent the knee as soon as the white man appeared. Before Boston celebrated its first birthday, Chicatabot, dressed in something like English clothes, made a visit there, and bore himself with propriety at Governor Winthrop's table. In less than a month he came again, declined to eat bread until the Governor had blessed it, and after the meal begged him to return thanks. Indeed, the scattered savages near Boston ceased before long to excite much alarm, especially as Boston Neck, the mere stem of a pear, could easily be defended. A barn-yard robbed, a hay-rick burned, or a lonely wayfarer stricken down, seemed the only injuries to be feared. But the interests of Boston and the responsibilities of the Artillery Company reached far beyond the stem of even so large a pear, and found themselves in the face of pretty solid masses of the painted warriors. A clash was bound to come: and it came.

Yet that was not altogether the fault—perhaps not mainly the fault—of the red-man. Almost everywhere the aborigines had received their visitors kindly. It was impossible for them to understand that a few hungry and shivering pale-faces, who stepped falteringly ashore and then seemed to be deserted by the big canoes, were the tender shoot of a tree destined to uproot the possessors of the soil. Land they had in plenty; and they cheerfully sold these newcomers the privilege of sheltering themselves and of scattering a few seeds on the ground.

Very differently felt the whites. A chosen people, a goodly heritage were they, called of heaven to "sing the

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Lord's song in a strange land"; and the natives bore "These doleful creatures are the the curse of heathen. veriest ruins of mankind," wrote the Reverend Cotton Mather; "one might see among them what a hard master the Devil is to the most devoted of his vassals." Even their apostle Eliot told them they were the children, not of God, but of the Evil One. The terrible thoroughness of Joshua and the Children of Israel in the land of Canaan seemed appropriate once more; and we all know how "Joshua drew not his hand back, wherewith he stretched out the spear, until he had utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai . . . and the King of Ai he hanged on a tree until eventide," though neither King nor people had wronged the invaders except by occupying fat lands.

From the very first, every European assumed that the Indians were to disappear before the whites. With hardly a sign of diffidence or of sympathy, the stronger race recited in loud and haughty tones the language of Isaiah: "The place is too strait for me; give room that I may dwell!" No doubt the fact that only a fraction of the soil was used by the aborigines, eased the consciences of the settlers in moments of tenderness, modesty, or calm reflection, especially when the keen edge of Puritan self-conceit wore off; and certainly they in time acquired good reasons for hating their dusky neighbors.

Eliot's theory of their uncanny descent soon appeared to possess the Indians, and they reasoned from it only too literally. Their guile and cruelty made them seem not merely wild beasts but fiends. Tales of inoffensive settlers found hacked to pieces amidst their corn, when the cheerful call to meat had remained long unanswered; tales of families awaking from dreams of loved ones beyond the sea, to find themselves beset by yelling, danc-

Sward of Church the Indian Fighter

Destruction of the PEQUID (a 163) ing madmen, shooting fiery arrows into the thatch, and riddling doors and windows with bullets; tales of the gauntlet, of the stake, of slow fires, of pitch-pine splinters fixed in quivering flesh and lighted, of mutilations, of agonies ingeniously prolonged until the last strand of vitality had been slowly twisted off, — tales like these appeared to justify our Puritan fathers in calling the Indian their "hellish foe."

But they did not wait for justification. Because John Oldham had been murdered by some natives who belonged on Block Island, an attempt was made to kill all the Indian men who resided there. The Pequot War followed; and that Puritan worthy, John Mason, who burned up seven or eight hundred of the natives in their fort, reflected as he beheld the poor wretches spitted and roasting on their own palisades, "Thus is God seen in the Mount, crushing his proud enemies."

As for the Poor Indian, whatever good qualities have been credited his account, a meek and forgiving disposition has not stood among them. Astonished to see the pale-faces multiply even faster than their corn, amazed to find the privilege of sharing in the use of his soil construed as driving him entirely off it, dazed at discovering himself pinched and browbeaten, scorned and hunted where yesterday he reigned supreme, he grew thoughtful, sullen, and vengeful.

Massasoit had probably saved the Plymouth Colony by warning it against a hostile tribe, and his people had taught the strangers how to catch the fish, snare the game, and plant the corn; yet Philip, his son, found himself and his people crowded ruthlessly back into two or three narrow necks of land on Narragansett Bay by the children of those very strangers. Such ingratitude primed the well-rammed charge of resentment. Philip

King Philips Mang



grew menacing, and, seizing a button on Eliot's coat, boasted that he cared as much for that as for the white man's God. Cotton Mather retorted that he was a "blasphemous Leviathan"; but the Sachem, undismayed, went on plotting mischief. A "praying Indian" betrayed his intentions, and fell beneath avenging knives. The avengers hung for it at Plymouth, and then Philip's warwhoop resounded in the woods of Swansea.

At Boston, when the message from Winslow passed around, buff-coats and muskets left their hooks at The town was no longer that rude settlement which gazed in wonder on the first parade of Keayne's little band. The "Wonder-working Providence" of Captain Johnson, one of the Company, says: "The Lord hath been pleased to turn all the wigwams, huts, and hovels the English dwelt in at their first coming into orderly, fair, and well-built houses, well furnished many of them, together with Orchards filled with goodly fruit trees, and gardens with variety of flowers. . . . The chiefe Edifice of this City-like Towne is crowded on the Sea-bankes, and wharfed out with great industry and cost, the buildings beautifull and large, some fairely set forth with Brick, Tile, Stone, and Slate, and orderly placed with comly streets, whose continual inlargement presages some sumptuous City." And this had been written about 1650, twenty-five years before the frightened people of Swansea hurried to their blockhouse. The spirit of the citizens was now bolder and stronger than ever, and though Governor Winslow had only asked the Massachusetts to see that the Narragansetts and the Nipmucks did not paint their faces in this quarrel, the men of Boston hurried to arms.

At such a crisis the comrades of the Military Company were sure to be heard from. Colonel Rainsburrow would





War Chib.

Lindian Wesoons

have made the bravest of leaders; but, after fighting under Cromwell at the head of a regiment unharmed, he had fallen beneath an assassin's hand in Ireland. Benjamin Keayne, son of the Founder, could have done as well; but he, too, after plucking laurels on English battlefields, had gone forward. Captain Fisher, who had been sent as a commissioner to Philip, would gladly have buckled on armor once more; but his brave spirit now flamed in a feeble body. Governor Leverett himself, a captain of horse under Cromwell and a knight by the grace of Charles II., belonged likewise to the corps, and in spite of his mild face and reverend skull-cap, would cheerfully have taken the field, had age permitted.

Many of the Company, soon to win distinction in the war, lived in other towns, for it was a Massachusetts, not merely a Boston, corps. Captain Marshall, mine host of the Anchor Tavern on Saugus River, was to lead the soldiers of Lynn. Major Gookin, of Cambridge, a brave "Kentish souldier," the confidential agent of Cromwell and the friend of apostle Eliot, one who dared befriend the savage where men had little charity for independence, now felt his years, but would shortly be raising and equipping troops. Captain Johnson of Roxbury was to march in a few days with fifty-two of the "praying Indians," and before long fall at the Narragansett stronghold.

But Captain Henchman resided in Boston, and the honor of commanding its infantry fell to him. Four days after the alarm came, he and 100 men appeared "at their colors in the market-place at six in the evening, with their arms ready fixed for service," and the next morning they set out. General Denison, another of the Company, ranked as Commander-in-chief, but he found himself too ill to fight, and Captain Savage, a charter member, took his place; while Mosly, a comrade, raised more than 100



volunteers and marched forthwith. A host of active citizens—including the colonial treasurer—had studied with these leaders, and the drill inherited from the Artillery Garden was now to bear fruit.

No light affair the contest proved, however. Even his mortal enemies have called the Indian leader a king. His arms could hardly be described as the finest of the day, and the fortifications of his tribe and their allies reflected little knowledge of Vauban. But an Indian arrowhead could bite, an Indian musket shoot; and a stockade of the redskins dreaded fire no more than did a colonial blockhouse. Above all, the enemy were hard to catch. It needed only a little while to reach the Sachem's abode at Mount Hope; but when Savage led his men to the charge, they merely captured—an empty wigwam and the skulls of eight white men set on poles. The foe had escaped.

Philip did not know how to write; but he made a mark like a trumpet, and now he put the trumpet to his lips. In spite of diplomacy, the brave Nipmucks and the fierce Narragansetts made common cause with him, and the war became a struggle for existence. Before peace returned, more than half the towns of the Massachusetts lay in ashes. Familiar with all the highways and by-ways of the forest, and gifted with eyes that found a sign-board on every tree, the savages could appear and vanish as they listed. They knew the habits of their enemy, and from the branches of a pine could mark his steps unseen. The instant Lothrop's troop, the Flower of Essex, laid their guns in the wagons to be carried across a ford, the Indians burst from cover, and the stream has been known ever since as Bloody Brook. When Captain Pierce drove Canonchet's party from their position, he only found himself in an ambush where every Englishman save one



perished. Quiet seemed a trap; silence was more dreadful than demoniac yells; information hid a snare; and victory cast the dark shadow of coming disaster.

But the courage of the Puritans proved worthy of their proud convictions. Nothing daunted, nothing discouraged, them. At South Kingston in Rhode Island lay the most formidable body of the savages, 3500 warriors of the Narragansetts. Their shelters covered five or six acres of good ground encircled by a miry cedar swamp. Inside that natural moat stood a wall of palisades, and this "was compassed about with a Hedg of almost a rod Thickness." Only a single entrance led into the stronghold; and the approach to that, guarded by sentries, ran along the trunk of a tree which served as the only bridge.

Fortunately it was now December, and the swamp had frozen hard. After marching eighteen miles through deep snow, the English charged. Captain Johnson dropped on the rude bridge, and the storming party fell back. Captain Mosly came up next. He was the man who frightened the Indians once by pulling his wig off in the heat of an action and hanging it on a tree; but soldiers went down so fast that his charge failed. Captain Oliver, a third comrade in the Company, then rushed up with Major Appleton; and at last all who could still fight broke into the fort.

It was victory or death now, and nothing else. Shooting, grappling, wrestling, choking, stabbing,—grim English and yelling savages fought for their lives. In such a tussle the arts of civilization count little. War has nothing more dreadfully stern. But the English won, and the power of the Narragansetts became that day a thing of the past. Canonchet, their chief, soon felt the weight of the white man's chains; and when Philip himself, shot through the heart by a renegade

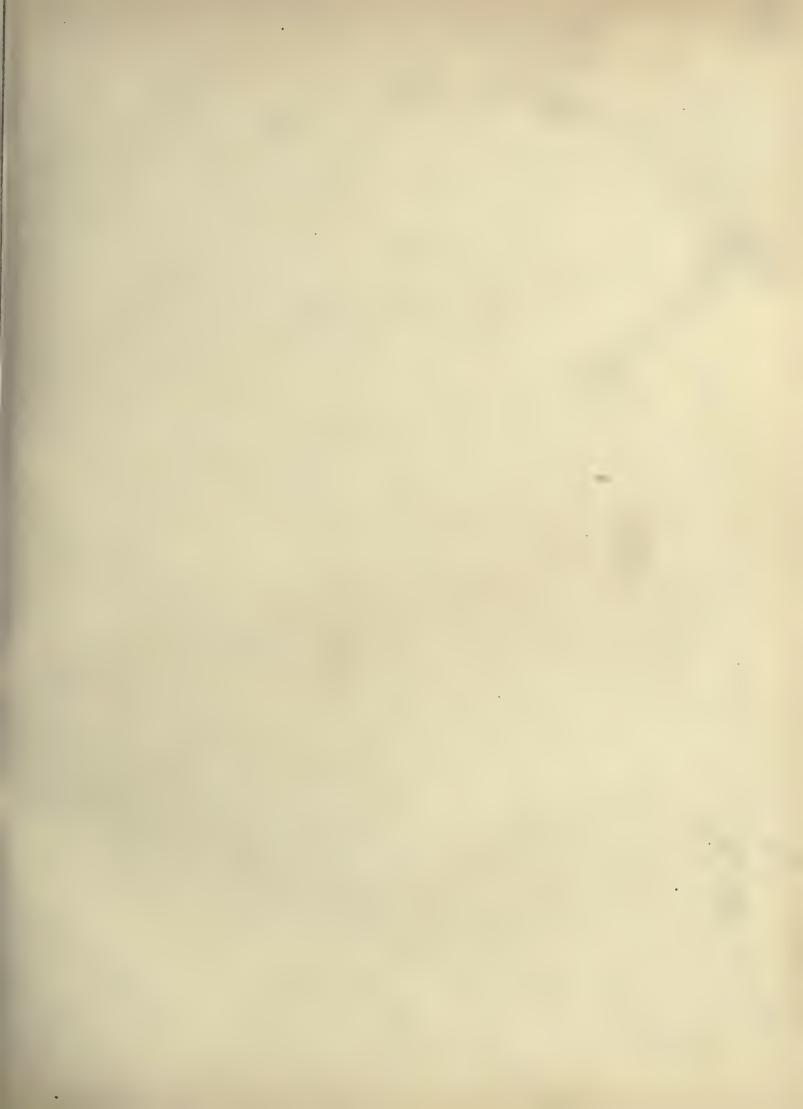




Indian, "fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him," the terrible contest ended.

No holiday pageant, then, was the marshalling of the Artillery Company. It said War, and meant what it said. In the supreme test it proved itself true; and, as Gookin wrote, the savages who dared meet its leaders, even in the wild grapple of brute force, quickly and forever "went down ye wind amain."









## VII

HE King is dead! Long live the King!" so reads the English formula of departure and accession; but now it should have been: "The King has run away! Long live the King and Queen!" Neither was

this by any means a trivial matter: the break in the ancient rule stood for many things.

There had been a great ferment in England, and "ye Honnerable Artillery Company"—for about this time (1685) the modern name began to be used—had been close to the centre of it. King Charles the Second, for all his ready smiles, his genial way of slapping courtiers on the back, and his complaisance to agreeable ladies, had a will and a purpose: he intended to rule. Often he succeeded in carrying his point; and, besides other triumphs, he suspended certain privileges of the Company. As we have seen, the Artillery Garden had become very influential in the metropolis; and His Majesty, in order to keep it in the hands of the court party, put a stop (1681) to the annual election of officers, which had stood among its rights from the very date of its ancient charter.

When his brother James, the Duke of York, mounted the throne (1685), affairs only went from bad to worse. James had not the easy smile and ready hand that can excuse, or at least palliate, a disagreeable intention.



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There could be no doubt about him. A creed that most of the nation hated was to be thrust down their throats, and a House of Commons that they loved was to be cuffed and snubbed. As for ancient "privileges," they were vain; and as for "rights," they were abominable. Charles the First had lost his head in this cause, but his shade had come back to try again; and in truth lack of brains counted rather as an advantage in undertaking such an enterprise, since with them it would not have been undertaken at all.

English temper soon began to rise high. When the headstrong King determined to back his tyranny with a force of Irish Catholics, Lord Wharton put a song into the field against it:

"Ho, Broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilli Bulero, bullen a-la,

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli Bulero, bullen a-la;"

and the mocking refrain, whistled and sung from Land's End to the Grampian Hills, out-manœuvred and out-fought the bayonets. When he drove Trelawney of Cornwall and six other Protestant bishops to prison, another song began to ride the wind:

"And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?

There's thirty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why;"

and presently up through the ground, out of the Cornwall mines, came a dull but mighty echo, like the rumble of an approaching earthquake:

"And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand underground will know the reason why."

James had two daughters; and one of them had married the Prince of Orange, an "asthmatic skeleton"

and provide a company of the company

indeed, but none the less a noble inheritor of a noble name, a great soldier, a great statesman, and, by all the martyrs of Holland, a great Protestant. Right or wrong, most of the people of England wanted such a man to reign over them; they invited him to come; he sailed across the Channel; William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen; and poor James ran away as thankfully as England saw him run. The Artillery Company stood solidly with the nation whose "military honor" it was said to be; and while it lost a commander, King James, it gained a better one, for William took his place.

But the story did not end there. James had still the legal title, said many, and he most of all; his infant son grew up to be the "Old Pretender," and his grandson arrived later as the "Young Pretender." Three successive claimants were now to scheme and conspire, intrigue, plot, and make war for the island crown; and France, with all her power, was often to back their mischief.

King William had to face the brunt of it. In Scotland his Revolution brought the Camerons and the House of Argyle into power, and the fierce hatreds of the clans burst forth. As William's troops clambered up the pass of Killiecrankie with a July sun on their heads, a thunder-cloud of Scottish plaid suddenly darkened the sky above them, and a gleam of broadsword lightning flashed from its folds. Dundee, with the face of a girl and the heart of a lion, was upon them; and before his 3000 claymores the army rolled back down the glen in headlong, bloody flight. But Dundee fell, and ere long the clansmen yielded.

In Ireland, James himself took the field, and soon 50,000 soldiers cheered around the standard of revolt. "Now or Never!" cried the motto of the new flag waving on Dublin Castle; and the people answered, "Now!"

Armor of James II Ballie of the Boyne





Grenadior Caps (Inn.Art.Ca 1702-1705

In the north, 7000 desperate loyalists gathered behind the feeble wall and few old guns of Londonderry, and more than three times their number marched against them. A hundred and five days the contest lasted. The garrison became so famished that men fell over as they struck at the enemy. The price of a whelp's paw reached five shillings and sixpence. People died faster than they could be buried. A stout man scarcely dared show himself among the ravenous eyes. Tallow and salted hide became the diet of the fighting men. Yet the town held out; and at the last pinch three friendly vessels, loaded with food, dashed through the enemy's boom. William then crossed the Irish Sea, and at the Boyne the two kings met. William was hit with a six-pound shot; and James, though protected to his knees by a harness of steel, received a still greater hurt, — for he ran away.

But the peril struck closer home than Scotland or Ireland. Malcontents kept watch in England; rebellion raised its head even there; the English fleet found itself defeated at Beachy Head and shut up in the Thames; and the French actually landed at Teignmouth. This was not all: traitors laid plots to kidnap the King, and plots to kill him. Secret conclaves assembled to squeeze oranges in grim silence, as a token how gladly they would suck William's blood. Bob Charnock and Scum Goodman, with a backing of desperadoes, prepared to strike, and only a chance defeated them. Every Monday and Thursday, cool Barclay sauntered up and down the piazza of Covent Garden after dusk, with a white handkerchief dangling from his coat-pocket; and around him gathered, one by one, a company of trusted confederates sent from Versailles on the same dreadful errand. The time was fixed; the pistols were loaded. At the last moment word came that the King would not

hunt that day. "The fox keeps his earth," muttered one of the party; but he soon found that he and his friends were the foxes, and the English people were the hounds: the plot had been discovered.

Over and over it seemed, amid such narrow chances, as if King James would sit on the throne again. Hard, indeed, would have been the lot of his enemies then. Jeffrey's Bloody Assizes, the vengeance of the green tree, would have seemed nothing beside the cruelties of a tree now old and sapless. Yet the fidelity of the Artillery Company did not flinch; and when conspiracy after conspiracy against the King had made loyalty seem dangerous, they only declared the more emphatically their devotion to the throne (1696), and their readiness "Chearfully to hazard or lives for ye maintenance of yor maj<sup>ties</sup> Rightfull & lawfull Gover<sup>mt</sup> over us."

Finally a nameless creature accomplished what kings had failed to do. William's horse, catching his foot in a mole-hill, threw his royal master; and the Jacobites were soon tossing off bumpers to "the little gentleman in black velvet" who wrought the disaster. But they had scant ground for congratulation after all. James had passed away; and although Mary too had died, her sister Anne, a confirmed Protestant, took the throne, while Anne's husband received William's place at the head of the Artillery Company.

Before long, therefore, another generation of plots and insurrections arrived. James's son, the Chevalier, raised the Stuart banner again, and the implacable Scots took up his cause. More than 10,000 men soon gathered under the Earl of Mar. Lowland peasants, with rustic arms slung over their plain grey clothes, kept step with Highland chieftains in tartan and plaid; while gaunt, half-naked clansmen from the mountain-sides found them-

selves marching with gentlemen of quality, bound by family traditions to the Stuart cause.

Sheriffmuir witnessed the battle. At the first fire Clanranald, one of the most gallant and splendid of all Highland lords, fell in his life-blood, and the clansmen wavered. But Glengarry, who had borne the standard of Dundee at old Killiecrankie, started from the ranks and threw his bonnet into the air; "Revenge, revenge!" he cried in Gaelic; "to-day for revenge and to-morrow for mourning!" Another moment, and the Highlanders were among the Saxons. High flashed the broadswords, and their strokes rang on the muskets like the clang of many anvils. The English general turned; his men followed; and another battle seemed lost and won. But valor fought in vain once more. The leader of the Scots proved unworthy of his troops, and the victory fell through their hands (1715).

Neither did the Chevalier himself supply what his officer lacked. Pale, silent, and gloomy, forever brooding over his lifetime of misfortunes, unwarlike, void of hope and enthusiasm, he chilled even men to whom the Highland mist seemed warm. The Stuart cause drooped like a field of corn smitten with an early frost, and soon it lay prostrate. The Old Pretender fled back to France, and the would-be revolters in London felt every morning for their heads.

Very different—the very opposite—grew up the Chevalier's son, the Young Pretender. Book learning had not been given him. His own good humour disappeared in his letters, for he called it "umer"; and his correspondents hardly knew what weapon was to carve his way to empire, when he wrote them of his "sord." But everything else he possessed. Tall, athletic, hardy, eagerly brave, strikingly handsome, he let his long fair

The Baculush Housey Head Mac

Louis XIV 1690



curls fall as they listed on his broad shoulders; and they fell there like a king's. With a merry heart ever smiling from his rounded lips, a genial thought ever shining in his bright blue eyes, a pleasing word ever slipping from his persuasive tongue, he knew how to blend the grace of a courtier, the familiarity of a friend, and the dignity of a monarch. Though he landed in the gloomy wilds of Moidart with only seven followers (1745), men were presently singing as far as the Scottish tongue could be heard, "Who'll be king but Charlie?" And wherever bluebells nodded or heather bloomed, true clansmen, stark-mad with enthusiasm, were tramping to his banner.

At Preston Pans that banner opened its folds. Once more, as the rising sun scattered the grey mists, Gael and Saxon saw each other face to face. "Follow me, gentlemen!" cried Bonnie Charlie, "follow me, and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people." In an instant every head was bared; to the God of Battles looked every stern heart; and then, with bonnets all drawn hard and close, the Highlanders rushed on, while the pipers wailed the charge, and the battle-cry swelled to an awful roar. What were cannon then? What were dragoons? In five or six minutes the backbone of the enemy bent and broke, and when the battle ended scarce a remnant of them had escaped.

The very next morning Charles despatched an agent into Northumberland to prepare the way for his march upon London. England seemed to lie that moment almost at his mercy. Only one fortified place rose in his path beyond the Tweed, and there Wesley saw the people hurrying their goods and families away instead of arming and drilling. At the capital even the chief men of the government were divided and their councils distracted. "England is for the first comer," wrote Henry Fox in a



panic. But the Highlanders, little used to discipline, were bent on carrying their plunder home, and Charles could not move.

Soon, however, his advance began. Carlisle yielded; Manchester yielded; Derby yielded. The capital was now less than 130 miles distant. The Scots thrust themselves between it and the English army. London quaked in consternation. A rush was made on the Bank of England; and the Bank saved itself only by paying in sixpences, and so gaining time. The shops closed. Public business came pretty much to an end. Everybody foresaw the Scots at the gate; most men pictured a Stuart on the throne; and the terrors of this "Black Friday" well-nigh paralyzed the government itself.

Again Charles was eager to strike; but his chiefs, ignorant of the true state of things, dared not move on. "Rather than go back," he cried, "I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!" but still they were not persuaded. The French had not come to their aid; England had not risen to welcome them; what signified a little army, however brave, against a nation? The Scots withdrew; and the fall of Lochiel at Culloden presaged only too truly the ruin of his cause.

And where were the men of the Honourable Artillery Company during these perils of invasion and revolt? Like the warders on the castle wall, they stood at their posts. Practising and teaching the art of arms, they qualified themselves and their pupils to defend the throne. We have seen already that the officers of the London Trained Bands were largely members of the Company. In 1697, King William had recommended that all holding commissions in these militia bodies, if not already enrolled in the corps, should join it, — a recommendation copied in all the later Warrants to the Artillery Company.





That the reality met the wish is shown, for one thing, by a note on the programme of a public march some years later: "The Company Consists of the Officers of the Trained Bands of the City of London and Suburbs thereof and other gentlemen who are instructed in the Use and Exercise of Arms."

How thoroughly the science of war had attention, one may infer from the title of a book prepared by a member of the Company (1735): "A Complete System of Military Discipline as it is now used in the British Foot. Being a few Military Flowers collected out of The Artillery Garden of London"; and how faithfully the skill and courage of the corps stood at the service of the throne, we may learn from an address offered to the King when Bonnie Charlie's war-cloud began to darken the horizon: "We are fully determined to sacrifice our lives in the cause of Liberty, in the Defence of your Majesty's Sacred Person, Crown and Dignity, and in Support of the Protestant Succession to your Royal Line."

In brief, as the volunteer forces of the metropolis—instructed and marshalled by brethren of the Artillery Guild—waited in the days of the Armada to receive with pike and arrow the Spaniards of the south, so their children's children, with different arms but the same courage, would have stood firm against invaders from the north; and one almost wishes that the Scots who kept the cutlers at Derby so busy sharpening claymores, had marched on and received a lesson in military art from the pupils of the Artillery Garden,—brave deeds there would have been to tell of, had they come.

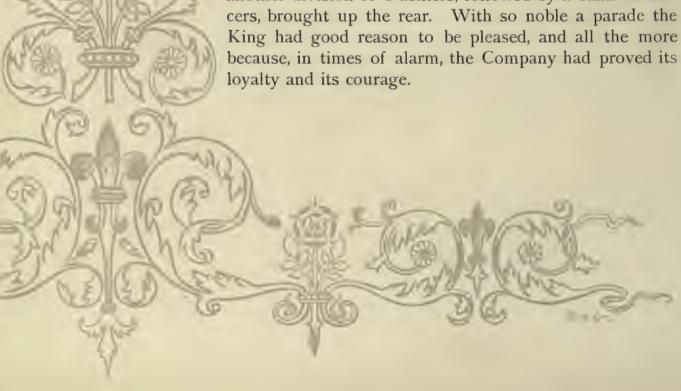
But all these perils and alarms, all the drills and all the marchings could not annul the Company's traditions of splendor. As early as 1686 a part of the members had paraded under the name of "Granodeeres" in buff

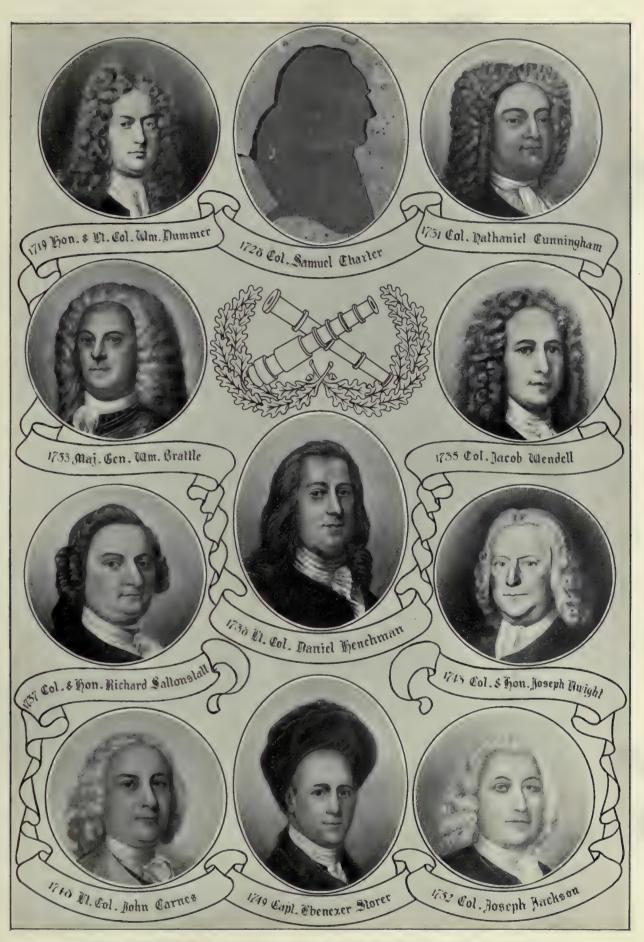




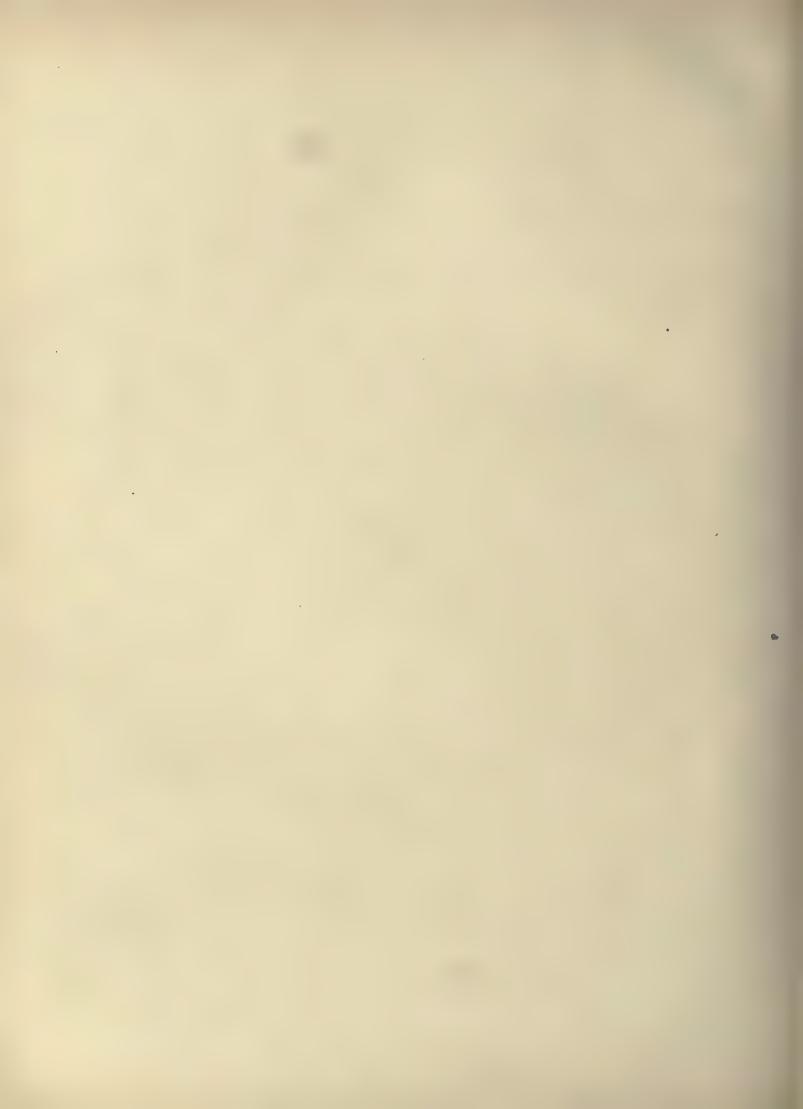
uniforms and capes of crimson velvet lined with rich furs. When George the First made his public entry into the Capital (1714), a corps of fusiliers in buff-coats, hats edged with gold, red feathers, white stockings, and black garters, with red ribbons around their hair behind and black ribbons in front, gave another new tone of brilliancy. Scarlet became soon after the color of the pikemen's dress, and the commissioned officers exchanged their red plumes for white.

So handsome and impressive appeared the Company on parade at this time, that King George presented it with  $f_{500}$  as a signal mark of his approval; and when, five years later, His Majesty once more reviewed the corps — of which his son, the Prince of Wales, was Captain-General — it made a show that eclipsed even the one we have already described. First went the Pioneers, led by a Captain with a field-staff and his Lieutenant with a battle-axe. The Grenadiers in buff, with flankers on the angles of the divisions, came next, with their officers and music. Then — preceded by servants, led horses, marshals, beadle, music, and officers — marched the Fusiliers in buff, while their flankers in scarlet, all wearing sashes around their waists, kept step with shouldered partisans. Briviates and Bringer-up, the surgeon with his scarf, and the three Ensigns of the General Officers with colors flying, next led the two grand divisions of Pikemen in scarlet, with their flankers on the right; and beyond them another division of Fusiliers, followed by a rank of offiloyalty and its courage.





PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP II.





## VIII

OME, boys, behave now like men, and the French will soon run!" So cried a soldier one June day in 1743. It was in northern Bavaria; but the speaker had come from beyond the English Channel; he had long been Captain-

General of the Honourable Artillery Company; his name stood on many a parchment roll as George; and the world knew him as George the Second, King of England. Just now, taking simply the rank of a general, he was leading his troops into action. The French outnumbered him; but he drove them back across the Main, and soon not one of them could be found in all Germany.

That was in the War of the Austrian Succession, when almost the whole continent united in breaking solemn treaties and attempting to rob the young empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, while Great Britain kept faith and bravely defended her. The contest bit deep; and yet it proved hardly more than the prelude to a greater struggle, the Seven Years' War, or — as Americans know it — the French and Indian War.

In this battle royal, the great Frederick of Prussia, backed by England, fought nearly the whole continent to a stand; but the storm of war, scorning the narrow limits of such a horizon, spread its crimson clouds far beyond the confines of Europe. From Calcutta to Pitts-



burg the roar of cannon and crackle of musketry filled the air, and British scarlet shone through the smoke of battle. London, however, was little menaced, and the Honourable Artillery Company, while true to its work of instructing officers and standing on guard, had scant opportunity to display its patriotism and loyalty.

Very differently fared its worthy scion in America. All this long while since "King Philip" stained the mire with his blood, Massachusetts had been growing. Under the despotic hand of James the Second it had writhed like the mother-country. While his agent, Sir Edmund Andros, had charge, "the administration," said Cotton Mather, "was almost a complication of shameless and matchless villainies." Education languished; printing suffered; intelligence faded; and matrimony itself, though love laughs at locks, grew discouraged; but religious quarrels throve, and even the Artillery Company felt their consequences.

At last news came that William, Prince of Orange, had landed in England; and a member of the Company, backed with musketeers, took Andros prisoner in spite of his gold lace and scarlet. The house of another member became for a time his gaol; a third was chosen Colonel of the Boston regiment; and a gentleman who was soon to join the corps became Commander-in-chief. A day of prosperity dawned then in a grand outburst of joy and merrymaking, and a full share of its blessings fell to the Company. Three of the four justices of the Superior Court were Artillery-men, and later the Honorable John Leverett — the year he held the office of lieutenant — became President of Harvard College. In political affairs the members counted heavily; and when a committee was chosen in 1708 to draw up a "Charter of Incorporation" for Boston, 22 out of the 31 who served upon it belonged



French

Antengtoh Square 1999

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to the Company. Chief Justice Sewall mentions that court adjourned on account of the Artillery; and, if a town-meeting chanced to be appointed for a drill-day, it could not legally be held.

Meanwhile all the wars and rumors of wars that vexed England broke in billows on the shores of her western possessions. When Queen Anne began her contest with France (1702), one of the Abenaki chiefs declared: "The sun is not more distant from the earth than our thoughts from war;" but the skilful hand of the French governor of Canada soon began to draw the threads, and before long the ashes of Deerfield and Haverhill justified the worst fears of the colonists. When the struggle over the Austrian Succession shook once more the other side of the water, the new world quivered to the same earthquake. Powder soon took fire here; and a stroke of luck more astonishing than lightning out of a clear sky, put William Pepperell and his farmer lads in possession of Louisburg, the Gibraltar of America, with a dozen times as many cannon as they carried to attack it with.

But these troubles were little compared with the French and Indian War. Indeed, that battle of the worlds began in the colonies. In a dark glen amid the mountains of southwestern Pennsylvania, where the flowers of May bloomed on into June, a young Virginia colonel, George Washington by name, surprised some Frenchmen who intended to surprise him, and furnished an omen for the war by leaving on the ground or taking back to Virginia all but one of them. Yet the prophecy had to wait for fulfilment. Brave but conceited Braddock fell in an ambush the next year near the scene of Washington's little victory, and the feet of his flying troops beat a tattoo on the earth above his head.

Light Dragoon

On the upper waters of the Hudson, men of Massachusetts encountered the wily French and their painted allies. Dieskau, after skimming Lake Champlain with a fleet of birch canoes, marched south and set an ambush for his English foes. Presently they fell into it; but they knew something of such fighting and proved no cowards. Out rang the clarion voice of Hendrick, the gray-haired chief of the Mohawks, who fought for the colonists; and it was not in vain, though he dropped dead from his horse. Colonel Williams, who had paused on his way from Massachusetts to found a college, fell wounded. The battle waxed hot and close. But in the end the invaders retreated, leaving Dieskau bleeding from four wounds, and almost every one of the French regulars lying with him.

All this while the diplomats of Europe blinked and bowed,—these things were only "occurrences"; but the next year came a declaration of war in due form, and in 1757 the clash of arms resounded once more through the forests of Horicon.

At the southern end of Lake George—the Lac St. Sacrement of the French—stood Fort William Henry, defended by a few more than 2000 men. No danger seemed nigh. Tents covered the plain. Men strolled and chatted. Boats voyaged here and there on the still waters; and at evening, fishermen drew the trout at leisure from their cool retreats.

But beyond the forest, scenes of quite another sort could have been witnessed. Field-Marshall the Marquis of Montcalm had come over from Paris, and had not made the long voyage to no purpose. Day after day he chanted the war-song at Montreal, and with him sang the braves of three and thirty tribes gathered from all the wigwams between the Great Sea and Lake Superior.

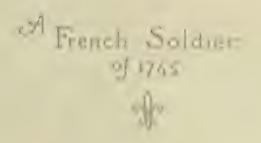
Guardamen 1750-



More than life itself they came to love him; and when the fire blazed high in their eyes, he stopped the chant and led them toward the south. On the sixth day they beheld the ramparts of Ticonderoga linking the blue heavens to the deeper blue of Lake Champlain. Binding them doubly to him then by a grand council and a splendid wampum belt of 6000 shells, Montcalm crept forward; while the savages, warily stealing on in advance, struck down every foe within reach.

On the morning of August the second, the Marquis found himself near the fort; and then his canoes, darting into full view, made swiftly for the shore, while the heights echoed and re-echoed with cries of defiance, hate, and exultation. Seven days later half the guns of the fort had burst, and almost all the ammunition had been spent. Brave Munro, the commander, would rather have died than yield; the bullets and balls of the foe had no terrors for him. But others needed to be considered. The French cannon had the fort at their mercy now; there was no choice, and the white flag went up.

At daybreak the next morning the garrison moved off toward Fort Edward, as they had permission to do. But the savages had been revelling all night,—drinking, singing, and dancing; and now, half-frenzied, they began to plunder and maltreat the English. Steadily but quickly, outrage grew into massacre,—that massacre of Fort William Henry, which put an edge of steel on the hearts of the Provincials. Like running the gauntlet was the long march to Fort Edward. Stripped almost naked by the savages, perhaps bare to the skin, the fugitives hurried on. Every now and then gleaming eyes darted a look of fierce hate through the foliage, and the unerring bullet flew to its mark. Every here and there, over the dead logs and through the rough woods, dashed







a soldier and after him a yelling savage; and often, when the strength of despair seemed winning, there came the quick flash of a tomahawk, a red spurt, and a tumble. Like the garrison, the fort vanished. Montcalm's dusky warriors went home to chant their victory on their mats, and again Lake George heard no drummer save the woodpecker on his blasted pine.

The next year all this was to be avenged. A new spirit brooded now upon the face of the waters. At last, said Frederick the Great, England had produced a man. William Pitt the elder, solitary and sublime, the incarnation of English patriotism, came into power. The banner of the nation rose, and the Colonials rallied eagerly around it.

Again the high walls of Lake George resounded with martial tones; and there, gazing vengefully on the ruins of Fort William Henry, stood the freemen of New England, some in the uniform of soldiers, and some dressed out as rangers, with hatchet as well as firelock, a powder-horn under each right arm, a bullet-pouch of leather at every girdle, and a compass in the pocket of every officer. In all, 9000 Provincials had crossed the divide, and they came to bar forever, if they could, this gateway to the colonies.

Beside them, proudly and somewhat scornfully arrayed in His Majesty's trappings, paraded more than 6000 regulars. Both familiar and strange they looked. Most of them wore the accustomed red of British Foot. Some, besides the brilliant coat, buttoned leggins reaching well above the knee, and crossed shoulder-belts, were entitled to the enormous pointed cap of the grenadiers, with its pompous emblems covering the front and a gay tuft surmounting its top; while the 42nd Highlanders, whose gallantry had made them famous all over Great



Britain, and was to earn them now the coveted epithet "Royal," appeared in a tartan of their own with facings of buff. For arms, all had the flintlock musket long familiar to the world, for Brown Bess changed little between Blenheim and Waterloo. A stout bayonet of the modern sort promised to help their valor express itself, and the Highlanders wore their broadsword also. Both dress and arms we know well.

Yet something peculiar would have been noted. Lord Howe, the real commander, had been studying the art of colonial warfare, and had pondered its lessons. One day he invited several officers to dinner. On arriving at his tent, they found bearskins in the place of a carpet, and logs instead of chairs. Presently a servant entered, and placed a dish of pork and beans on the ground: that was the banquet. Howe, drawing a knife and fork from a sheath, fell to; but, as he saw that his guests were standing helpless and embarrassed, he gave each an equipment like his own with a few suggestive words.

To such a leader pomp seemed out of place in the woods. At that day, every one felt extremely anxious about his hair. Careful dressing could not be neglected, and powder seemed a necessity. Even soldiers wore their hair long, doing it up in a pigtail, turning the end of the tail back, and securing it with a strap. This made a big knob at the end, and the fashion was known as "clubbing." But Howe ordered the hair clipped short, the skirts of the coats cut off, and—one may feel sure—the grenadier caps left behind. Shorn in this way, the troops prepared to advance. On the fifth of July at daybreak, over a thousand boats pushed off, while artillery followed on rafts; and the circling eagle gazed in wonder as this dark shadow veiled the shining face of St. Sacrement.



Early on the morrow all disembarked at the northern end of the lake and pressed on. Well in the front marched Lord Howe, his genial, handsome, intellectual face lighted up with ardor and ambition. Though second to Abercrombie in command, he stood first in the confidence of the army, and under his lead all felt sure of winning. Unexpectedly, a scouting party of the French was met; "Fire!" cried each leader; the muskets blazed; and Lord Howe, staggering to the ground, expired. The pledge of victory, the man who might perhaps have mediated between England and America, lay dead; and it was only left for Massachusetts to rear his monument in Westminster Abbey.

July the seventh, Abercrombie's troops advanced, and soon stumbled upon the French outworks between them and Ticonderoga. All was silent there as they approached; but within the trenches out of sight stood a small, slight man with darting eyes, alive and alert in every fibre. It was Montcalm, coatless, holding his musketeers in check for the right moment, while Abercrombie, heavy, torpid, old in years and aged in spirit, sat far in the rear, comfortably sheltered from the blasting sun.

The British and Provincials moved on, and soon they found themselves, amid logs and rubbish, tangled in the boughs of trees that had been thickly felled, tops out, against them. Valor was useless there; but they would not retreat. Hour after hour they charged and charged again, while Montcalm's muskets and swivels played at will upon their struggling lines, caught in the trees like shad in a net. Yes, worse than useless proved their valor, for it only increased the carnage; and at evening, after losing nearly two thousand men, more than half as many as Montcalm had been able to muster, they drew off, — astonished, exasperated, desperate.



Abercrombie felt scared. With an army still four to one and cannon that had not yet been warmed, he saw visions and dreamed dreams. Terrible Montcalm would soon be coming, and only a moat as wide as the whole length of Lake George could save him. That very evening the army retreated to the boats; the next morning they embarked; they put the lake behind them; they were safe; and yet, even after that, Abercrombie, instead of planting his cannon, sent them all the way to Albany to get them out of danger.

The next year brought Amherst to Lake George and Wolfe to the St. Lawrence. Another and more determined campaign followed. Yet, though Ticonderoga fell, Quebec still held out. Brave Montcalm commanded there now, and he was not a man who loved to yield. But it was no Abercrombie who set the battle in array against him this time. Musing on that immortal line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," of which he was to be the immortal illustration, Wolfe climbed the high precipice of the St. Lawrence, and ranged his men on the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm, too confident or too daring, scorned all defences and hurried to the field of arms. There France and England finished their long duel for North America. The conflict proved worthy of the nations and their champions; and the world looked "They run, they run!" re-echoed across the field, and the struggle ended. Both leaders fell; but one of them whispered, "Now God be praised, I die in peace," and the other, "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Ouebec."

In all these thrilling events, from first to last, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had the share that it merited. Before the war had begun in Europe, a colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, a major, eight

Colonial Bullet-flask

Buck shot-pouch

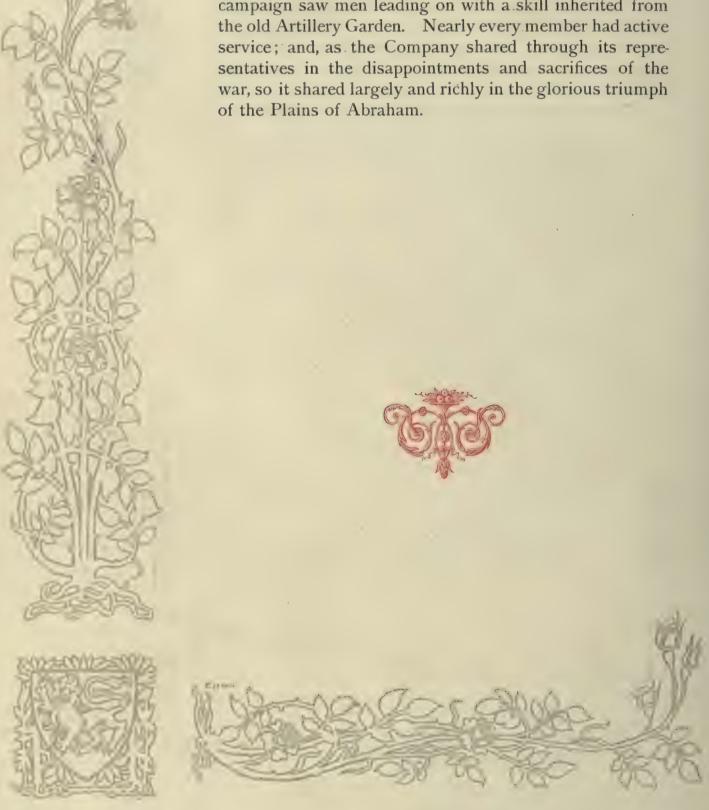
Powder-horn

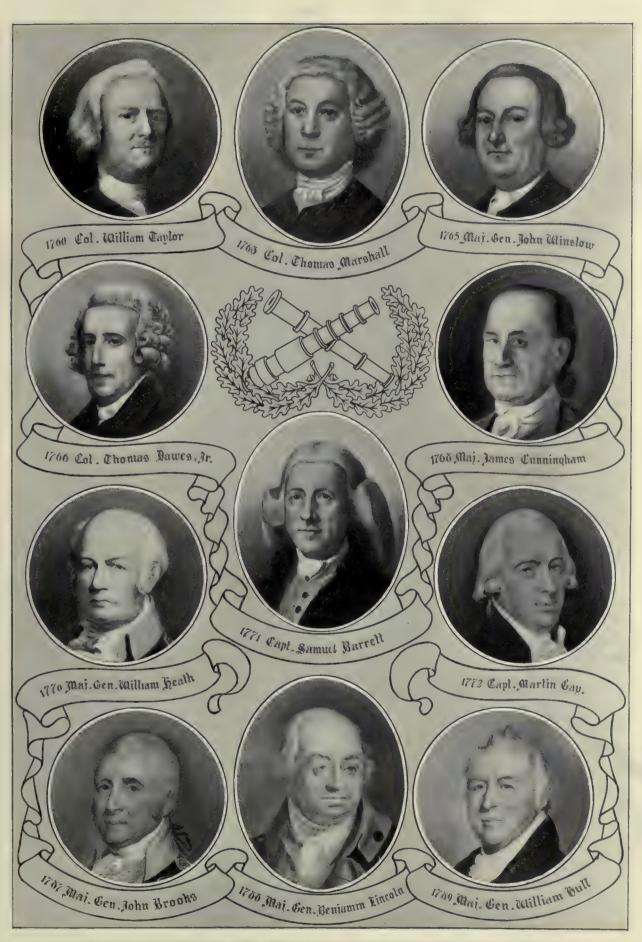
Melting-pot and

Bullet-mould



captains, and many of lower grade represented it among the soldiers enlisted for Ticonderoga. Five years later the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, and nine of the eleven captains in the Boston regiment were Ancients, besides not a few who marched from other towns. Every campaign saw men leading on with a skill inherited from of the Plains of Abraham.





PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP III.





## IX

CARCELY had the echoes of Wolfe's glorious victory died away, when drums could be heard in the far distance beating for another and a very different contest. So far England and her colonies had labored and fought shoulder to

shoulder, but now they were to stand at opposite ends of the musket. Yet in reality the colonies did not rebel against the mother-country. It was redress of grievances that our fathers demanded; and redress of grievances it has always been the privilege and the right of Englishmen to claim. If the men of '75 and '76 are to be called rebels, what were they who put Oliver Cromwell in the place of Charles the First? If the men of '75 and '76 should be called traitors, what were they who seated William on the throne of James the Second? Historic England must hail the patriots of Massachusetts as her lawful and dutiful children.

The soundest strain of British thought at the time thrilled responsively at their words. Chatham, Shelburne, Conway, Barré, Burke, and a host of other high names could be found on the side of America. "Sir," cried the magnificent Pitt, "Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Fox

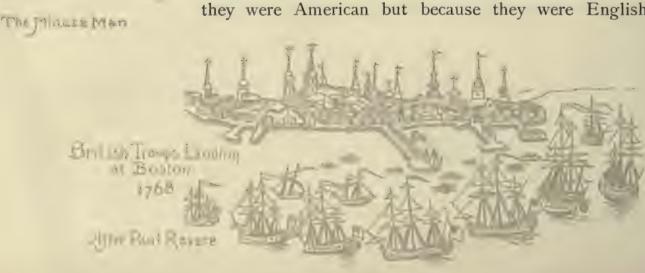




declared that a famous tax laid by the ministry was the mere assertion of a right which would force the colonies into open rebellion. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of London solemnly remonstrated with the King, and said, "Your American subjects, royal Sire, descended from the same ancestors with ourselves, appear equally jealous of the prerogatives of freemen." Neither did the colonists forfeit British sympathy when protest became war. "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman," exclaimed the proud Earl of Chatham, "while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, — never, never, never!" And the philosophic Burke wrote the Sheriff of Bristol in 1777, "The whole of those maxims upon which we have made and continued this war must be abandoned."

It was the ministry, not the colonies, that had forsaken the sound principles of English politics. "George, be king!" his mother had dinned into the youthful ears of the man who now filled the throne; and, with a narrow head but a broad back, he planted all his powers behind that idea. The sovereign himself was now to be minister-in-chief, and rule with a high hand as well as reign. Fox declared the scheme unconstitutional; many, many others did the same; but so much the worse for the Constitution,—that was all. The colonies could not help themselves. "If we take the resolute part," announced His Majesty, "they will undoubtedly be very meek."

Meek, however, they were not. Yet neither did they wish to rebel. Independence they positively shunned. John Adams tells us how a letter of his, advocating separation, chanced to be intercepted and published in 1775, and how people avoided him then, "like a man infected with the leprosy." The colonists protested not because they were American but because they were English.





Harpita With

I A I A I E E

They took up arms not as men who preferred bullets, but as men who could not obtain votes. They became independent not because they chose to revolt, but because they were not permitted to remain loyal. And probably their act of "rebellion" saved the mother-country. Had America fallen, as Chatham assured the House of Lords, she would have pulled down the pillars of the Constitution along with her.

Boston, the head-centre of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, carried the banner of the colonies. In 1765 the Stamp Act passed the English Parliament, and Benjamin Franklin wrote home that night, "The sun of liberty has set." It was not that Americans refused to help pay the expenses of government; as Green, the distinguished English historian says, they "were willing to grant supplies of a yet larger amount than a stamptax would produce." But the stamp-tax, laid by a body in which they were not represented, seemed the entering wedge of limitless tyranny and exaction; and the patriots of old Trimountaine felt driven to resist.

August the fourteenth is an early date for harvest, and the elm has more praise for its beauty than for its fruit; but on that day crowds pressed and surged around the Liberty Tree, at the corner of our present Washington and Essex Streets, gazing at fruit of no ordinary price. There hung a stuffed effigy of Andrew Oliver, the chief stamp official, and beside it an enormous boot, with Satan's head and horns emerging from its top, as a compliment to the Earl of Bute, first suggester of the tax. In vain the Governor ordered the sheriff to remove these over-warm tributes; there they stayed.

But at evening they did come down. The Sons of Liberty, who had placed them on the tree, took them away; and presently boot and effigy entered the State





House at the head of an immense parade, while the Governor, sitting in the council chamber above with his advisers, found his voice drowned by the roar of tumultuous cries and loud huzzas for "Liberty, Property, and no Stamps." Then the procession moved on, wrecked a building that Oliver was said to be putting up for his office, and, carrying a portion of it along, burned the fruit of the Liberty Tree in a bonfire in front of his house.

"Meek," indeed! So the governor thought, as he fled to the Castle; and he thought so all the more when an offer of £100 failed to bring even one of the Sons of Liberty—nearly half of them Ancients—within his clutches. Plainly the good folks of Boston would not have the likeness of His Majesty on their documents; and within a year the Liberty Tree bore another kind of fruit: decked with lanterns it announced the repeal of the Stamp Act.

Trouble soon came again, however, though in a different form. The port of Boston was invaded by a noxious weed. Noxious it had not always been considered, we must admit. Mixed with water, it had furnished many a cheering cup to ladies chatting the lively gossip of the Massachusetts capital. But circumstances alter cases, and now the leaves of no Upas tree could have been more deadly to peace and quietness; for this plant was tea.

King George could not possibly be cheerful over the failure of the Stamp Act. When another plan to tax America broke down, he insisted on retaining the proposed tax on tea in order to prove his principle; and in 1773 he thought a method had been found to get it down the throats of his American subjects. November 28, the good ship Dartmouth, Captain Hall, worked her way up Boston harbor, and made fast at Griffin's Wharf, near Fort Hill, with 114 chests of the Upas plant aboard.

The Elinor and the Beaver followed, and a guard took charge of the three vessels.

But that was not the only guard. Captain Proctor. of the Artillery Company, kept watch all night with twenty-four good men and true, to see that no tea came ashore. Time for sleep it might be, but Boston seemed wide-awake now. The tea would not have sold high even with the tax, — that was a part of the royal scheme; but if the King had a principle at stake, so had the colonists, and presently the hostile theories began their swordplay in earnest. "The ship must go," said the people to Captain Hall. "The ship shall not go," retorted Governor Hutchinson; and Admiral Montagu blocked the channel with two war-vessels. What should be done? For two days the Committee of Correspondence, which included four Artillery-men, met and met again; but nothing was accomplished, and the 16th of December dawned.

At ten o'clock that morning, the Old South Church began to overflow. By three in the afternoon 7000 people were estimated to be in and about it. Sam Adams, Josiah Quincy, and other leaders addressed the crowds. "Who knows," inquired Rowe suggestively, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" Deafening applause hinted loudly that many thought they knew very well. It was voted unanimously that no tea should be landed. That, of course, did not quite decide the matter; but the patriots hoped that Hutchinson would now permit the ships to depart, and with that idea the people still waited. Hope faded with the day; and while a few candles brought some flickering light, no glimmer of a settlement could be discovered.

None? Perhaps the people did not look in the right quarter. About that time, little Bennie Russell, peeping through the wood-house window, saw his father and a neighbor smearing each other's face with lampblack and red ochre. What could that mean? Were they turning into Indians?

Near six o'clock the captain of a tea-ship appeared at the church, and announced finally that the Governor would not permit him to sail away. Sam Adams rose then and announced: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Instantly a shout was heard; a war-whoop made the windows quiver, and a band of "Mohawks," rushing past the door like a gust of wind, hurried off toward Griffin's Wharf. Crowds followed. Everybody turned out. Yet there was no rioting. Guards were regularly posted to keep spies away; and for about three hours a vast throng looked on with solemn attention, while the painted and be-feathered warriors boarded the tea-ships, raised the hatches, broke the cargoes, and emptied about 350 chests of Upas plant into the harbor. Nine of these "Mohawks" appear on the rolls of the Artillery Company; and we are told that the apprentices of two other members came home late that night with something like tea sprinkled on the rims of their hats.

After such a beginning, the Ancients might be expected to count for something as the battle grew fiercer; and they were not the men to disappoint so reasonable an anticipation. Paul Revere's ride has been made famous, but another messenger went hurrying through the darkness on that night of gloom and fate. When the British were moving to their boats for the advance on Concord, General Warren despatched William Dawes of the Artillery Company by the highway to arouse the people, and Revere a little later, by the water route and Charlestown, to do the same. Without stopping even to say good-by at home, Dawes rushed off into the night. Eluding a guard at Boston Neck, he crossed Brighton



Carronade About 1780



Bridge, hurried along Cambridge road, and about half an hour after midnight met Revere on Lexington Green. They and Dr. Prescott went on then toward Concord, and encountered some British officers. Prescott got away. Dawes, chased by the foe, made up to a farmhouse, flapping his leather breeches and shouting exultantly, "Hello, boys, I've got two of 'em." The house was empty; but his pursuers, expecting a volley the next instant, fled.

Four cannon composed the whole train of field-artillery owned by the colonies that eventful day. They would hardly seem terrible now, though ordnance had steadily been growing more efficient and more convenient, yet their value could hardly be estimated; and for two of them America was indebted mainly to Dawes and Samuel Gore, one of his comrades. They and some helpers slipped into the gun-house one day, while the sentry attended at roll-call, lifted the cannon from their carriages, and rushed them into a school-building hard by. A great wood-box under the master's desk hid them for a fortnight. Then, going to Waltham by boat, they enlisted for the war; and finally, after the conflict happily ended, they marched — or at least rolled — in many a parade of the Artillery Company.

Bunker Hill saw not a few of the Ancients at work on that splendid 17th day of June. Very different was the equipment of a soldier then from the arms of their first parade. According to the militia act of a few years later (1782) every private should have "a good Firearm with steel or iron ramrod and a spring to retain the same; A worm, priming wire and brush; A bayonet fitted to the gun; A scabbard and a belt; A pouch holding not less than 15 pounds cartrages; 6 flints; One pound powder; 40 lead balls fitted to his gun; A knapsack and blanket; A canteen or wooden bottle sufficient to hold one quart."





In about such wise the rank and file stood equipped on that eventful morning. A greater number of the Artillery contingent, however, doubtless wore swords; but whether volunteering as privates or as officers, they felt the same enthusiasm to serve. And what else could have been expected? So active had the Company shown itself in military doings, that in 1770, out of 44 commissioned officers of the Boston regiment, all except one lieutenant and five ensigns answered at its roll-calls.

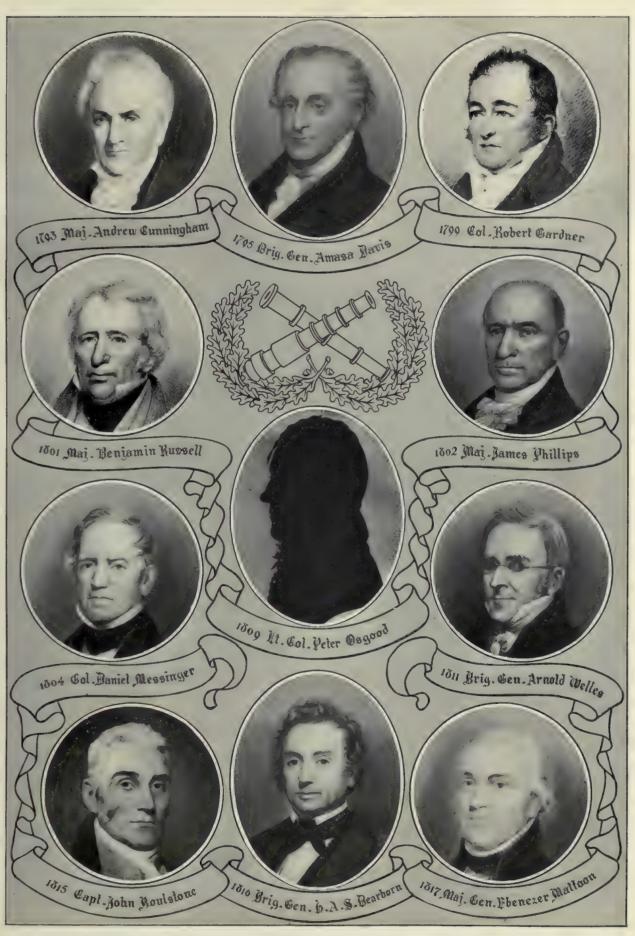
On the 18th of July, 1776, the glorious Declaration of Independence arrived from Philadelphia, and at one o'clock it was publicly read. All the troops in town drew up in State Street. The council, the representatives, the magistrates, the selectmen, and the clergy attended. A great throng encompassed them. Then Colonel Thomas Crafts read the immortal paper; the people cheered right joyously; the guns of the forts and vessels replied; the artillery fired their cannon thirteen times; and the regiments volleyed in as many divisions. Crafts, the central figure of the great occasion, was a member of the Company.

Need one mention the Ancients who served their country in the campaigns that followed? Captain Stoddard, Major Perkins, Colonel Popkin, Colonel Marshall, Colonel Proctor, General Brown, and General Lincoln, who brought each a full sheaf of honors to the Artillery Company,—their names, with many another, are blazoned on the rolls of history and of patriotism. When Boston felt, in 1777, that a crisis had arrived, and volunteers had to be enrolled for duty "in this town and harbor," an Artillery-man was placed in command of them. When the government decided to found the arsenal at Springfield (1778), another had charge of that weighty business. But many, if not most, of the corps could have been found in the active army.

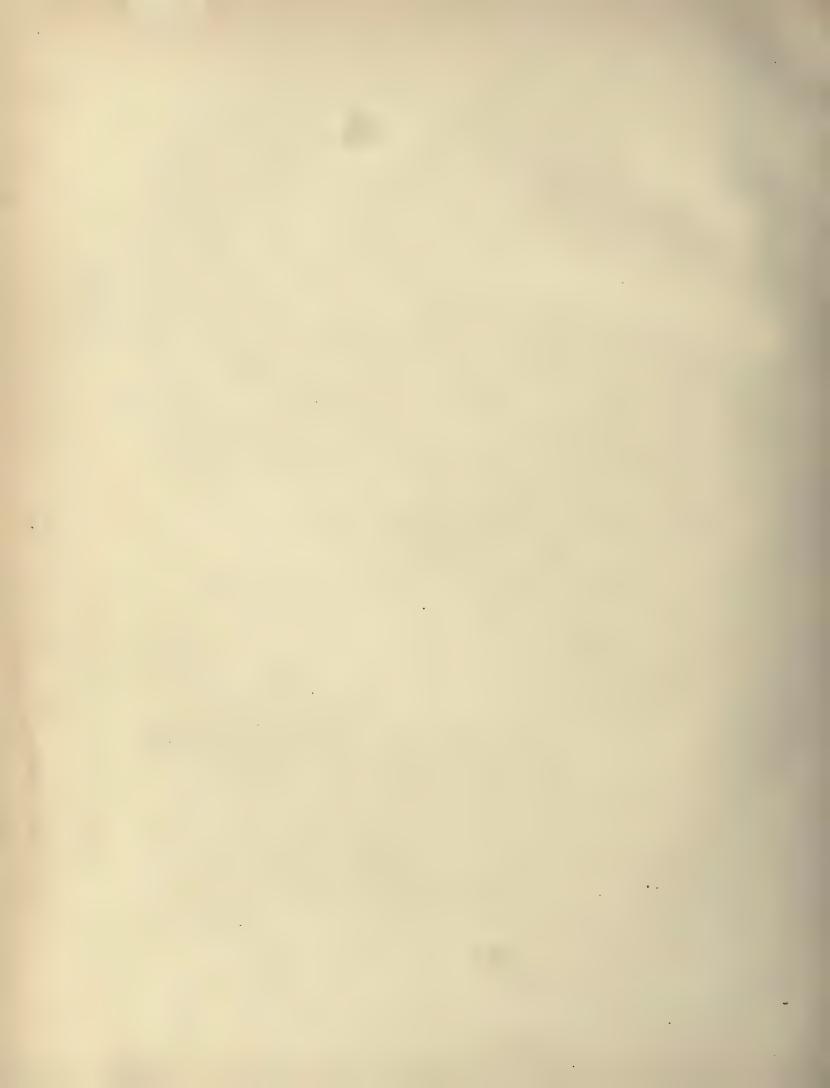


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Am Revolution



PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP IV.



Comradeship at drill, parade, and feast, however dear, was cheerfully relinquished. The time for study, the time for discipline had passed; school had closed; the call for action had sounded; and the leaders in military art and science hastened now to obey their country's call. The limits of Massachusetts bounded neither their sympathies nor their services. On every battlefield where the banner of the State shone amid the tumult, commissioned officers upheld the bright fame of the Artillery Company.

At last came Yorktown; and soon the great victory—a victory of both the English people and the American people—crowned the years of struggle. June 10, 1783, the last General of the Day in the main American army of the Revolution inspected, turned off, and visited the guards. By a remarkable chance, if nothing more, he was the same officer by whose orders, on the evening of the fight at Lexington, the first guard of that army had been mounted at the foot of Prospect Hill. His name was Major-General Heath; and he also stands upon the long roll of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.





## X



MOB seems more terrible than an army. The very fact that it obeys no control brings all its power to the surface and makes it felt. The hoarse babel of angry shouts; the sudden outbursts of sharp yells; the ceaseless boiling; the

quick, unlooked-for rushes; the fierce, cruel blows; the rumbling, roaring, and grinding; the thunder-crash; the lightning-bolt;—all these, whirling hand in hand like a dance of the furies, make a riot something dreadful to behold and fearful to resist. Over and over again regular troops have broken down before the mad rush of wild, untrained fighters. To call upon volunteers to quell a mob of their fellow-citizens, is to summon them to a supreme test.

In old England, as we have seen, the fires of religious hate burned very high. Generation after generation each party knew that the triumph of its enemy would mean the dungeon, the rack, the iron boots, the stake. The passion of sect was handed down from father to son closely blended with the flame of life. In the end, fortune placed the Protestants in power, and therefore any law favorable to the Roman Catholics appeared to the majority for a long time as a blow at themselves. Such a law passed the Houses of Parliament during the American war. To hamper the Catholics, they had been fet-



THE

GORDON

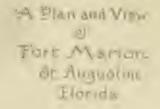
RIOTS

tered with political disabilities, and these were now struck off. Loud rose the outcry; and, after the roar died down a little, a Protestant Association, founded to secure the repeal of this new law, embodied its wrath in fighting form.

In December, 1779, Lord George Gordon became President of the Association, — the match wedded the tinder. Gordon has been called insane; and, if it is proof of insanity to turn ordinary rules of behavior topsyturvy, or, after posing as the head of Protestantism, to turn Iew and wag a long gray beard in the synagogue, then he belonged of right in a lunatic asylum. But at all events his madness had clever streaks. When he ran for Parliament in the shire of Inverness, he knew very well how to make himself a popular idol by hiccoughing Gaelic, inviting everybody to his grand balls, and carrying pretty Highland lassies to the dance and home again in his titled yacht. Ready, quick, plausible, reckless, the son of a duke, a member of Parliament, head of the Association, — he buttoned his coat every morning over a whole arsenal of dreadful possibilities.

Late in May, 1780, Gordon called a meeting of his followers in London, and announced, with many appropriate flourishes, that on the second day of June the Association and their friends would assemble, with a blue cockade on every hat, in St. George's Fields. Such a notice had been expected; it was impatiently awaited; it received an eager and ominous welcome. The tinder had caught, and hour by hour the flame spread. At least fifty or sixty thousand people, possibly even 100,000, kept the appointment, — partly honest zealots, partly schemers, partly the curious, partly the vicious; and, headed by a monster petition against the hated law — signed, as was said, with no less than 120,000 names—the main body marched boister-







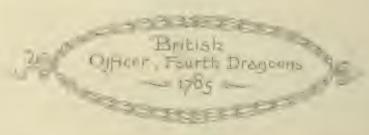
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ously across London Bridge, foamed through Temple Bar, and surged on toward the Houses of Parliament. Not one red coat, not one constable's truncheon barred the way; not a parish beadle stood there to mumble a "Disperse ye!" before taking himself off in wheezy flight. The government had been amply warned, but its drowsy ears were occupied with pleasanter sounds; no guards presented arms at Whitehall, and the blue tidal wave poured, unchecked and boiling, into Palace Yard.

The House of Lords had been summoned for that day, and shortly the peers began to arrive. An unlookedfor reception awaited them. Well aware by this time of its power, the crowd proceeded now to use it. Lord Mansfield, the venerable Chief Justice, who had recently dealt fairly by a Roman Catholic, heard himself cursed as a Papist, the windows of his carriage were smashed, his robe was torn, his wig was half pulled off, and he staggered into the House pale and trembling. Fanatics tore off the lawn sleeves of the Archbishop of York and threw them into his face. Almost fainting, the Bishop of Lincoln crawled out of the débris of his carriage, fled into a house, and escaped by the roof in another costume. Lord President Bathurst learned that he was both "an old woman" and "the Pope," and the rioters discovered precisely how fast his peruke stuck to his head. The Duke of Northumberland was dragged out of his carriage, and his Jesuitical watch and purse fell into safer keeping. Even three secretaries of state found it hard work to get through the crowd; and Lord Boston, falsely denounced by some stranger in the mob as a Romanist, was set upon, cursed, and hustled, and even came within an ace of having the sign of the cross cut on his forehead with a knife.



Lord George himself carried the great petition to the House of Commons, and his followers quickly filled the lobby. "No Popery! No Popery! Repeal! Repeal!" they shouted. Their rallies, cheers, curses, threats drowned the voice of the Speaker; and when their zeal cooled a moment, Gordon harangued them from the gallery stairs. Some of the members dared express their opinion of such doings, and the arch-agitator forthwith reported their words to the rioters. "Do you know," he cried, "do you know that Lord North calls you a mob?"

Bellows of fury rolled from their throats at that. They pounded on the door. It seemed to yield. General Conway and Lord Campbell made ready to cut their way out, rapier in hand; while Colonel Murray, with shrewder strategy, planted himself by Gordon. "The first man of them that enters," he said, "I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours." Lord George was cowed, or at least silenced; the Houses adjourned; troops and a magistrate appeared; and after burning two Roman Catholic chapels the mob dispersed.

Dispersed, yes; but it had not been quelled. The next day, Saturday, disorder began again. Sunday it increased. The houses and the chapels of "Papists" were stripped of their furniture, and the spoils fed bonfires in the streets before them. Monday the scenes grew worse. The shops of obnoxious tradesmen, as well as dwellings and churches, were now broken open and plundered; and the house of Sir George Savile, carried by storm, was pillaged. Far and wide spread the alarm. The most eminent men stood in danger. Burke had to take refuge with a friend. Tuesday the tide of sedition rose higher still. Gibbon, who watched the crowd, wrote his wife: "40,000 Puritans have started out of their graves." Yet he was only half right. The crowd hated

Front 1982



Popery still, but those who loved Protestantism had been growing fewer and fewer; and though the blue cockades still rose and fell on the waves of riot, the weight of the sea took its color from the pit, not from the sky.

A few of the violent, arrested on Friday, had been lodged in Newgate; and the mob, surging up to the great door of the prison, now demanded their release. Mr. Akerman, the keeper, refused to obey. His house was quickly attacked, pillaged, and burned. But that did not release the prisoners: what next? Ah, fire is the weapon of the mob: why not try its edge on Newgate? The prison towered there new and strong; it had cost nearly a million dollars; a few resolute men could have defended it against a city of madmen. But the resolute men could not be mustered; and the great door, though studded with huge nails, was only oak. A pile of Akerman's furniture soon rose against it; a torch flamed in the midst; the flames mounted; and alas! the doors took fire.

This blaze had an ally, too. The chapel caught from Akerman's house, and the cells from the chapel. Smoke and flame began to choke strong Newgate; 300 prisoners—some of them sentenced to be hanged the next day—filled the corridors with fearful shrieks, prayers, and curses. Oh, to be burned alive! To be roasted in one's cell! "Horror! Horror! Help! Help!" and just in time help came. The crowd burst in; the prisoners were turned loose; and a few hours later only some charred stone walls, too massive to fall, reminded the passer-by of Newgate.

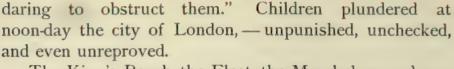
But this counted only as one among the mob's exploits. Lord Mansfield was visited. He and Lady Mansfield had barely time to escape by a back passage when the doors gave way. Another instant and the

swarm began its work. A fire was quickly kindled in the street, and into it went hangings and furniture, pictures, books, and papers. Volumes enriched by the handwriting of a Pope or a Bolingbroke joined there a priceless collection of letters from celebrated people, the fruit of almost half a century of fame, that were soon to have added lustre to the published history of the age. Nothing was respected, nothing spared. Rage, too, as well as flame had its food. The cellar was broken open, and the wines and liquors of the Chief Justice now maddened his enemies. One step more, and the work reached its goal: the mansion itself became a bonfire, and in its place the next sun beheld only a black and smoking shell.

By Wednesday, the mob reigned supreme over the minds as well as the property of London. Shops dared not open. Householders chalked "No Popery" on their shutters, or hung something blue from the casements. Even Jews wrote on their dwellings, "This house is a true Protestant," recanting before the panic as perhaps they would not have done before the stake. One universal terror enfolded all. Every one seemed to quake. Some of the rioters — even mere boys — armed with bars from Lord Mansfield's iron fence, went about singly, collecting toll for protection, and nobody thought of refusing to contribute.

Destruction seemed the proper and natural thing now,—a matter of course. Dr. Johnson watched the proceedings of one party: "They did their work at leisure," he noted, "in full security, without sentinels and without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day." Another eye-witness reports "a single boy, of 15 years at most, demolishing a house with great zeal, but much at his ease, and throwing the pieces to two boys still younger, who burnt them for their amusement, no one





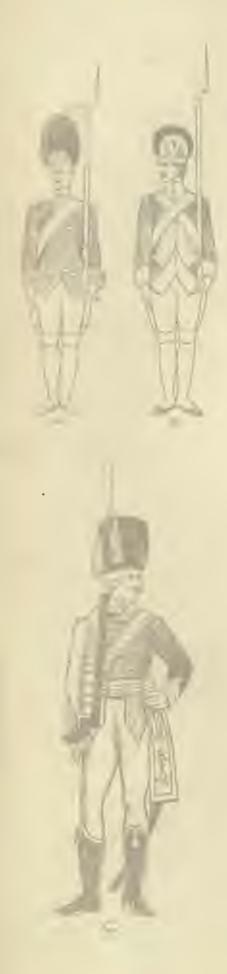
The King's Bench, the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and several other prisons yielded to one sort of harsh persuasion or another, and their inmates roamed at large. Then the emptied buildings shared the fate of Newgate. Thirty-six fires blazed and roared at one time. In Holborn, the warehouses of a Roman Catholic distiller were burst open, and his casks broached with hammers and axes. Streams of gin and brandy overflowed the gutters. Men, women, and children drank there until they fell; and soon the flames which they themselves had lighted, overtook and roasted them.

All this while, stupefaction seemed to paralyze both city and government. The Lord Mayor trembled, and the servants of the Secretary of State put the blue cockade in their hats. London had no police in those days; the tedious red-tape of the Riot Act proved vain; and even those resolute enough to draw the sword, felt that later they might stand on the gallows if they did. It was the King himself who led the way out of this ditch of death. Calling his Council together, he laid before them the question of legality. The ministers wavered; but finally the Attorney-General declared that no formality was needful, when a mob could not be restrained from felony by legal means. "Then," said the King, "I, as supreme magistrate, will see the law carried out."

But who would do the work? Who would face the triumphant mob?

The Honourable Artillery Company had not retired from existence. All the years since we last saw it parade, its drills had continued like the coming of summer and winter. Reviews and feasts had lost nothing of their





brilliancy, and an annual ball had added to the ceremonial, already so impressive. On the Grand Marches there was often a great variety of uniforms now, for the members had been allowed to wear the costumes of their regiments, and the Company still consisted largely of the officers of other corps. The rest dazzled lookers-on with scarlet coats, faced with blue and edged with white, white waistcoats and breeches, white stockings, black knee-garters, and black half-gaiters. They were still called "the Military Glory of the Nation," and the Prince of Wales held the office of Captain-General. But all their splendor covered, as of old, sound English hearts ready for the call of duty.

Now the summons came. Wednesday afternoon the Company formed and marched out into the panic and terror, the smoke and flame of the frightened city. In an old engraving we see the men advancing on the mob in Broad Street. Their lines are as trim, their pose as firm, as when they had filed past His Majesty in a Grand Review. Hat off, the commander orders the firing. Some of the rioters fall, and more take flight. The Company's surgeon aids a wounded enemy,—a kindness that nearly makes him the victim of a ruffian's bludgeon. Other corps, many of them officered by Artillery-men, join in the work of restoring order. The loss of life is heavy, but the messengers of lead are merciful after all. The fires cease. The riot soon collapses. And the next morning only ashes and smouldering ruins, red spots on the pavement here and there, bullet marks on houses, and bodies caught along the banks of the Thames, tell how London, that great and populous city, has been for days at the mercy of its own rabble.

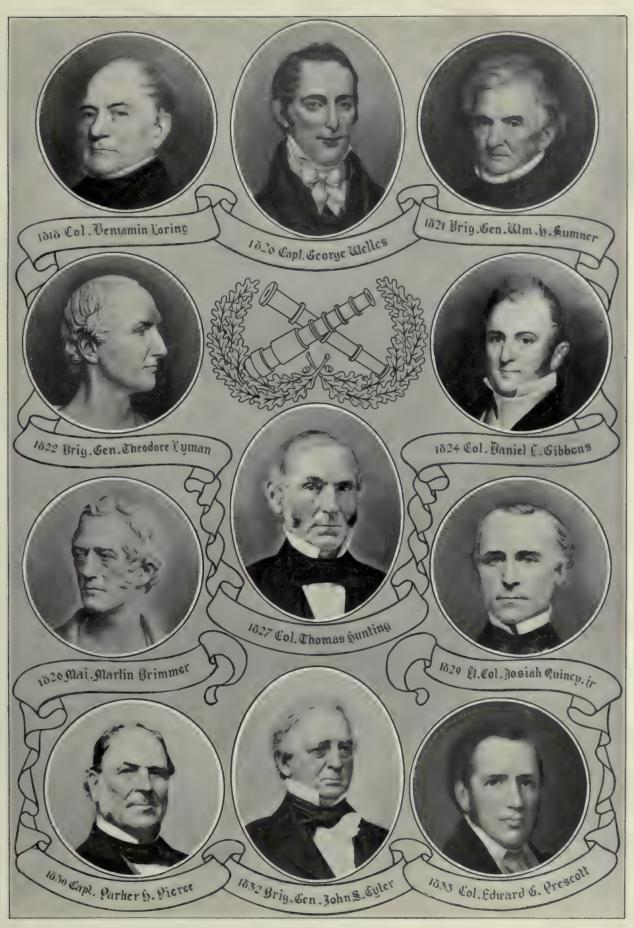
To acknowledge the great services of the Honourable Artillery Company at this time, London presented it with



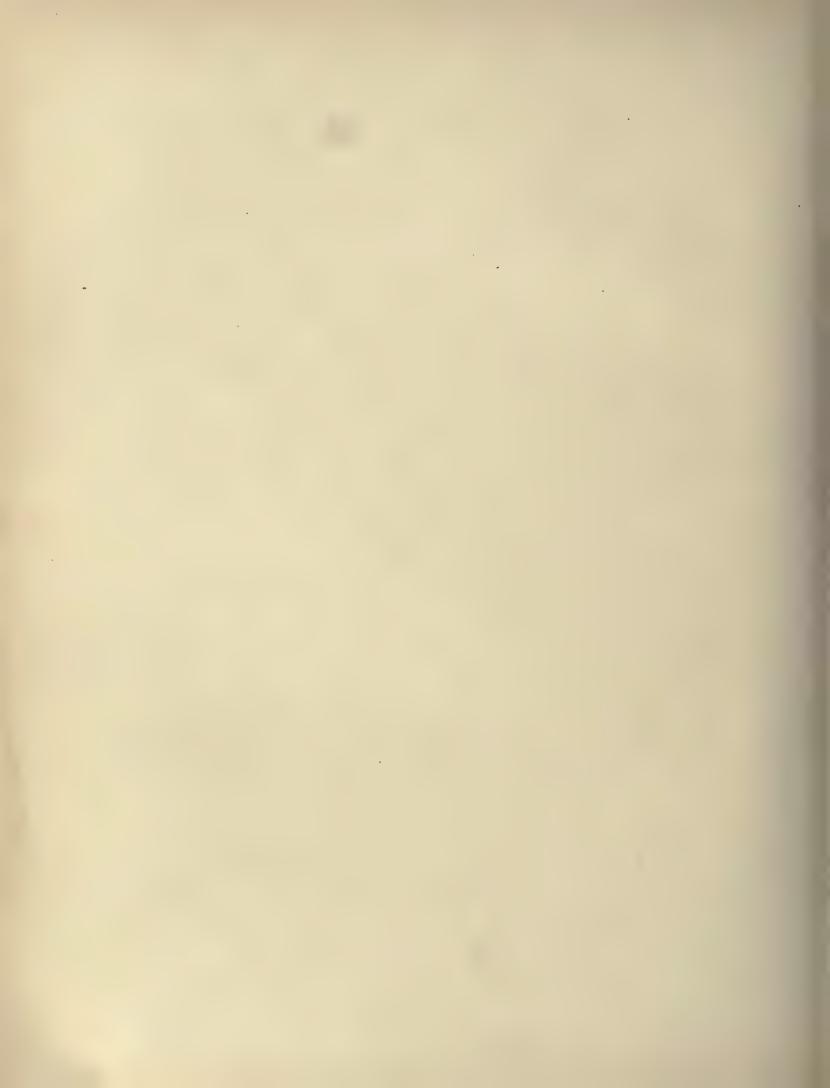
two handsome field-pieces. Then it resumed the customary tenor of its ancient way. In the unhappy conflict between the Government and the subjects of the Crown in America it had no part. King George the Third never occupied the post of Captain-General. In addressing the throne it lamented "the longer continuance" of the war; and one may fairly presume that, as a London corps, it shared the sentiments of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council. Yet no falling away in patriotism could have been detected; and, as its own declarations proved, it stood ready to fight with all its traditional valor in defence of city, throne, and fatherland.





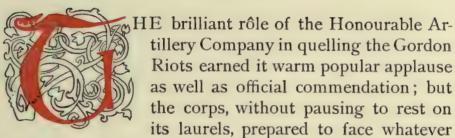


PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP V.





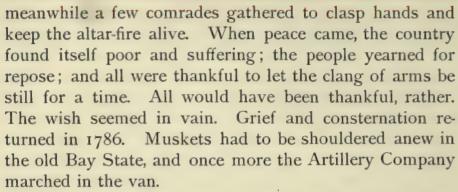
## XI



dangers the war with America, France, and Spain might bring to its doors. Every Wednesday evening that winter (1780), the armory rang with words of command; and the members—trimly clad in drill jackets, white waistcoats and breeches, black stocks, and plain hats with cockades—went through the manual with enthusiasm. New recruits pressed into the ranks; and the eight regular companies, the company of Grenadiers wearing tall black feathers in their hats—every man at least 5 feet and 9 inches in height—and the company of Light Infantry, decorated with black cockades and silver loops, made London feel very secure as they marched off to Dulwich for a sham battle the next summer.

The cousins across the Atlantic might well have envied their prosperity and peace. Rejoicing to spend and be spent in the cause of their country, they had become so scattered that neither parades nor meetings could be held. For eleven years after the clash on Lexington Green, the record book of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is a blank, though twice in the



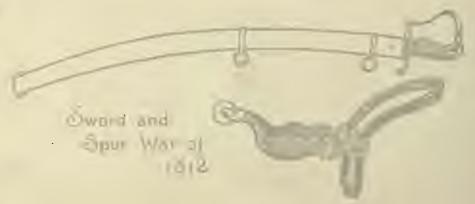


The country, as we have just said, realized its destitution when the war ceased. No man could face toward any point of the compass without finding there in huge letters the word Debt. The nation stood far in arrears, and could not begin to pay its interest. The obligations of Massachusetts ran up into heavy figures. Every town staggered under a burden of the same crushing sort; while private debts, which had slept uneasily in the roar of cannon, awoke savagely now, as beasts of prey rouse in the peace of evening, and clamored for money with double and fourfold voracity.

Neither were the springs of prosperity flowing with promise of relief. Taxes had sapped the vitality of the nation, and the devastations of eight campaigns had burned into its resources. The disbanded soldiers went home not only to penniless families, but to thorny farms, rotting shops, and forsaken counters. The whaling fleet had fallen from 150 sail to 19. During the war, all commerce had become little better than gambling. A lucky escape from British cruisers brought the merchant a fortune, which soon disappeared in the intoxication of good luck, while the loss of a few ships meant poverty; and after the most substantial of citizens had learned to rise or fall thus on the turn of a card, business and industry, so long either feverish or chilled, needed years for conva-



American Rifleman and General



lescence. When suddenly the treaty of peace raised American credit, goods were imported lavishly, people spent what they expected to make, and those without even expectations had to keep step with the rest.

The war had stopped the production of articles to export, and what could now be sent abroad found the foreign merchants buying elsewhere. Congress had no power to encourage trade by making treaties of commerce. The paper currency lost almost its last rag of value; and while the sources of income were cut off, the interest on every public and private debt grew daily at a swifter and swifter pace as public and private credit sank. People fell rapidly into misery and despair. Labor and thrift appeared vain barriers against the flood of misfortune. Some new and extraordinary remedy began to be dreamed of, because nothing else could promise to relieve such distress. A desperate disease, it was felt, required a desperate remedy.

One thing grew very clear then, -- debts were the prime cause of trouble; therefore go to, said Richard and Henry, let us have an end of debts. Courts are the agents of the creditor; therefore down with the courts! As the thought of poison grows sweet in a desperate mood, or the delusion of paper money looks rational in hard times, this idea of paying debts by wiping out the courts grew now, and spread in swiftly widening circles. Perhaps half the people of the state welcomed it, - possibly more. Mobs began to gather. At Worcester, 300 rioters posted themselves at the Court House, and the wheels of justice had to stop. At Northampton, instead of 300 there were 1500. The Governor issued a proclamation, but nobody cared. Four counties had already burst into flames, and others began to take fire. The air was full of sparks; the wind, rising. Captain Shays, a





Lepantry & Arentery That iron, of the Honourable Artiflety Company 1797 ~ 1882

veteran of the Revolution, stepped to the front of the malcontents. Thousands of hopeless debtors, many of them soldiers like himself, gathered around the standard of revolt. Government seemed at an end. Not merely a city, a state, a nation, but society itself, was in danger. Who would dare try to put out this conflagration?

Saturday afternoon, October 28, a party of men gathered at Faneuil Hall. Each wore a blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and "a plain Hatt & Cockade," and stood in all points ready for the field, "with 25 rounds of powder & Ball, with every equipment necessary to compleat a SOLDIER for immediate service." Half of the party, perhaps, bore military titles. Some were grizzled with years, and not a few could show the red scars of service in the field. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had volunteered to face the rioters, and here it waited for orders.

The Supreme Court had appointed to sit in Cambridge. Could the justices take their seats, or should the highest tribunal of the state go down? The insurgents declared they would be supreme themselves; the Artillery Company and others of like heart determined that order should reign. Court-day came. The military appeared in arms. The justices arrived, entered the court-room, sat, and rendered their judgments. Insurrection hid; and what might have been a battle ended as a parade.

Yet this counted only as one point saved; there were still many points left to gain. At the head of the Middlesex division of the militia rode a veteran of the famous Eighth Regiment, "first in, and last out of, battle." This was Colonel Brooks, a member of the Artillery Company; and he—not merely a brave fighter, but "second only to the celebrated Baron Steuben in his knowledge of tactics"



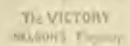


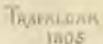
— played a notable part at this time. But it was another comrade, General Lincoln, on whom the chief duty and honor rested. He, with his four or five thousand men, received orders to put down the desperate army of Shays himself. By a night march of thirty miles over bleak hills, where a piercing north wind drove the falling snow like a sand-blast into the faces of his troops, he surprised the cozy insurgents at Petersham, fell upon them like the storm, and scattered them almost without a shot. Small parties endeavored still to keep the field, and some bullets flew; but the energy of this blow and the blows that followed it soon ended the rebellion. Peace returned; and with it came fresh honor to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Not long after this, General Lincoln found himself at Mount Vernon. A committee sat there at the time, framing the first militia law of the United States; and they begged for his assistance. Among other things, he suggested a clause maintaining the privileges and customs of independent military companies, and spoke of the Boston corps to which he belonged. General Blount of North Carolina did not like the idea, and sneeringly burst out, "Pray, who in H—1 commands this Ancient and Honorable Company?" "Your very humble servant," replied Lincoln, with a look somewhat less mild than his words. Blount was dumb; the others exchanged smiles; and soon the charter, customs, and privileges of the old and honored corps received from Congress the seal of national approbation.

When the meetings and parades began again, only 86 members were left, but about half that number entered the same year (1786), and the Company grew apace. Very soon our glorious Constitution took shape (1787), and prosperity of every sort came smiling over the hills.







Clad in a new uniform of deep-blue coats faced with buff, buff vests and breeches, white stocks, white ruffled shirts, white linen spatterdashes coming part way up the thigh and fastened with black buttons and black garters, black cocked hats with cockades of the same color, and white belts over the shoulders for bayonet-sheath and pouch, — so clad, with clubbed hair and bright gilt buttons, the Artillery-men went through their time-honored parades with fresh life.

For a long while John Hancock occupied the Governor's chair, and even when too ill to leave the house he would inaugurate the new officers of the Company at his home "with much politeness and attention." Samuel Adams, "Father of the Revolution," who succeeded him, was equally cordial and equally infirm. Then arose Increase Sumner, a portly and commanding personage.

A few days after his inauguration, resplendent in a gorgeous new uniform, the Governor attended on the Common to present their insignia to the newly chosen officers of the Company. It required no little coolness to enter that magnificent presence and get safely back again; yet all were successful except one, — and he proved more than successful. The Ensign, quite overpowered by the Governor's magnificence and his powerful address on the glorious responsibility of bearing the colors, received the standard with a shaking hand, and quite forgot the extemporaneous reply that he intended to make. "May it please your Excellency," he began. No sign of anything save benignity appeared on that exalted countenance, yet the Ensign stopped short. "May it please your Excellency!"—again he began, and again he stopped. Then, gripping the flagstaff till it almost groaned, he cried, "I have got this standard, and I will keep it!" This was the spirit of Company as well as Ensign, and their mar-



Elm Fran Stores Dimbarding August 1816 tial prayer found expression in one of their toasts: "May we never oblique from the centre of prosperity; but, by advancing in right steps, be promoted in the day of universal review!"

Not many years passed before their zeal received another proof. Tangled by the sharp talons of Napoleon's crafty policy, the interests of Great Britain and the United States drew again at cross purposes, and our War of 1812 gave the Corsican a gleam of cheer, as he brooded over the dead embers of his Russian campaign. For a while the American frigates, larger and more heavily manned in most cases than British vessels of the same class, had a brilliant success. Out of 18 duels between individual ships, Americans have claimed the victory in no less than 15. But we counted only six frigates fit for duty, while the British navy had more than 800 vessels of war; and after a time the wide Atlantic no longer saw the stars and stripes at the masthead of a single national ship. Boston, like every other seaport, understood her danger; and, although New England had not favored the war, preparations for the enemy seemed necessary.

Once more the Ancients came forward. Those holding commissions in the militia stood of course in their places; but members who belonged to no other corps, and even men exempted by age, pressed forward to serve (1814). A unique position was awarded the Company: it had permission to remain independent, and receive orders only from the Governor. Weekly drills began, and a guard service at night became an established thing. Yet, as at earlier and at later times, it rendered its greatest service through other corps. In the militia lists, revised in 1815, we find two major-generals, 8 brigadier-generals, three lieutenant-colonels commandant, five

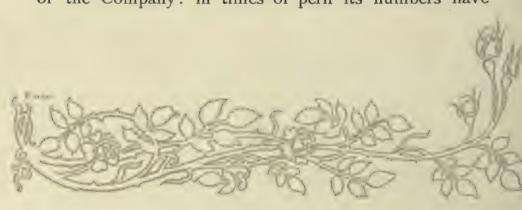




majors, and 18 captains, whose names adorn also the rolls of the Artillery Company. A noble share was this in the military life of the state.

Placed still nearer to Napoleon, the parent Company had still more to suffer. Almost from the beginning of the French Revolution, English sympathizers plotted for a similar explosion in England; and the choicest dream of the Emperor's bold spirit promised an invasion of the tight little island. Indeed, this danger became greater than ever before, — greater than when the Spanish army waited at Dunkirk, greater than when a French fleet actually landed soldiers at Teignmouth. An abler captain than the Prince of Parma now led vaster forces. 200,000 bayonets gleamed on the heights of Boulogne in 1804, and the soldiers practised at embarking in their flatbottomed boats until a whole army could push off like a fisherman in his shallop. With one short respite, these perils - now more, now less acute - lasted for twentytwo years; and the menaces of a foreign foe had their counterpart in the sullen treason of malcontents at home. England seemed to live, move, and have its being on the flaky, trembling crust of a Mauna Loa.

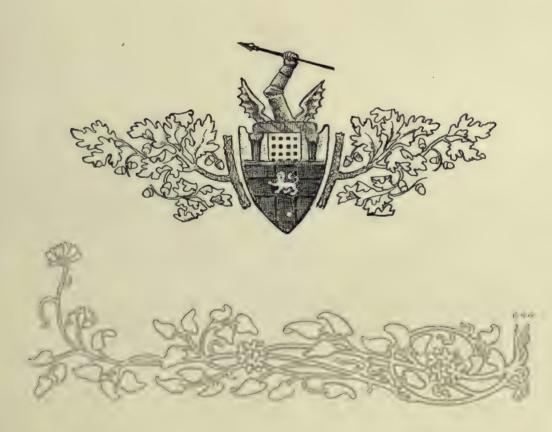
And all these years, the Honourable Artillery Company—a purely voluntary body, be it remembered, wholly unpaid—watched faithfully over its charge, the tranquillity of the metropolis and the security of the throne. As early as 1794, it was called out on three occasions, though the Lord Mayor desired to claim its aid only when the crisis became acute. Over and over again the summons came, especially for guard duty at night; and the heads of city and nation testified in a most formal manner how ready and how valuable this assistance was. A single fact marks the real significance of the Company: in times of peril its numbers have





grown large, not small. So it proved now. Before the war ended, more than 1000 men stood in its ranks, and the drills continued till no regulars could perform them better.

It was a gallant sight when Paul le Mesurier, for more than ten years its Colonel, saluted at the head of the corps with his gold-mounted, enamelled sword, — his powerful figure, straight as a rifle-barrel, clad in a "superfine" scarlet coat, with lapel and facings of royal blue trimmed with silver loops, and edges as well as turn-back of white; his legs cased in white Kerseymere; his martial features crowned with a leather helmet, chained and edged with gilded metal, rising into a mountain of black bearskin, and flanked on right and left with the Prince's plume and a lofty white and red feather; while epaulets, gorget, silken sash, and the white belt over his right shoulder gleamed resplendently. The old King's eyes glistened as this brave officer led the famous Company past at reviews; and they shone no less when the many duties of the Prince of Wales, its Captain-General, permitted him to lead the march.









Section of Ball

Fixe) Ville

## XII

HERE is always a crisis in the government," said President McKinley, and it is very true that insurrection or war seems hardly ever far distant; but in 1815 the sky of America domed the country with an almost

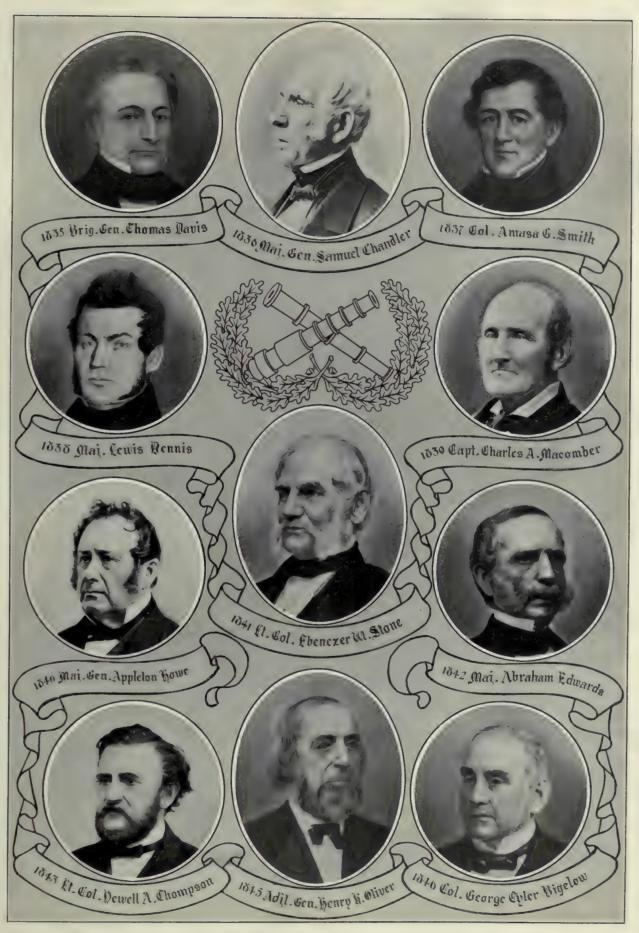
cloudless vault, and it hung there, blue and radiant, for a long and happy period.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, always prominent in peace as truly as in war, prospered and helped others prosper. Up to the time when Boston donned the full regalia of a city (1822), 110 out of 274 selectmen, seven out of nine town recorders, six out of eight town clerks, and eleven out of 25 town treasurers had been members of the corps; and neighboring places had shared in its services as they had in its roster. Generals like Winslow, Brooks, Welles, Crane, Dearborn, Mattoon, Tyler, Thompson, and Howe were proud to carry muskets in the parades. Mayors like Brimmer and Lyman shed lustre equally on city and Company. Scholars and orators like Edward Everett and Robert C. Winthrop could step from the ranks to any rostrum in the land, and then step back without losing dignity.

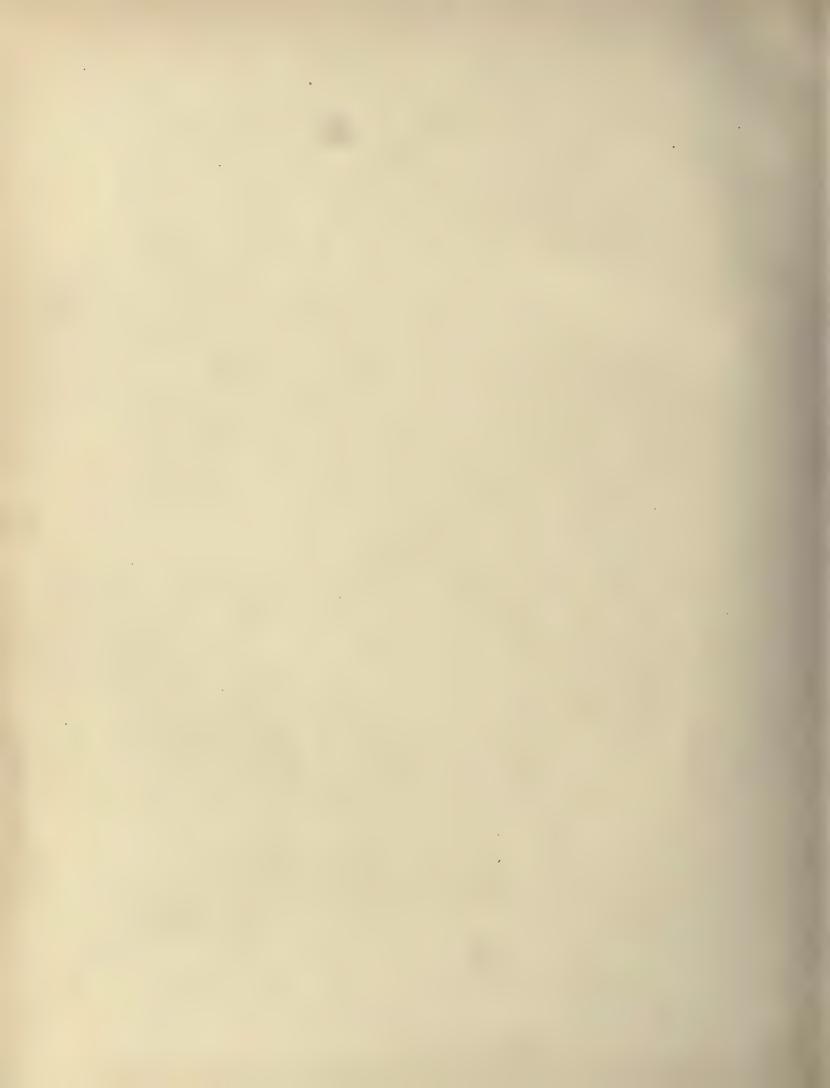
When Lafayette revisited in such a burst of glory the country his arms had aided to free, an Artillery-man led his escort in Boston. When the fierce heats of the



Crugg's Ball Proof Vessel Potenteum 1314



PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP VI.



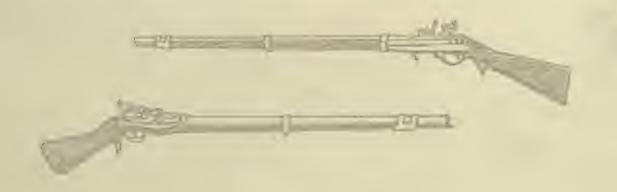
slavery dispute broke to the surface in the Garrison Riot (1835), and a mob dragged the agitator through the streets of Boston with a rope around his body, another member, General Lyman, the lawyer and author, kept the city's helm steady and her course true. When Daniel Webster entered the President's Cabinet, it was a comrade who took his place in the senate.

Yet the prime duty of the corps, as a school for officers, never faded from view. In every military move the Ancients took an active share: for example, when the company of National Lancers organized (1837), they made up nearly half its roll and accepted all of its commissions. But their main field of work lay still in the militia. In 1821, the government of the state officially declared that from the date of its charter the Company had been, and still continued to be, "composed principally of commissioned officers," and that large numbers of such men had lately joined it "for the laudable purpose of promoting a uniformity of drill and field exercise throughout the militia, in furtherance of the laws of the United States."

The next year, John Adams, the venerable ex-President, wrote with no uncertain sound: "When a nation loses its consciousness of its own power, and a confidence in its own energies and its resources, it will soon become a prey even to the most contemptible horde of warlike invaders. Nothing has contributed so much to propagate and perpetuate those manly feelings and sentiments in North America, as your association." At that moment, all the members bore arms for the state; seven out of every eight held commissions; and thirteen wore the gilded epaulets of generals. The parades were something amazing. Every man appeared in the uniform of his militia rank and corps. Representing in their dress the many branches and divisions of the state forces, and



HALL'S Herein Loading Rolle Adopted by H.S.A (87)



gleaming with all the insignia of high rank, captains, colonels, and generals marched as foot-soldiers over the dusty pavements, and with true democratic spirit rubbed shoulders in equal comradeship with an ensign or a private.

Far less quietly ran the career of the Parent Company. When the tyrant Napoleon, the mortal foe of England, lay chained to the rock of St. Helena, the repose of peace after twenty years of deadly combat seemed a halcyon respite. But foreign war only changed its front into domestic strife. Armies of disbanded soldiers and navies of released sailors invaded the labor market, and many could obtain no work. Muskets, uniforms, cannon, gunpowder, sails, and spars no longer had to be manufactured; and hosts of good artisans found their larder as empty as Dame Hubbard's. Goods made up for sale on the Continent choked and ruined both industry and commerce, for the Continent had no power to buy them. War had burnt up wealth, and raised mountains of debt. Taxes grew heavy as capital grew light. Whole parishes were deserted; and the laborers, gathering numbers as they moved, wandered aimlessly about as an army of threatening paupers. The heavens themselves appeared to lose the quality of mercy. Incessant rains and cold, stormy winds ruined many a harvest field; and, before the end of 1816, grain doubled its price.

The soil of sedition, wrote Bacon, is "much poverty and much discontentment." That soil was now fat, and ripe fruit soon fell from the trees. In Suffolk the famishing crowds attacked the mills; the threshing-machines, which robbed good men of their labor, were broken up in full day; and the sky of every night glowed with the blaze of set fires. At Brandon, great bodies marched about, waving flags that said, "Bread or blood!" and pulling down the houses of butchers and bakers. Little-

port fell prey to a band of peasants; and, after two days and two nights, the comely town looked as if a foreign army had sacked it. At Dundee a hundred shops were pillaged; and at Glasgow the war between mob and soldiers made pandemonium for days.

London, of course, did not escape. The town swarmed with agitators and theorizers. At the Hampden Club met "firebrand" Cobbett, Cartwright the enthusiast, bellowing Hunt, and a throng of men less distinguished but hardly less dangerous. "The Cock" in Grafton Street, "The Nag's Head" at Carnaby Market, "The Mulberry Tree" in Moorfields, and other such resorts, listened eagerly to the eloquence of "Spencean Philanthropists," who demanded that the nation own the land. In many a back-room, discontented workmen pulled at their long pipes till the air was fit only for a chimney, guzzled half-pints of porter till it might have enriched a brewery, and, knocking their hard knuckles on the tables, cheered, or shouted for "Order!" till what common sense they had brought into the room grew as dark as the grimy windows.

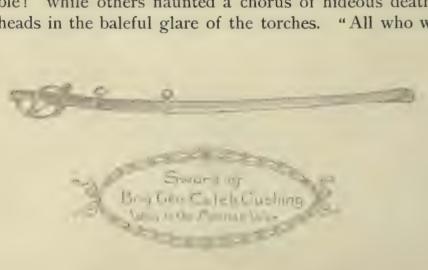
Then came a great meeting at Spa Fields. "If they will not give us what we want, shall we not take it?" cried young Watson. "Are you willing to take it? Will you go and take it? If I jump down amongst you, will you come and take it? Will you follow me?" At every question, louder and louder grew the roar of "Yes!" and when he saw the iron was red, Watson leaped down, led his disciples to a gunsmith's, killed one man, plundered the shop, and paraded Cheapside.

What would be the end of it? Nobody knew. For a week the city felt every moment in danger. The armory of the Honourable Artillery Company was threatened; and besides guarding that for nearly six

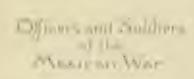
weeks, the Company had to assemble twice, ready to fight the malcontents. This took place in December. Twice the next February they turned out again; and from this time on alarms trod on one another's heels. The distress of the poor seemed in truth too great for curing, and a spell mighty enough to lull the volcano, human wit felt powerless to discover. In 1819 the Company turned out seven times. The next spring hatched the Cato Street conspiracy to kill the whole ministry; and, when the plot came to light, orders were given the Artillery-men secretly to prepare for bloody work.

So far, however, wise heads and firm hands had kept disorder within some bounds; but soon the forces of danger appeared to be massing a solid phalanx. In 1832, after an agitation that shook the corner-stone of the nation, England accepted the great Reform Bill, and the House of Commons became once more true to its name. But the radicals were not satisfied. The middle class had indeed scored a victory, and gained a voice in the land; but the masses, the day-laborers, the men without property, after helping win the battle, discovered that no booty fell to them. With all the old clamor, then, and with new wrath, they began once more.

By the autumn of 1838, though her gracious and kindly Majesty Queen Victoria sate now on the throne, the red shadow of not merely riot but revolution lay clearly across the path of the nation. Workmen could not afford time to meet by day; but they lighted their smoky torches by the thousands, and came together in lurid conclaves at night. "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one," said one of their banners; a second answered, "Tyrants, believe and tremble!" while others flaunted a chorus of hideous death's heads in the baleful glare of the torches. "All who will







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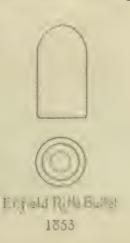
buy arms, hold up your hands!" cried Stephens once from the platform, and a forest of hands quivered in the air. The demands of the masses took shape in the "People's Charter." The poorest of men should have a vote, and poverty should not even bar a man from the House of Commons, declared the Chartists; and arguments harder than words enforced their meaning. Five thousand Welsh miners, some with guns and some with scythes, raided the town of Newport; and when the mob at Birmingham had scattered, the Duke of Wellington thought the damage more frightful than he had seen in places carried by assault.

For ten years this People's Charter, the black cloud of the volcano, hung over England; and in 1848, after many rumblings and roarings, many earthquakes and spurts of red lava, the crater made ready to burst. Just across the Channel, republicanism and socialism had overturned the throne of Louis Philippe, though he called himself the "Citizen King," and a mob had given laws to a nation. Were not the workmen of London as brave as those of Paris, and were they not as strong? Triumph began to seem easy. "Hurrah for revolution!" "Hurrah for victory!"

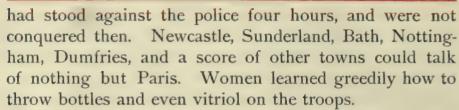
The meetings of the Chartists grew bigger and bigger now. Buildings could not hold the crowds. Clerkenwell Green, Stepney Green, Bethnal Green, and Trafalgar Square overflowed with cheering masses. Meet they would, let the authorities bid or forbid. Fighting between the crowds and the police began. Windows and lamps were smashed, bread and beer seized. The mob was sharpening its talons, whetting its wrath.

Then came news from the provinces. In Glasgow the people had broken into bakeries and gun-shops, crying, "Bread or revolution!" At Manchester, insurgents





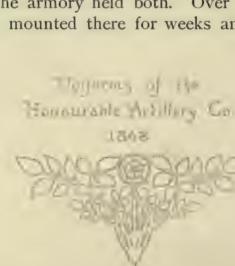




March 13, some 20,000 persons assembled on Kennington Common, London. Jones, one of the speakers, declared that in England the authorities would not resist at all,—a man might as well fight his own shadow; the people were everything; it was only necessary to go forward and help oneself. Meeting followed meeting. Whoever counselled moderation found himself howled down. "Have we wooden legs, or cork arms?" cried a speaker. What a roar went up at that! "Forward, be it with an iron heel!" was the watchword.

April 10 was to be the great day. A petition without precedent, said to bear nearly six million names, would be ready, and half a million signers would present it at Westminster. What would follow, should the petition be rejected? The Gordon Riots were not yet forgotten; but the Protestant Association had been only a baby in comparison with the Chartists, and the metropolis awoke that morning with a shiver.

All these years of agitation the Honourable Artillery Company had borne its full share of the public burden. For more than a century it had been "almost the only military force on which the civil authorities could rely for assistance in case of sudden emergency or disturbance." Over and over again, from the time of the Gordon Riots on, it had been called out as the defence of order. The present commotions proved no exception. A mob hungers exceedingly for muskets and gunpowder, and the armory held both. Over and over guards had to be mounted there for weeks and months at a time.









Once already, the Company had been assembled for three days of service. Now they were summoned again in order to defend the Guildhall, a post of special danger and honor. At seven o'clock in the morning they mustered, and only three men failed to answer at roll-call: one of them had fallen seriously ill, and the others were out of the country.

Quite different they looked from the same corps as we have seen it. The evolution in arms and equipment that had left the castle and long-bow, the galleon and coat of mail far behind, though not so rapid as before and since, had been at work meanwhile. The famous Victory, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, seemed ancient now, for Fulton's Demologos had ushered in the era of steam warships. The old principle of loading at the breech had been revived and made to work well. Alexander Forsyth, a clergyman of Scotland, had invented the percussion gun in 1807, and flintlocks no longer adorned the shoulders of the Artillery Company. Armor had ceased to shield any part of their anatomy; and now, after repeatedly changing good costumes for better, they stood arrayed — by the particular favor of William the Fourth — in the splendid scarlet uniform of the Grenadier Guards.

With martial brevity, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzroy addressed the men: "Be firm," he said, "do your duty; stand by one another; fire low; and pick off the ringleaders!" Then the armory gates swung open, and the Company moved out. It seemed like plunging into a whirlwind. With malignity that amounted to an ovation, the populace howled and screamed at these dreaded champions of order. But they only wasted their energy. Hooted, cursed, and pelted, the scarlet coats moved on unfalteringly toward the Guildhall. They arrived there,

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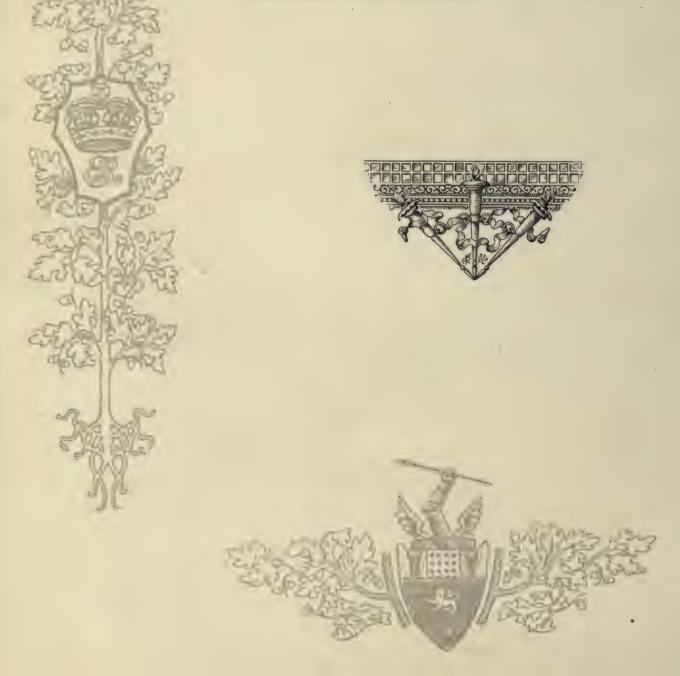


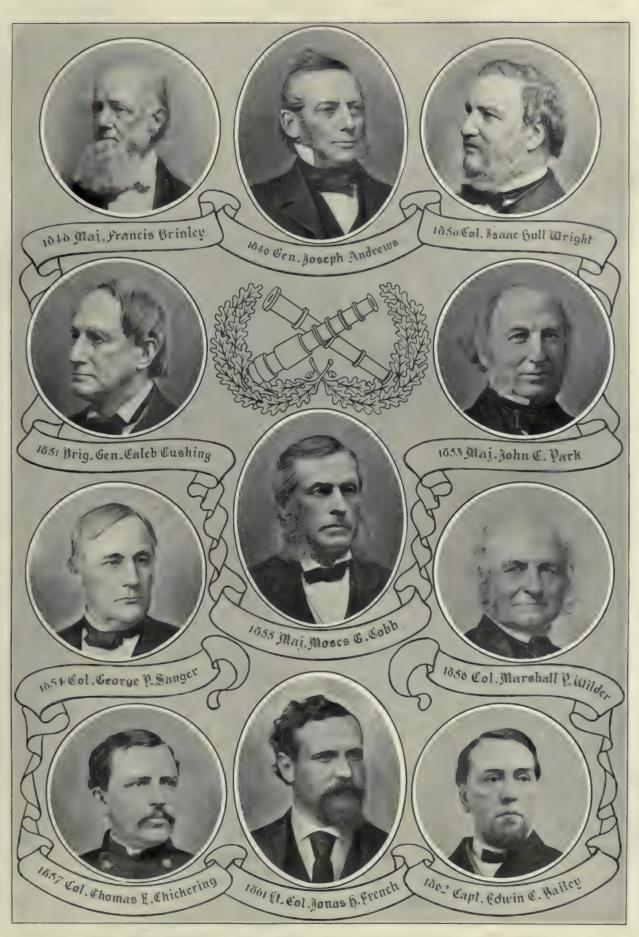
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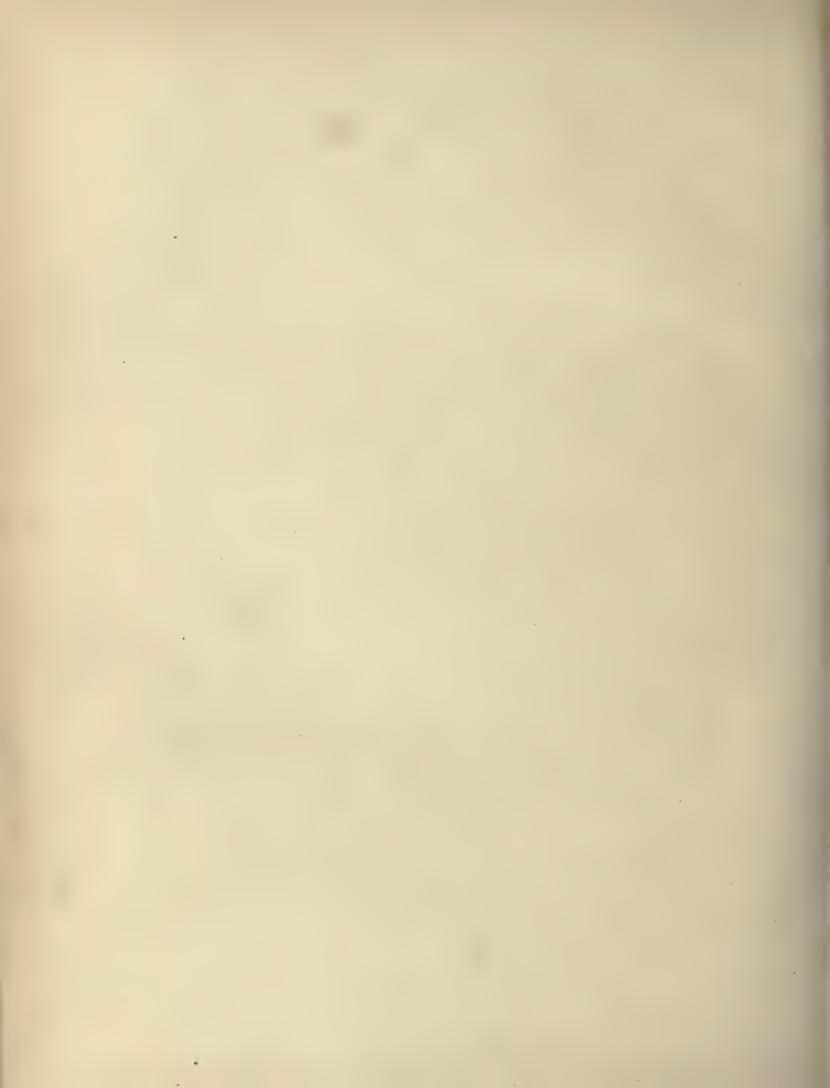
and took post. The hardest ordeal had now been met; the march was itself a battle and a victory; should the rioters come, hot blood would make the rest easy.

They did not come. Nearly 200,000 special constables had been sworn in, — among them Louis Napoleon, who was to pick a crown out of that muddy riot in the streets of Paris. The Iron Duke commanded the military, and people knew that the victor of Waterloo would not fear to shoot. Instead of half a million, only 30,000 persons met on Kennington Common. No procession ventured to form; and the police were able to quell every disturbance. But the city had been grievously alarmed, and the Honourable Artillery Company had shown once more that it would not flinch.





PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP VII.





## XIII

UT no riot ever weighed more than thistle-down beside the terrific struggle that now drew swiftly near. A great nation was to plunge over Niagara. The steam of the gulf was to rise like the thick smoke of battle; the roar of the waters,

to reverberate like the thunder of cannon. And after the plunge, was to come a terrible combat with rapids and whirlpool.

England, however, approached no such disaster. The Crimean war, with its dreadful blunders and its glorious heroisms, its freezing, starving camp, its Balaclava and its Sebastopol, arrived ere long (1854–1856), and not a few men trained on the Artillery Ground enlisted; yet at home the Queen's mild reign wore the crown of peace and content. There was little for the Honourable Artillery Company to do; but, under the command of the Prince Consort, the friend of America and of all men, it kept its arms bright and its fires burning. By 1853, the corps included Artillery, Grenadiers, Rifles, Light Infantry, and eight companies of Foot, besides a body of Veterans with a uniform of their own; and, a little later, Horse Artillery and Light Cavalry added strength and éclat.

Yet this whole establishment continued to be purely voluntary. With but rare and special exceptions, all its



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expenses for arms, uniforms, ammunition, cannon, horses, armory, grounds, were met without assistance from the public treasury; and heavy purses bore contributions now and then from the Artillery quarters to charitable or patriotic funds. The time for drills and reviews had to be taken from work and pleasures that craved it all; and a weighty responsibility rested on shoulders quite enough burdened with other cares.

A sense of duty performed, the commendation of the Government, and the applause of city and nation were the glorious rewards. The bays of public recognition grew thickly, and never had time to fade. Often when the Queen or the Prince Consort, or—later—the Prince of Wales appeared for some public function, a body of the Artillery-men formed the Guard of Honor; and when a foreign prince—the King of Denmark, the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of France, the future Emperor of Germany, the Sultan—visited England, the Company was officially brought before him.

The year 1863 proved one of its climaxes. At that time, by the regular course of nomination and ballot, the Prince of Wales became a member; and soon after—though very few places held by the lamented Prince Consort were allowed to be filled—he received the appointment of Captain-General. The same year recorded the marriage of His Royal Highness; and when Albert Edward and Alexandra made their entry into the metropolis, nearly 600 of the Honourable Artillery Company turned out in their honor.

Famous London Bridge was their chief station, and they lined the roadway two deep. Hundreds of emblazoned banners floated from high, crowned masts above them, and a superb triumphal arch spanned the City end of the bridge; but the guards themselves attracted more

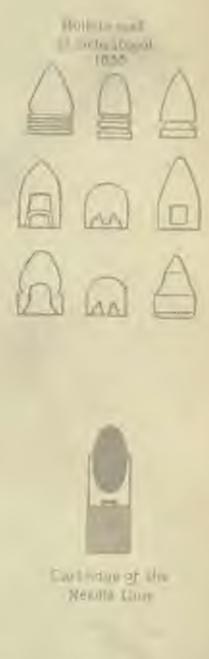


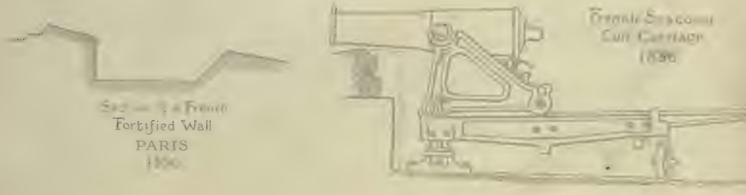
eyes. Clad in fresh uniforms,—their laced and embroidered scarlet coats too bright to look at without winking, their trim blue trousers brilliantly set off with scarlet welts, their high bearskin caps quite appallingly fierce, and all their minor trappings, their swords, and their Enfield rifles as bright as the sun,—they seemed worthy of the brilliant occasion.

A month later Brighton witnessed a grand review; and, if one may judge from the London Times, the Company's Horse Artillery bore off the palm. To gallop with cannon at a racing pace is more interesting than easy, more hazardous than amusing; but these men rode, sword in hand, like automata. An oil painting has fixed the scene: the troopers in dark-blue tunics, edged with silver cord, trimmed with scarlet, and barred across the front with scarlet braid; a white plume rising out of their brown busbies, and a scarlet bag falling over the right side of them; their steel scabbards rattling, their yellow spurs gleaming, and their figured pouches flying; while the guns rocked and rumbled and bounced and plunged in the dust behind. But perhaps one line in a law enacted by Parliament the same year tells more than anything else of the preëminence now attained by this ancient body. It was called the Volunteer Act; yet it exempted the Honourable Artillery Company by name from all of its regulations.

How startling the contrast between the two Companies just then,—one sharing in pageants, the other in battles!

From the time of the Garrison Riot in Boston, a deepening line of cleavage split the United States more and more in twain. North and South drew farther apart. On both sides, convictions pushed their roots deeper and still deeper, as if trying to grasp the very foundation





stones of the planet. Ideas gradually sharpened themselves into swords; passions crystallized into gunpowder.

The annexation of Texas, which gave us an empire of new possibilities, roused bitter protests at the North. Had not southern slaveholders colonized that region, in order to plant their institution there, and some day add this vast realm to the domain of slavery? Had not southern politicians been ready to defy heaven and earth to carry out the plot? Had not a slave-owning President made a treaty of annexation in the dark, and had he not finally carried it through in the broad light of day?

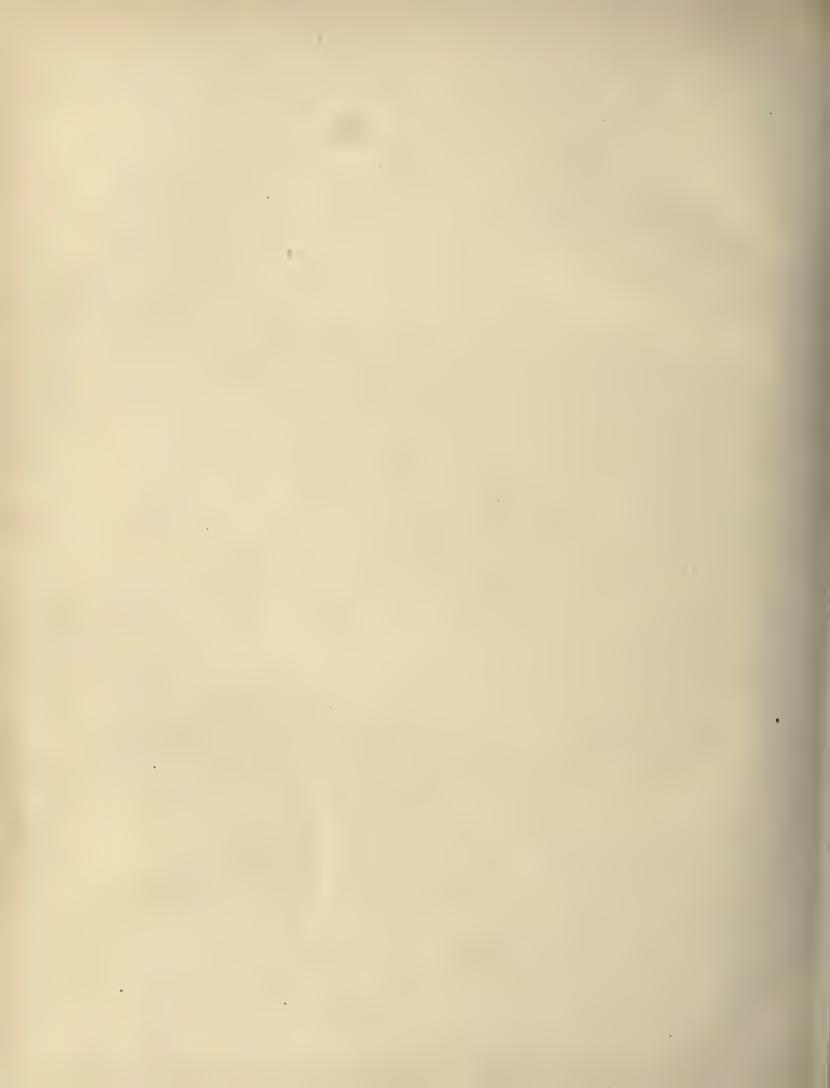
Next, the war with Mexico gave us as the prize of victory a great new area in the southwest; and, while all gloried in the honor of American arms, the North grew bitterer still on finding soon that slavery, prohibited on Mexican soil, was to spread its noxious foliage there unchecked after the American flag waved over it. Once more the slavocracy had broadened its foundations; where would its ambition leave an abiding-place for freedom?

A new law now opened northern cities and villages to the man-hunter as never before. Armed with a simple affidavit of ownership — true or false — a stranger could enter a black man's door in Massachusetts, lay hands upon his wife and himself, and flog them to a dreadful death in the sugar plantations of Louisiana. For every creature who could read, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a moral burning-glass, focussed the possible tragedies and crimes of slavery into a point of light that bit its hot way to the very core of humanity.

The Missouri Compromise, accepted by the North as the minimum of protection against encroachments from below, was suddenly repealed, and the gates of territory sacred to freedom opened to the slave-driver and his



PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP VIII.



whip. Soon the yellow sands of Kansas grew strangely red: blood had begun to flow in this contest. Not satisfied with all their gains, southern politicians talked of seizing Cuba if Spain would not sell it; and snatches were made at Mexican and Central American territory. At no matter what price, it seemed, the slavocracy must be too mighty to fear uprooting.

The Dred Scott Decision, right or wrong, notified the country then, as if by the sound of trumpet, that even the old free states of the North might see the hated system forced into them, and proclaimed that a national issue had arisen which the country could not evade. Lincoln's debate with Douglas drew the lines tense; the mad though heroic raid of John Brown snapped them; and at half-past four o'clock in the morning, April 12, 1861, the flash of Beauregard's cannon announced to Fort Sumter and the world that the greatest civil war of all time had begun.

Not only numbers, not only the valor and sincerity of both sides, not only the magnitude of the stake were to make the struggle terrific; but the machinery of battle had never been so frightfully good before. The scientific spirit of the new age had brooded over the arts of war no less than over the arts of peace. One by one the hoarded secrets of nature made their way to foundry, machineshop, and arsenal. Steel became almost another metal; tools of precision began to make wonders possible; and the new skill of mechanics achieved the wonders.

The percussion gun, invented in 1807 and considerably used by 1820, sprang to the fore in 1827, when the needle-gun revealed its power. Nine years more, and this very new thing, wedded to a very old one, gave birth to the breech-loading needle-gun. Another mediæval idea—that of rifling the bore—which was patented in Eng-



land three years before Captain Robert Keayne secured his charter, added fresh value to the new gun, though the bullet had to be driven into the grooves by the slow hammering of a ramrod. In 1849, Captain Minié saw how to better this. Using a long ball instead of a round one, he scooped out the back end, set a thimble there, and made the exploding powder force a ridge of thin iron into the spirals. Four years more, and an improved version of this, called the Enfield rifle, was adopted for the British army.

In the Tower of London one finds a revolver that Henry the Eighth may have seen; but it was left for an American to make the raising of the hammer turn a cylinder; and when the migration to the new gold fields called for handy "shooting-irons," a year before Minié thought out his bullet, Colt began selling pistols in good earnest.

At the other extreme, cannon, taking lessons of the rifle, had grown to large proportions and wonderful efficiency. The idea of loading at the breech and the notion of rifling the bore came very early, as we have seen; but only after centuries could ways to realize their value be worked out. During the Crimean War the Lancaster Gun, with its flattened and twisted bore, attempted to solve the problem of rifled ordnance; but other and better lines of development were followed. In Germany, Friedrich Krupp had discovered how to cast steel, and his son Alfred went on after 1848 to develop the cannon that bear the family name. In England, Whitworth devised a rounded hexagonal bore, with a projectile to fit it, and manufactured guns with an accuracy that stood to what preceded him as 100 to 3; while Armstrong summed up a long course of experiments on cannon in ordnance fifty-seven times as efficient as the

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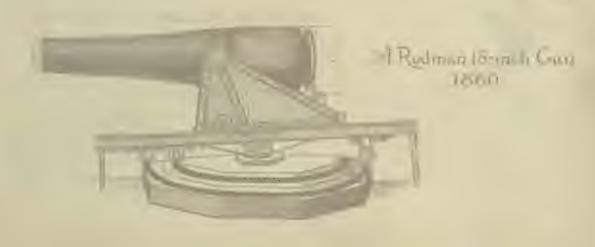
common artillery of his day. The Italian campaigns of 1859 proved the value of the new rifled field-pieces, and the whole world hurried to buy them.

Neither had the United States been idle. Dahlgren produced an improved gun for hollow balls; Rodman, deeply versed in the mysteries of casting, devised a type, which — though loaded at the muzzle and not grooved — had remarkable power, and opened the way to all further advances; while Parrott, of the West Point foundry, turned out rifled ten-pounders that could not be despised. Still another mediæval arm, the organ-gun of the 15th century, was soon to reappear on the battlefields of the West as the "Requa rifle-battery," an avant-courier of the mitrailleuse; Gatling was to manufacture in 1862 the forerunner of many styles of machine guns; and Rodman's perforated cakes of powder revolutionized ordnance ammunition.

Ships, meantime, lagged a bit, perhaps; but they soon overtook the van. Charles the Second may have examined the screw-propeller invented by Hooke. If he did, it seemed no doubt of small account. But a century and a half later, Smith and Ericsson opened a new era of steam-navigation by its aid. Only a third as long had the principle of Gregg's ball-proof vessel to wait. The pace of the world had quickened; and in 1862, after more or less encouraging experiments in France and England, the iron sides of the Monitor and Merrimac announced the greatest change that naval architecture had known since the "wooden walls" of her triremes had been the refuge of classic Athens. The armor that horses and men had lost, returned in vaster measure, like bread cast upon the waters, on the ships of war.

With all these new means of destruction, the blue and the gray were to dash now into the harvest of blood.





Yet brave men did not flinch, and least of all the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. As the crisis drew near, patriots hurried to its banner. In the four years before the first shot flew across Charleston harbor, 437 recruits were admitted; and when the hour for action sounded, Artillery-men stepped instantly to the front. One of them organized and led the First Rifle Battalion of Massachusetts, which tendered its services earlier than any other corps. Another commanded the first troops in the country that actually set out for the front. Another climbed the long stairway to the Massachusetts Capitol, and offered his regiment for "three years or the war" while the Government was enlisting men for only three months. Still another equipped and inspected all the Massachusetts troops that went south in answer to Lincoln's first call, and then, buckling on his sword, followed them to the field.

On that fearful day in Baltimore, the anniversary of Lexington, when ten thousand rioters showered brickbats, cudgels, and paving-stones on Bay State soldiers bound for Washington, one Ancient commanded the regiment and another led the company that offered up the first blood shed for the Union. When Bull Run hurled the brave but undisciplined army of the North in hopeless fragments back across the Potomac, a member of the Company organized, drilled, and inspired the masses of new recruits that hurried forward; and the victor of Gettysburg said well: "Had there been no McClellan, there could have been no Grant."

All through the struggle Artillery-men fought like heroes. Differing in rank, they were alike in valor. At the battle of Oak Grove, Cowdin and the First Massachusetts charged with hurrahs through mud and water almost waist-deep. After the dreadful rout at Ball's





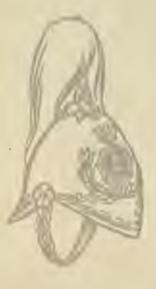
Bluff, Hincks stood fast on Harrison's Island with his Enfield rifles. Lee tasted the joy of victory at Roanoke Island. Shepard helped mightily to keep Missouri in the Union. Dudley, commanding the right wing of a brigade, beat off a fierce attack at Baton Rouge. Pierce had his right arm torn away by a cannon-ball at White Oak Swamp, fell into the hands of the enemy, promptly escaped, began recruiting men in Boston a month later, and in thirty days more led his cheering troops at the second battle of Bull Run. Pearson covered himself with glory and wounds at the Wilderness, Weldon Railroad, and Spottsylvania. Cass fought like another Nev at Gaines's Mill. At Cedar Creek, Wells and his brigade engaged a whole division of the enemy; and at Charlestown, Va., falling upon the jubilant Confederates who had captured the town, he drove them, with losses much greater than his own, from their sheltered position. Messer shared in the glory of Port Hudson. Banks, at Cedar Mountain, stopped the 40,000 veterans of Stonewall Jackson with a single brigade; and it was he that captured the last stronghold on the Mississippi which checked the Union fleets. The roll is long, yet one more name must be added. Butler forced his way to the capital after the iron roads to the north had been cut at Baltimore, secured Washington against southern raiders, found means to liberate slaves before Lincoln freed them, cowed the malcontents of Baltimore, held down the "copperheads" of New York City, and put a curb on the scornful hate of New Orleans.

The names of forty-two captains, eight majors, fourteen lieutenant-colonels, seventeen colonels, five brigadiergenerals, and four major-generals adorn the civil-war record of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The list of brevets also, headed by six-brigadier-generals, New Inc. of-

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British Helmet: and Caps 1852



must be reckoned, and still others who fought no less well in different ways. Boutwell served nobly in Congress; while, as the Governor of Massachusetts declared, Ben: Perley Poore did work at the national capital worth a regiment in the field. McKim, chief quartermaster at several dépôts, handled millions upon millions of the government's funds. Reed, too, the efficient Quartermaster-General of Massachusetts, was an Ancient; while, as his last official act, the great "war Governor," Andrew, issued a special order of "cordial and grateful respect" to another comrade, Major-General Schouler, the Adjutant-General.

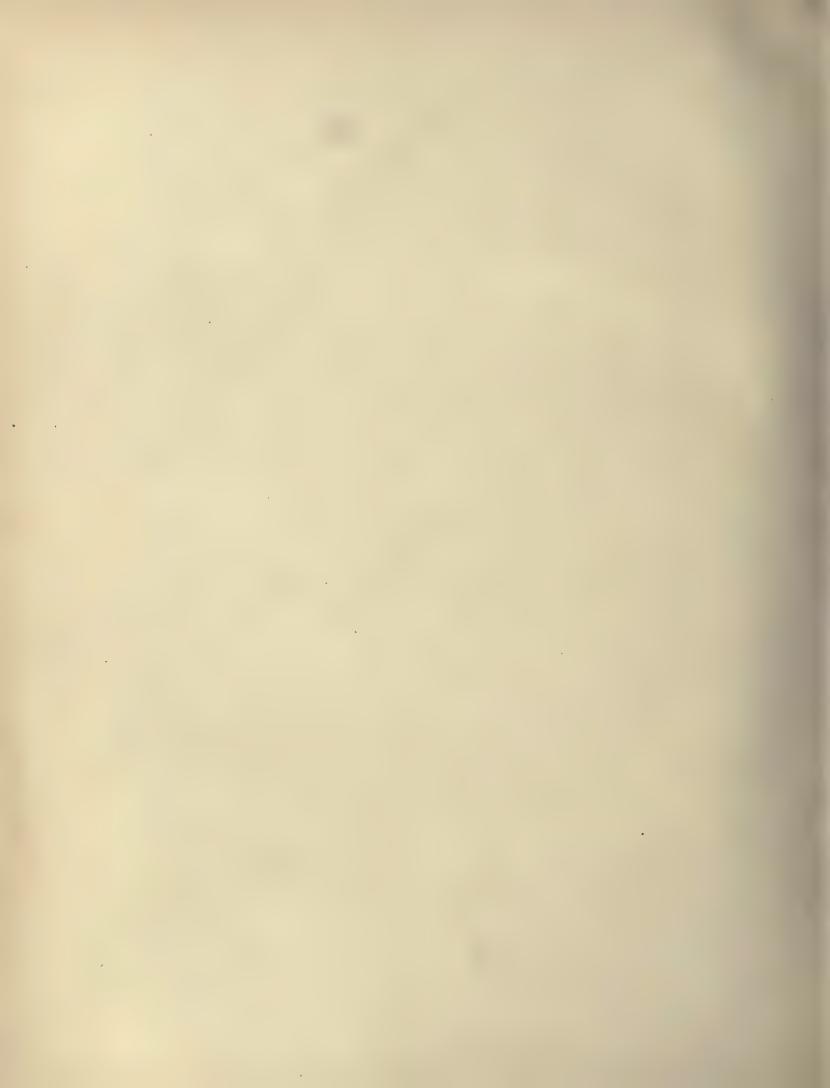
What a splendid record of patriotism, honor, and ability! City, state, and nation applauded it. And when the trumpet and cannon sank gladly into silence, and the victors — crowned with laurel — came home again, people cheered, and cheered, and cheered again, to see such men, ranged once more under the banner of the Artillery Company, march in the good old way through the streets of Boston.







PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP IX.





### XIV

often in our day than when the short sword of Rome was reaping field after field; but the time for a lock and a drowsy porter has not yet arrived. Nations must not wholly disarm, nor

military companies forget the shout of battle amid the wassail of victory. Now and then a clash comes. Neither modern civilization nor the new risks of war can prevent it. Even yesterday the world saw this melancholy truth anew; and in two hemispheres, on the very eve of the twentieth century, the Saxon war-cry rode the smoke of battle once more.

"Oh, these degenerate days!" cry the cynic and the anæmic. "Where are the heroes of old? When shall we again see nations fired by a sentiment? How can the Crusades have been the deeds of our fathers? Where shall we look now to find a people seizing its arms and hurrying over-sea, to fight for a sublime, an unselfish idea?"

Where shall we look? Here; at the United States of America; at a people not starved into idealism by cold gorges and barren mountains, but revelling in the sweets of plenty; at a nation declared by less prosperous rivals to worship no god but Mammon, and Self-interest as his prophet. The Spanish war and its outcome are now in



the past. History has them in her scales. There facts, not sneers or insinuations, weigh. And the world knows—what long experience had not prepared it to believe—that America took up her arms and spent her millions to save, not acquire, the Pearl of the Antilles.

The situation had, in short, become intolerable. How could a free people sit prosperous and happy under its vine and its fig tree, fanned by winds loaded with groans and the clank of chains? Was such a thing possible? Apparently, yes, — for the nations that denounced us when we rose from our summer ease; but not for liberty-loving Americans. Quixotic, sentimental, the mass of the people may have been, but certainly it cannot be called selfish; and, with a heart as honest as the Good Samaritan's, it cried out, "This must end!"

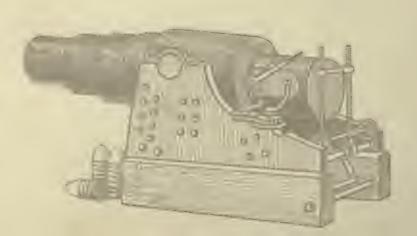
Then, in the twinkling of an eye, something happened, and the die was cast. The still, smooth harbor at Havana, shadowed by the lofty ramparts of Morro Castle and lighted by the eternal radiance of the Southern Cross, felt an earthquake in its bosom. The Maine, torn and running blood, settled into its waters, and America found a battle-cry in her lips. She spoke then, and sent it ringing through the world; and with her — its cheer enriched with centuries of brave associations — spoke the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The years that followed the home-coming of so many honored veterans of the Civil War had been a time of merited enjoyment. In all ages and among all peoples, hearty good-fellowship has given half the charm of military life, and festivity has been the sunny side of battle and hardship. The well-greaved Achæans, who cast their javelins and spears on the plain of Troy, loved the feast and the dark wine when sweet slumber had washed the dust of combat from their hearts; and the gods of our



Breech Loading Steel

Krupp Gun 1867



fathers opened wide the banquet-halls of Walhalla to the heroes of earthly war. So, when the battle-scarred flags had been enshrined with reverent and martial pomp in the rotunda of the State House, the Ancients found repose with honor the just reward of their toils. The annual parade, sermon, election, and feast continued to be a civic festival. Memorial services, dedications, visits to historic spots, agreeable excursions, drills and smoke-talks, the function of escorting presidents, governors, and famous men, the privilege of receiving visits from kindred societies and paying like visits in return, — these were both duties and pleasures, alike honorable and delightful.

But the Ancients had not forgotten their traditions, and they too cried, "Remember the Maine!" Assembling in its home, the "Cradle of Liberty," and taking counsel together on the state of the nation, the old Company felt but one spirit and uttered but one voice. Without a dissenting vote, it pledged to the Government its "unfaltering support," until peace, with safety assured and honor untarnished, should be proclaimed; and within ten days 125 men of suitable age volunteered for active service. Soon the banner of the nation was thrown to the north wind; the war began; and again, without a faltering voice, the Company spoke in its fine old man-May 5, 1899, the services of the Ancient and ner. Honorable Artillery Company were tendered to the Commander-in-chief of the state without qualification or condition. And a grand sight it was, — men of large property and heavy cares, men eminent in politics, business, and the professions, offering to leave all and serve their country in the ranks!

The sacrifice, however willing, could not be accepted. Volunteers pressed round the flag from all sides. The Government could choose as it pleased, and for natural





reasons it gave a preference to those who wore the uniforms of the state militias. Yet the Company did not lose all share in the war and the triumph. As a body, it found no chance to fight; but members holding commissions in the Massachusetts forces maintained its honor. In the ever glorious fleet, in the southern camps where so many of our troops waited in vain to cross bayonets with the foe, in the coast artillery that gazed week after week seaward for a glimpse of Cervera's cruisers, and under the tropical heats of San Juan Hill, where men without artillery, cutting their way through stifling undergrowth and meshes of barbed wire, took heights, forts, and entrenchments held by regulars, — in all these places of danger and glory the fame of the Ancients was represented.

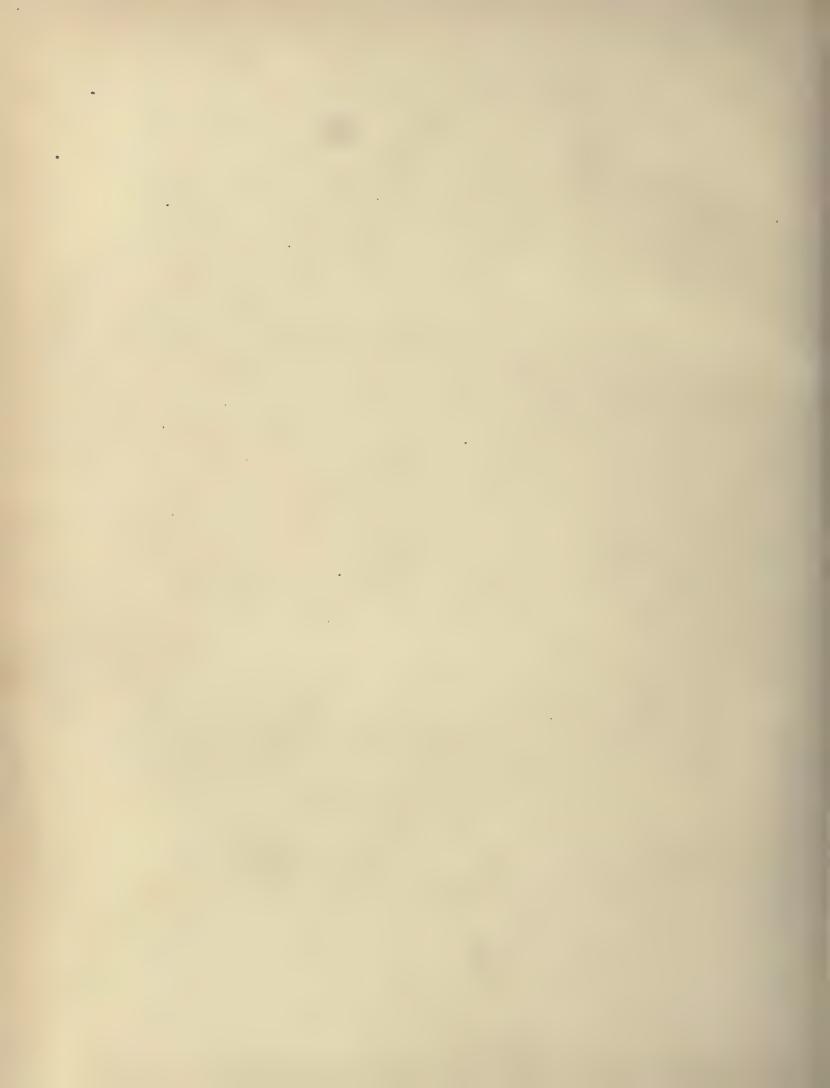
Still better fortune rewarded the patriotism of the London Company. Only a year later, England also found herself shouldering arms. Dealing at finger-tips with a sullen, uncouth tribe, ignorant of high civilization and hostile to whatever they did not understand, she like every nation — may have miscalculated even in some of her best-meant plans. Enmity certainly grew up there; and suddenly, in the sunlight of gold and the blaze of diamonds, every infelicity and error, from whatever quarter they came, stood out in black and magnified relief. What had been a far corner of the earth, became one of its capitals. The barbarous tribe appeared all at once as a nation, — almost as a race. Rich, haughty, ambitious, yet ignorant still, it would recognize no limits to its power but the sea. Exhausting first all that wiles could do; it secretly made ready; and, when its plans had ripened, it flung a glove into the lists, to be taken up under pain of battle or renounced under pain of infamy within fortyeight hours.







PAST COMMANDERS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS. GROUP X.



No great nation could have wavered then,—least of all brave old England; and when the clock struck five on Wednesday afternoon, October the eleventh, 1899, the lists were opened, and a contest began, not merely between irreconcilable ambitions, but between ignorance and enlightenment, between liberality and oppression, between civilization and semi-barbarism, between daylight and twilight. Before dawn the next morning, an endless black line of mounted burghers, armed with the finest rifles to be had and the best field-guns ever parked, wound silently through the misty hills toward the British frontier; and the fight was on.

The world has not ceased—it will not cease—to admire the enthusiasm shown by English volunteer corps when the spring of this lurking panther had scratched the British lion. But who set the example? It was the Honourable Artillery Company of London. Foreign war had never lain within the scope of its action; but now patriotism overleaped duty. Out of an available strength of 600, more than 500 men volunteered to serve. One veteran sent a telegram and two letters, begging to be replaced on the active list. A private wired, "Please withdraw application for leave of absence!" A gunner across the globe in New Zealand cabled to know if he was wanted, and some one in Russia did the same.

Individual members, enlisting as they saw fit, hastened to the front, and a threefold contingent — a body of infantry, a body of mounted infantry, and a battery of four quick-firing 12½-pounders with 120 horses — joined the City Imperial Volunteers. Wednesday afternoon, the seventh of February, 1900, they got themselves into the genuine khaki, and paid their farewell visits. Parading then, they marched to a solemn service in the grandeur of St. Paul's, where a mighty congregation supported



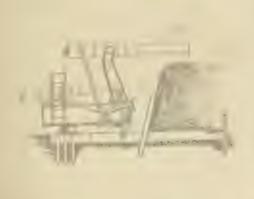
their prayers, supped in glory at Lincoln's Inn or Gray's Inn, and were off.

A strange campaign they found it. Far beyond the salt sea lay the green fields, the rich towns, and the dear homes of old England. Around them stretched the veldt, now quivering dizzily in the tremulous air as the sun grew hot, and now turning ashy-gray and sallow as the chilly wind set in. Baked ant-hills filled the near view; a thin line of green marked a watercourse; instead of mountains verdure-clad rose the stubborn kopjes,—rocky, barren, and wearisome like the dead peaks of the moon; while, in place of the lark at heaven's gate, a bastard eagle, the vulture, circled the sky in heavy coils, or swooped like flying lead upon its nauseous quarry.

At night even the stars were strange, and nature could afford neither cheerful sounds nor peaceful stillness. Without warning, a horrible cry, a scream, a shriek—intense, heart-rending—would curdle the air, sharpening its agony up and up until—it ceased as if stabbed, and the silence felt like the cold sweat of death; yet this was only one of uncounted hyenas prowling behind the anthills. Roused by such horrors, the soldier lay awake, peering for something tangible in the gloom. At last the darkness yielded enough to reveal the wet mist; the gray stole timidly into pink; the pink brightened, while the chill grew deeper; and finally a disk of brass pushed slowly up from the ground not far away. He gazed in astonishment—what could that be? It was the sun; and another day of march or battle had dawned.

The army itself wore a strange look — gathered from five continents, though without an alien on its rolls; but strangest of all proved the foe. Ignorant of discipline yet well schooled in shooting, afraid of the bayonet yet in love with the rifle, powerless before a town but mighty







on a kopje, he would scamper before a sign of outflanking, but could lie stubbornly in his trench, amid straw and refuse, munching biltong and mealies, and mowing down the finest infantry of Europe.

America sunk the Spanish fleet, not by submarine contrivances, dynamite balloons, rams, or torpedoes, but by old-fashioned hard hitting, by swift, straight fire; but in Africa the orthodox principles of war collapsed. How can one attack an enemy one cannot see? What signifies the hero, when a dirty hand and a half-shut eye, edging up behind some bank a mile away, send a smokeless ball through his heart? What does a charge count for, when the rattle of Mauser and the trill of Maxim spurt bullets through the hissing air in solid lines like telegraph wires and unbroken sheets like saws? Where is hope, if a group of ghostly fly-specks on the horizon of a distant hill means presently a stroke of lightning over your head, and a squad of brave men torn horribly limb from limb? What is patriotism there?

Little, one says? No, very much. Wonderful it was, indeed, that a Company formed to carry the long-bow, cross-bow, or hand-gun should come face to face with these latest miracles of destruction; but it did, and it faced them with Charter spirit as well as modern resource-fulness. The infantry section, on the advance to the enemy's capital, covered 523 miles in forty days of marching, besides fighting sharply on the way; the mounted section led the victorious entry into Jacobsdal on one side of the town; and the artillery fought both ways at once in the hard battle of Elandsfontein,—the cannon planted trail to trail.

At the relief of Lindley, the capture of Bethlehem, the heavy clash with De Wet at Bultfontein, the storming of Spitz Kop, the surrender of Prinsloo, and the







overthrow of Cronje, the Company was nobly represented. When that long column of weary, haggard men, starving on half-rations and dust, entered Bloemfontein, along with the famous Royal Guards,—lately the pampered body-servants of the Great Queen, but now thin, ragged, and black,—members of the oldest military corps in the empire, or perhaps in the world, marched with equal grimness and equal good cheer.

June 5, as the clocks were striking two, Lord Roberts on his gallant steed halted in the public square of Pretoria. Close by him stood a bare pedestal upon which the statue of Paul Kruger was to have been reared - fit emblem of a possible but marred career—and near it the bleak, barnlike church where—an unsent Moses—he had prophesied vain things. These told of the past, which was dead; but the living present, also, had its voices. For two hours a tide of khaki swept past the Commander, every brown wave of it crested with steel, while the Union Jack floated at last from the pediment of the State House; and there also the Honourable Artillery Company had its representatives. In marches, vigils, and fasts they had done their full share toward attaining this goal; and as for fighting, Lord Roberts himself testified that their regiment had taken part in 26 engagements.

Four months later the war seemed almost over, and the City Imperial Volunteers had orders to go home. If their departure had been glorious, what shall be said of their return? In February, it had been what they were expected to do; in October, it was what they had done. Then, Lieutenant Moeller said the streets were lined twenty deep; now, the streets barely lined the throngs. "Even in London, it seems as if no greater crowd could gather," said the *Illustrated News*. Over





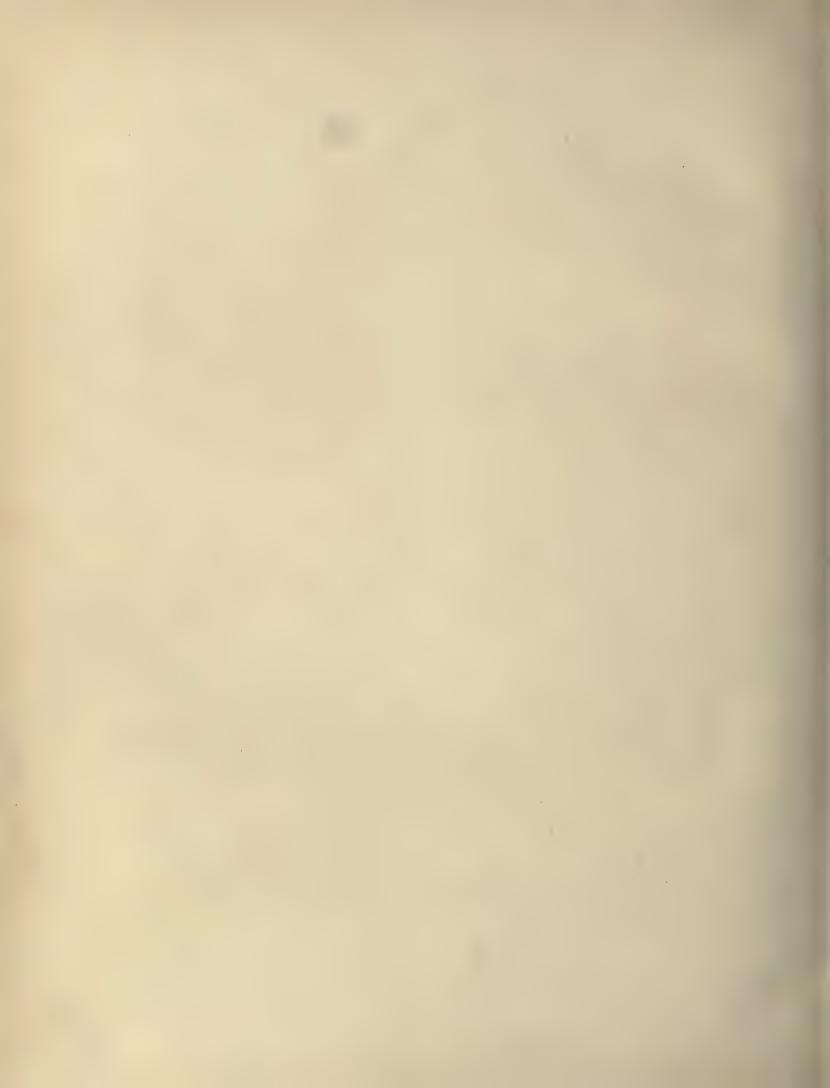


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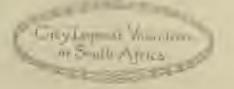
COMMANDERS OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON. GROUP II.



1000 accidents proved serious enough to call for the ambulance.

Through such a press, the returning soldiers, making their way as best they could, passed down Edgeware Road, moved on through the Marble Arch, which opened its Royal Portal to welcome them, advanced along Piccadilly and St. James Street, and saluted the applauding Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, - canopied everywhere with mottoes, flags, and garlands, and attended by a mighty cheer, which marched on with them as the tides follow the moon. Again they worshipped at St. Paul's, and a vast congregation sang with them, "Now thank we all our God." At the Guildhall they received the welcome of a "grateful city" from the Lord Mayor, and listened to an army order expressing the hearty thanks of the Commander-in-chief; and finally they sat down with the Mayor and Lord Wolseley to a banquet of more than 2000 covers at the Company's armory.









# XV

ROM the old Artillery Garden came the plan and spirit, the traditions, drill, and ceremonies, of the Ancients, and the two Companies have been called stock and branch, parent and child. The child is expected to repay its debt in

later years, and what duty could be more grateful? but in this case the parent shows no sign of age, and gives no opportunity for the return that would so gladly be offered. Yet the debt has been acknowledged, if not repaid; and bonds of mutual respect, good-will, and affection, reaching across the sea, have grown stronger with the passing years.

Scarcely had the Boston Company elected its first officers, when a considerable number of its comrades went back to command — beside the teachers and pupils of the parent school — on English battlefields; and from time to time men who had carried pike or musket in the old Company, making their way to Massachusetts, knocked at the door of the new. But distance, the cost of communicating from world to world, the slowness and risk of crossing the ocean, and the growing irritation between government and colonies, tended to weaken rather than fortify the connection.

By and by, as all the hindrances disappeared, their effects also vanished. At the annual dinner of the





Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1857, Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, the Commander, a gentleman of high distinction in city, state, and nation, announced that letters had passed, by the proper diplomatic channels, between him and Prince Albert, Captain-General of the London Company, and that presents of books, dealing with the stories of the two corps, had been exchanged. The Commander then gave the following sentiment as the only one to be offered by the Chair on that occasion: "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston to the Honourable Artillery Company of London, sendeth greeting, - Filial salutations and regards, pledges of fidelity, and endeavors to honor the high prerogative of our birth. Prosperity to the Parent Company and to its Royal Commander." "Tremendous applause" welcomed the sentiment, followed by "three-times-three." The band put the feelings of all into music by playing, "God save the Queen!" and every one, rising to his feet, joined heartily in the chorus. General Tyler then proposed the Commander of the London Company as a special Honorary Member, and an overwhelming shout of "Aye, aye!" almost drowned by the applause, expressed the will of the corps. It was a fitting response to the cordiality of the Prince Consort, and an auspicious beginning of closer relations with the parent body.

A year later, the reply of Prince Albert could be read. The election, tendered by the unanimous vote of the Ancients, he cordially accepted, assuring them in the name of their London "brethren" that the kind feeling which prompted the step was "fully reciprocated" on the other side of the Atlantic. "Loud and long-continued applause" greeted the reading of the letter, and a passage from it was at once presented amid great enthusiasm



in the following toast: "The Honourable Artillery Company of London and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston,— May the mutual connection now established between the two Companies be one amongst many links that shall ever remain unbroken to bind our kindred nations to each other in a constant interchange of good offices and in a community of interests."

The next toast offered by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to their illustrious English member was drunk in silence: "To the memory of His late Royal Highness, Prince Albert, - Honor, renown, and immortality to his name!" But the beloved Prince had a successor in the hearts of the Boston, as well as at the head of the London, Company. At the annual festival of 1878 this toast was offered: "The Honourable Artillery Company of London, Our Mother Company,— We hope at some future time to celebrate our anniversary together;" and Colonel Wilder, who was then rounding out the fiftieth year of his membership, after sketching in his response the history of the English Company, proposed His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, as a special Honorary Member. By a unanimous vote the proposition was carried; and "Auld Lang Syne" concluded, as "God save the Queen!" had introduced, this portion of the programme. Yet really not; for the Prince of Wales accepted the election in a gracious letter, declaring that it gave him "great pleasure to join so ancient and distinguished a corps."

A few years after, these paper messengers of mutual regard gave place to living ones. On Memorial Day, 1885, Major Stevens embarked for London, carrying a photograph of the Company and other interesting documents as presents to the London organization. Gifts and bearer were most cordially received; a banquet at the





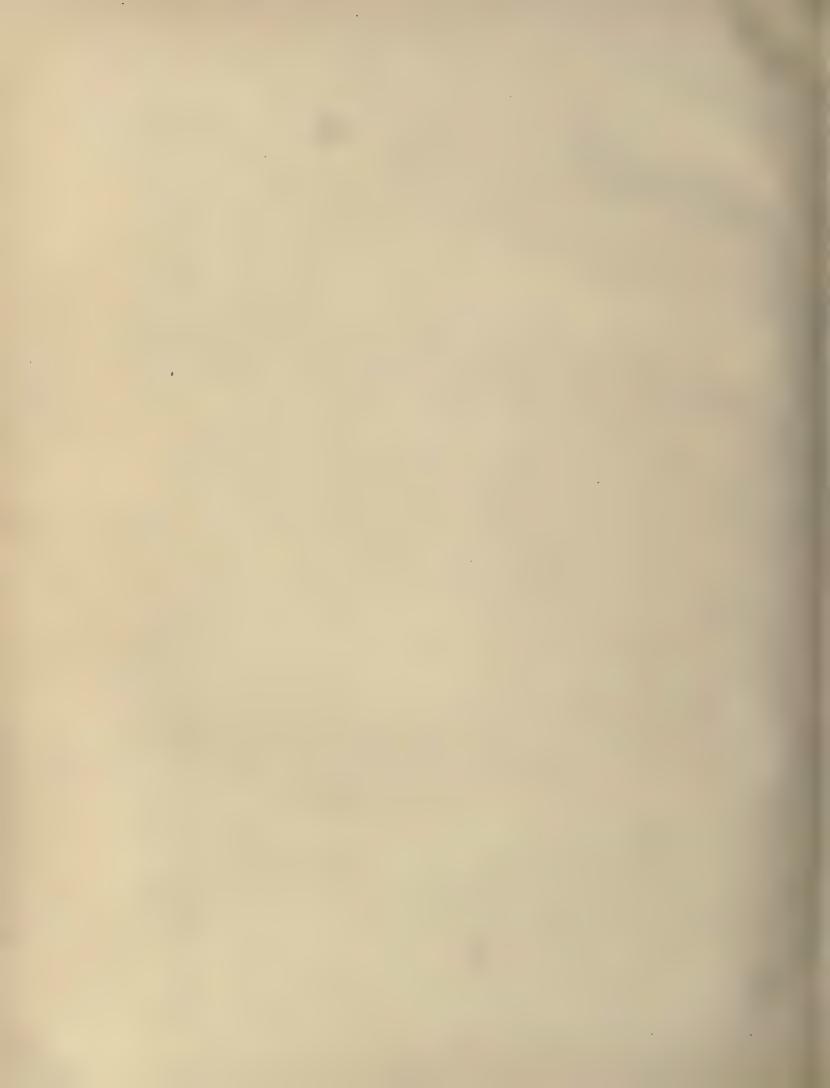
THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

TO THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY

•COMPANY 1885

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Armory celebrated the presentation; and a vote of thanks, exquisitely engrossed on vellum and signed by His Royal Highness, acknowledged this courtesy in happy phrases.

Two years later, the 350th anniversary of the old Artillery Guild arrived, and a fraternal invitation to share in the festivities made its way to the American Branch. A delegation of eleven Ancients, headed by the Commander, made response. It was not the first time that such a meeting had been proposed. June, 1873, had been fixed upon for a visit in force to London. Two hundred members expected to go, and a delightful six weeks' excursion seemed at hand; but the great Boston Fire of 1872 burned up this plan, as it burned up so many more.

The embassy of 1887, though smaller, received abundant pleasure and honor. At the banquet in the drill-hall of the Armory hung Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, knit together by the royal banner; and the toasts joined in like fashion the two Companies and the two nations. The informal courtesies passed the limits of recollection. The delegates attended by invitation a levee of the Queen, and were honored by His Royal Highness with a private reception; while the banquet which they tendered on the eve of saying farewell, with its mutual sentiments and its common enthusiasm, left the warmest possible impression both on those who took their leave and on those who cried, "God speed!" Finally, the Company in Boston, to prove its cordial endorsement of this brotherly festival, gave a public reception to its delegates on their return, and listened with hearty applause to their report.

In another year, the 250th anniversary of the Boston Company was hailed by the State of Massachusetts on June 4 with a salute of 250 guns. Twenty-one English brethren, bearing a cordial autograph letter from the Prince of Wales, joined in the parade, listened to the ser-





mon, witnessed the drum-head election of officers, and shared in the feast. Thousands crowded the line of march to see them go by. Many a long day had passed since British redcoats had trod the streets of Boston. Our ancestors had not imagined that such a thing would ever occur again, — still less be welcomed and cheered; but blood is thicker after all than ink, and a British cannonball, thrown at the patriots on Bunker Hill, was now returned, not from a 10-inch rifle, but in the hand of sincere good-will. Dinners, receptions, excursions, and uncounted personal courtesies filled the stay of the Company's guests; and after it ended, there lived a reminder on each side of the water, for the visitors formed themselves into a "Twenty-one Club," while a "Fifteen Club," to which only Past Commanders are now eligible, has perpetuated the Boston committee of entertainment.

The year 1896 will be memorable forever in the annals of both Companies. The wish of twenty-three years before, grown daily stronger meanwhile, now became a fact. Nearly 200 Ancients crossed the Atlantic to join hands and hearts with kindred of the mother-land and brethren of the parent Company. A new "Field of the Cloth of Gold" this visit has been called; and new it was, not only in time, but in replacing statecraft and self-seeking with spontaneous, open-hearted friendliness.

June 29, 1896, the London delegation, in fresh uniforms like those of the regular artillery, left Faneuil Hall at 9 o'clock, and marched—escorted by the Company and a force of militia—to the historic steps of the State House. There the great War Governor had stood, time after time, and presented colors to the regiments bound for civil battlefields; but now the head of the State, with graceful and inspiring words, delivered two splendid flags—given by merchants of Boston—to a company about



the same of the Armers

U.S.A



HOME OF THE AN CHAIR HOVEN BLE PRILLIES to invade a foreign land, and win honor, not by the sword, but by courtesy, dignity, and warmheartedness. It was a thrilling and moving scene, a worthy prelude to the great occasions that followed; and the farewell of the Governor—that is to say, of the State—attested eloquently the significance of the moment.

Less formal, yet no less grand, the departure from Boston harbor showed that the popular heart throbbed in unison with the feeling and the purpose of the Ancients. Every wharf and building in the wide circuit seemed covered with lines and spots of black, for no standing or perching place had been ignored by the eager crowds. Like the streets of the city, all the watercraft wore holiday attire; and when the Servia, specially chartered for the voyage, moved off with the Mayflower as escort, a volunteer fleet attended her, and a great acclaim of cheers, good-bys, shouts, firing of guns, and blowing of whistles, toned by the music of bands, lighted up by the flags and bunting, and punctuated presently by a salute of twenty-one guns from Fort Warren, expressed the heartfelt message of Massachusetts and the national government to England.

"May this bright and beautiful sunshine go with you, an auspicious omen of the enjoyment and the honorable credit of your trip," the Governor had said; and the weather seemed anxious to respect his wish. The voyage proved a fitting bridge from the splendid farewell to the splendid welcome. Martial discipline continued; regular calls were sounded; the officers met; guards took post; yet these duties only enhanced the pleasures of the journey. Independence Day came just in time; and military, literary, musical, and social celebrations expressed the abounding patriotism of the ship's inhabitants.

At Queenstown, where the vessel came first into touch







with the old world, early greetings, both personal and by letter, awaited the visitors. Liverpool, the next port, stood at the landing-stage with open arms. The Earl of Derby, Lord Mayor, wearing the insignia of office and supported by members of the city government, presented the welcome of the town; while the clergy, the Honourable Artillery Company, the regular army, and the volunteer corps were represented by high dignitaries. Even the railroad had arranged to honor the occasion; and after salutes, warm applause, and a brief review, two engines named the President Lincoln and the President Garfield, decorated with American and British flags, whirled the Ancients to London in time never made on the line before, while an extraordinary thunder-storm boomed salutes with its heaviest guns.

The next few days can never be adequately described, -least of all in a few short paragraphs. London, the metropolis of the world, the proud capital where even British troops are seldom permitted to pass with fixed bayonets, received with open heart a foreign corps marching under arms to its own national airs. The Honourable Artillery Company, so venerable, so rich, so honored and aristocratic, accepted the representatives of its one Branch more as returning comrades than as visitors, however welcome. Thousands of the British army saluted the Commander of the Ancients; the highest officials of the war department did honor to the Massachusetts Artillery Company; and above all, the Royal Family several of Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales, and Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen - showed warm interest in the event, extended rare and precious courtesies, uttered graceful and gracious words of goodwill, and admitted members of the Company to their





ALDETSKA

The first great incident of the visit in London was the banquet at the Armory of the Honourable Artillery Company on the evening of July 7. Here the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding—the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond—received the Americans with a grace and cordiality that won their hearts, as his later kindness held them; and the speeches in the trophied hall after dinner testified that unanimous cordiality reigned on that as on the other shore of the Atlantic.

At Windsor Castle, the following day, Queen Victoria reviewed the delegation on the East Terrace; and, in the shadow of that magnificent keep which typifies the grandeur of English monarchy, while the sabres flashed and the proud colors dipped, she voiced the welcome of the widest empire that history has ever seen. We have the testimony of the Prince of Wales that her words came from the heart; and as for the homage of those who saluted, it was a tribute—if one may quote the phrasing of a toast—alike to her womanliness as queen and to her queenliness as woman.

A review of about 9000 troops at Aldershot, preceded by a sham battle, provided the main interest of the next day. Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-chief, General Sir Redvers Buller, General Sir Evelyn Wood, with other officers of the Headquarters Staff, and the Honorable Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, met and accompanied the Ancients. As the troops marched past, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, District Commander, invited the Captain of the American Company to stand before the colors at the saluting base,—a rare and distinguished compliment to the visitors; and, by many other courteous and kindly attentions at this time, he deepened their respectful regard for himself and his royal family.





Endpoint the London Come 1903





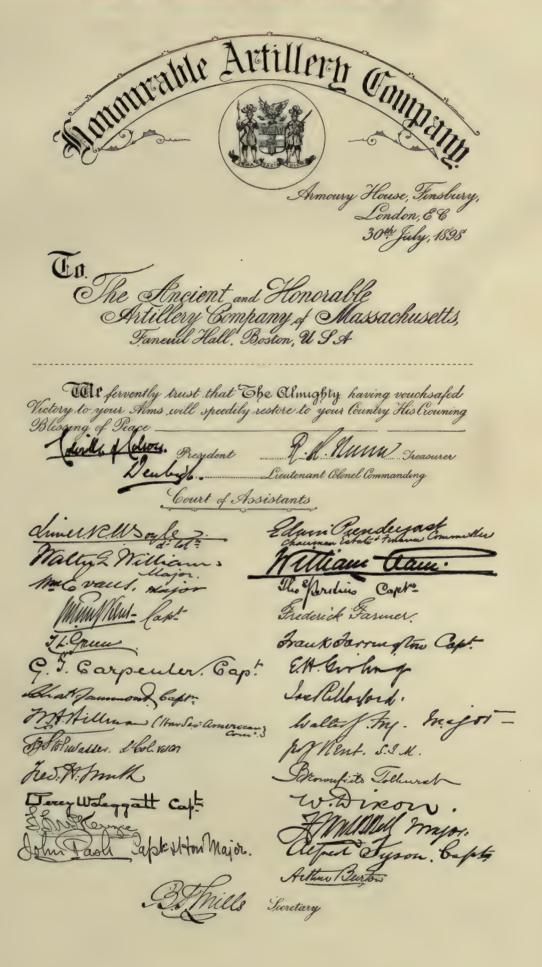


That evening the visit culminated in a Banquet given by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to its London brethren. Among those who dined and spoke were His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the Most Honorable Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, and Ambassador Bayard. The essential unity of the two Companies and the two peoples afforded a *motif* that bound the speeches into a harmonious whole, and evoked, as the London Press declared, "boundless enthusiasm." Finally taps ended this extraordinary scene and the visit; yet, as the chairman remarked, it was "a parting of the flesh, but not of the spirit."

After many other delightful experiences, dinners and entertainments here and there, a smoking-concert at the Armory, a review of the London Company—at which General Lord Methuen invited the Captain of the Ancients to receive the salute—and a reception at Marlborough House, where the Prince and Princess of Wales showed themselves most gracious, the Boston delegation re-crossed the ocean, and found its escort awaiting it at the dock.

Again the Company marched to the State House, and again the Governor addressed it, — not in confidence now, but in hearty approbation. At Faneuil Hall, the Mayor welcomed it amid shouts, cheers, and the music of "Home, Sweet Home," to a collation spread by the city; and all the expressions of brotherly good-will uttered by the delegation in London received in these ways the approval of comrades, of City, and of State. Long may they hold good; and these two historic Companies, clothed with honorable traditions and crowned with splendid services, be rivals only in fidelity to a common ideal, — and even in that be brothers!





A return visit became at once the dominant wish on each side of the Atlantic, and the closing year of the century, 1900, was agreed upon as the time for it. Both Companies laid their plans, and many of the arrangements almost reached completion. But we know already how loyally the London body accepted its burden in the South African War. Too many of its comrades were then in the dust and carnage of the field, to make a gala excursion fitting or even possible. Victory and peace have since crowned their struggles, and in 1903 the military representatives of two worlds are to celebrate a martial fellowship that now flourishes in its fifth century.

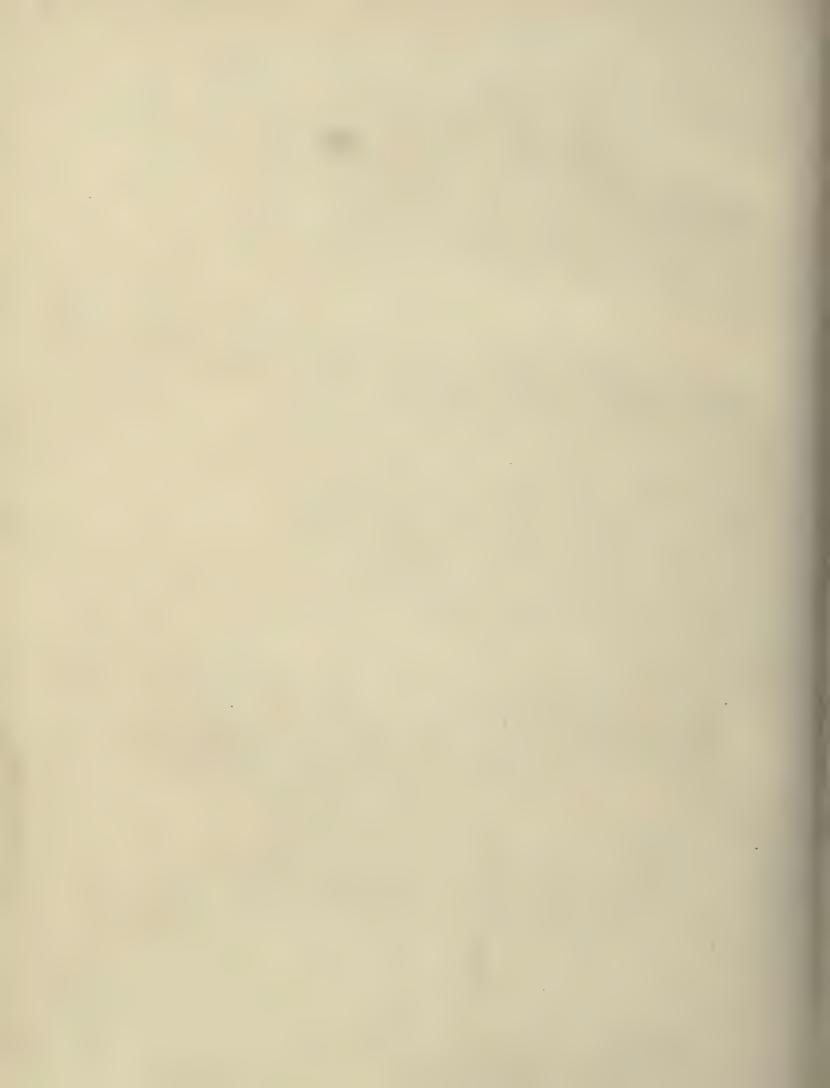
At this point, history borrows for a moment the rôle of prophecy. Yet one can see no impropriety in her doing so, for in this case the future is as sure as the past. Boston and Massachusetts, warmly mindful of 1896, will receive the visitors with open arms and open heart; all New England, proud of drawing life as well as name from a noble country beyond the sea, will hail its representatives as elder brothers; and the United States as a whole, conscious of its own grandeur, will rejoice to welcome such an embassy from a fraternal compeer, equally enlightened, equally free, and equally brave.





# Authorities and Index







## **AUTHORITIES**

Special acknowledgments must, of course, be made to Raikes's History of the Honourable Artillery Company and Roberts's History of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. So far as the ground covered by these works is concerned, it seemed to the author unnecessary - and lack of time would have made it impossible - to reinvestigate the facts. The former, too, is mainly based upon documents not to be found in America, and the latter was issued under the direct authority of the Company. Mr. Childers has kindly supplied information about the South African War, and others have assisted in similar ways.

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